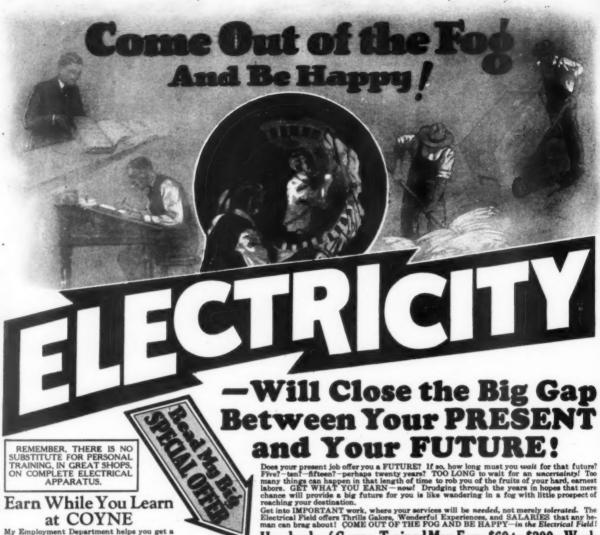
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REFRESHING is the wholesome frankness among refined women of today on subjects of personal daintiness and hygiene. Not so long ago there were comparatively few who even discussed these vital questions, all-important as they are in their direct bearing upon womanly health and happiness.

Secrecy and ignorance do untold harm

But wrong advice is often worse than no advice at all. That is why it is the duty of the well-informed woman to guide those of her circle who are less fortunate. It is an absolute fact that thousands of women today are running untold risks just because

there is no one to give them proper information concerning feminine hygiene.

The newer knowledge of germ-life

For years woman's only resource has been the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics, because during these years there was nothing to take their place. Compounds

of carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury are powerful germicides, but they are destructive also of human tissue. Even when greatly diluted—and they must be diluted in order to use them at all for this purpose—even then they leave the delicate membranes hardened and scarred, as physicians and nurses will testify.

But the newer knowledge of bacteriology and antisepsis has led to the discovery of another kind of germicide. It is called Zonite, and it combines remarkable germkilling power with complete safety in use. Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body and more than forty times as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. Zonite is harmless to human membranes and tissues, but fatal to germ-life.

Pass this booklet along to others

Zonite is absolutely safe in the hands of anyone, even a child. There is no longer any excuse for poisonous antiseptics in the medicine chest. Authorities are strong in condemning the use of caustic, burning compounds in contact with delicate organs of the body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been warmly welcomed by the women of refined and enlightened families. For it has
encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of personal hygiene, which means so
much to woman's comfort, beauty and
health-assurance.

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet about feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. Every woman should be familiar with the information it contains, which is exact and authentic. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want to pass it on to others who need it. Don't keep this important message to yourself. Share it with others. Use the coupon below. Ask for several booklets if you want them. Mailed in tasteful "social correspondence" envelope.

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This little book handles the avoided subject of health-control delicately and yet frankly. It makes the task of "telling" so much easier.



No excuse for poisons, says Science

The following statement on the subject is made by the head of a New York laboratory with an international reputation.

"Biehloride of mercury and carbolic acid compounds, when used in sufficient strength to possess any value as germicides, are exceedingly destructive to tissue. Bichloride burns the mucous membrane, and if used repeatedly will deaden and toughen the tissues with which it comes in contact. There is always the danger of mercurial poisoning through its use. Most carbolic acid compounds are ssponified in an effort to reduce the burning and irritation of these poisons. In spite of this they are corrosive and caustic in their action and the acap ingredients wash away necessary gland secretions. Their continued use frequently results in an area of seartissue and dullness and hardening of the membrane."

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SMART SET

OCTOBER 1925

True Stories from Real Life

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Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable



Two's a Crowd

Norna had a way of making molchills out of mountains. If she had lived in the Middle Ages she might have said to her maid one fine day, "Grizel, I am going to be burned at the stake this morning. You'll have to see about the fowls for dinner."

And it wasn't because she lacked feeling; she in herself was stronger than anything the world could do to her.

She was thirty. Most of her old chums had married-some remarried. She seemed satisfied just to go on living from year to year.

"Norna, I should think you'd get interested in something," a friend said to her.

"I am interested in everything," she replied.

And when Dick Mitchell came back, Norna said, "Hullo, Dick!" and kissed him in a matter-of-fact way, but-

"Two's a Crowd" is a story you'll like. Stark reality faces you, and you'll remember it a long time.

It will be in the big November issue.

Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation, at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

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WANTED: Men to Keep Pace with R.B. Cook

In 1919 R. B. Cook was a bookkeeper-holding down a one-track job. In 1923-four years later-he was sales manager of the B. A. Railton Company, Chicago; and ever since that time has successfully directed a sales force of more than seventy salesmen, many of them with twenty years' experience.

"To the casual observer," writes R. A. Railton, General Manager of the B. A. Railton Company, "his rise might seem unusually rapid, but we view it as the natural result of his being prepared for the big opportunity when it came."

"Worth More Than \$10,000"

(—So writes R. B. Cook, the employee)
"The advancement I have made during the past five years to my present position as Sales Manager of the B. A. Railton Company was made possible thru your splendid training and the various services which I have used with much profit. Two years ago I wrote you saying that I would not part with the knowledge LaSalie training has brought me for \$10,000. Today I can say that I would not part with it for several times that amount."

(Signed) R. B. COOK, Chicago.

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When a young man can advance in four years from a routine job to the position of Sales Manager of one of the big wholesale houses of Chicago—without any pull except his own initiative-there must be a reason There is a reason. It's summed up in the LaSalle salary-doubling plan. What that plan has done for R. B. Cook it can do for any man sincerely ambitious to increase

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Here is the story of a pace-maker-a man who refused to let handicaps obstruct his progress-a man who acts and makes money by this simple principle: to capitalize his every

Handicapped by ill health-which kept him R. B. Cook, a Chicago man, bridged the gap in his education by day and evening study, which gave him a sound foundation for LaSalle

home-study business training. Starting as a bookkeeper, in 1919, he enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Business Correspondence and Practice.

"Before I was half way thru my training," writes Mr. Cook, "I was promoted to Collection Manager, with an increase of 50 per cent in salary. Later I became Credit Manager of another concern. This move was a very decided promotion.

"My next advancement was to the position of Office Manager. In each of these positions I was successful. This fact paved the way to I was successful. my present position. Two years ago I was offered a post as Assistant Credit Manager with my present concern. Within two years I was made General Sales Manager, which position I now hold."

Five years of consistent progress—that is the record of Mr. Cook, who has recently enrolled for LaSalle training in Business Management.

Paragraph by paragraph, line by line, he takes up each assignment, asking himself how he can turn each business principle into profits for his company. A single idea-so he writes-which he got from his very first assignment-resulted in savings of many thousands of dollars for

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will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value.

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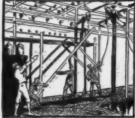
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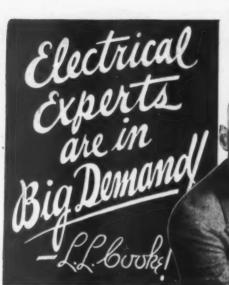
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Electrical I Will Train You experts are in " at Home



Makes \$700 in 24 Days in Radio

"Thanks to your interesting Course I made over \$700 in 24 days in Radio. Of course, this is a little above the average but I run from \$10 to \$40 clear profit every day, so you can see what your training has done for me."

FRED G. McNABB, 848 Spring St., Atlanta, Georgia



\$70 to \$80 a week for Jacquot

"Now I am specializing in Auto Electricity and battery work and make from \$70 to \$80 a week and am just getting started. I don't believe there is another school in the world like yours. Your lessons are a real joy to study."

ROBERT JACQUOT, 2005 W. Colorado Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.



\$20 a Day for Schreck

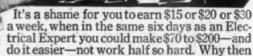
"Use my name as a reference and depend on me as a boost-er. The biggest thing I ever er. The biggest thing I ever did was answer your adver-tisement. I am averaging bet-ter than \$500 a month from my own business now. I used to make \$18.00 a week." A. SCHRECK, Phoenix, Arizona



Plant Engineer Pay raised 150%

"I was a dumbbell in electric-"I was a dumbbell in electricity until I got in touch with you Mr. Cooke, but now I have charge of a big plant including 600 motors and direct a force of 34 men—electricians, helpers, etc. My salary has gone up more than 150%,"

GEORGE I'LLINGWORTH,
GEORGE I'LLINGWORTH,
GEORGE GEORGE I'LLINGWORTH,
GEORGE GEOR



remain in the small-pay game, in a line of work that offers no chance, no big promotion, no big income? Fit yourself for a real job in the great electrical industry. I'll show you how.

le an Electrical Expert Earn \$3,500 to \$10,000 a Year

Today even the ordinary Electrician-the "screw driver" kind-is making money-big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the Electrical Expert—who is picked out to "boss" the ordinary Electricians—to boss the Big Jobs—the jobs that pay \$3,500 to \$10,000 a Year. Get in line for one of these "Big Jobs." Start by enrolling now for my easily learned, quickly grasped, right-up-to-the-minute, Spare-Time Home-Study Course in Practical Electricity.

Age or Lack of Experience

Age or Lack of Experience

No Drawback
You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have
to be a High School Graduate. As Chief Engineer of
the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the
kind of training you need, and I will give you that
training. My Course in Electricity is simple,
thorough and complete and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the
chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make from \$70 to \$200 a week.

No Extra Chargo for Electrical
Working Outfit
With me, you do practical work—at home. You start
right in after your first few lessons to work at your
profession in the regular way and make extra money in
your spare time. For this you need tools, and I give them
to you—5 big complete working outfits, with tools, measuring instruments, and a real electric motor—6 outfits in all.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you, too, can get into the "big m.ey" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition. If, when you have finished my Course, you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made. And back of me in my guarantee, attands the Chicago Engineering Works, Inc., a two million dollar institution, it us assuring to every student enrolled, not only a wonderful training in Electricity, but an unsurpassed Student Service as well. MAIL

2150 Lawrence Ave., Dept. 657, Chicago



The Man Who Makes "Big-Pay" Men L. L. COOKE, Dept. 657 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago

Send meat once without obligation your big illustrated book and complete details of your Home Study Course in Electricity, including your outfit and employment service offers.

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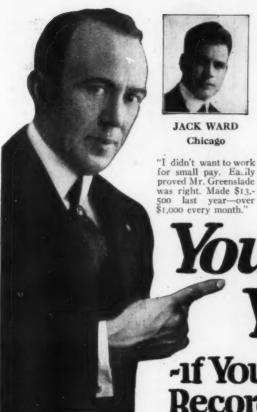
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BOOK





JACK WARD Chicago



WARREN HARTLE Chicago

decided

change.



Portland



GEO. W. KEARNS Oklahoma

"After 10 years in the Railway mail service I to make a Earned more than \$1,000 the first 30 to the N. S. T. A."

"Last week my earn-"From \$60 a month ings amounted to working on a ranch, to \$554.37; this week will \$524 in two weeks, is go over \$400.00. Thanks the step I took after

You're Fooling Yourself

-1f You Think These Big Pay Records Are Due to LUCK!

J. E. GREENSLADE

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But don't take my word for it! When I tell you that you can quickly increase your earning power; I'll PROVE IT! FREE! I'll show you hundreds of men like yourself who have done it. And I'll show you how you can do it, too.

I'LL come directly to the point. First you'll say, "I could never do it. These men were lucky." But remember, the men whose pictures are shown above are only four out of thousands and if you think it's luck that has suddenly raised thousands of men into the big pay class you're fooling

Easy to Double Salary

But let's get down to your own case. You want more money. You want the good things in life, a comfortable home of your own where you can entertain, a snappy car, membership in a good club, good clothes, advantages for your loved ones, travel and a place of importance in your community. All this can be yours. And I'll prove it to you, FREE.

First of all get this one thing right; such achievement is not luck—it's KNOWING HOW! And KNOWING HOW in a field in which your opportunities and rewards are ten times greater than in other work. In short, I'll prove that I can make you a Master Salesman—and you know the incomes good salesmen make.

Every one of the four men shown above was sure that he could never SELL! They thought Salesmen were "born" and not and not thought Salesmen were "born" and not "made"! When I said, "Enter the Selling Field where chances in your favor are ten to one" they said it couldn't be done. But I proved to them that this Association could take any man of average intelligence regardless of his lack of selling experience and in a short time make a MASTER SALESMAN of him-make him capable of earning anywhere from

\$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. And that's what maker—how the N. S. T. A. System of I'm willing to prove to you, FREE. Salesmanship Training will give you years

Simple as A B C

You may think my promise remarkable. Yet there is nothing remarkable about it. Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. There are certain ways of saying and doing things, certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices and outwit competi-

Just as you learned the alphabet, so you can learn salesmanship. And through the NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training-you gain the equivalent of actual experience while studying.

Years of Selling Experience in a Few Weeks

The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service will enable you to quickly step into the ranks of successful salesmen-will give you a big advantage over those who lack this training. It will enable you to jump from small pay to a real man's income.

Remarkable Book, "Modern Salesmanship," Sent FREE

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship. It will show you how you can easily be-

of selling experience in a few weeks; how our FREE Employment Service will help select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of former routine workers who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the coupon to-day. In every man's life there is one big moment when he makes the decision that robs him of success—or leads him on to fortune. This may be your turning point. You may be face to face with your BIG opportunity. Your decision right now is opportunity. Your decision right to opportunity. Send the attached coupon at important. Send the attached rough the first long stride toward success.

National Salesmen's Training Association

Dept. R-26 N. S. T. A. Building CHICAGO, ILL.



National Salesmen's Training Association Dept. R-26, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

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AGE.....OCCUPATION.....

"John was worried about bills-

Till I Helped Him"

HE was a young wife who thought her husband could miraculously stretch his income to meet all of her desires. When the sober awakening came, she learned that a wage-earner can bring in only so much. She found out too why so many women are joining hands with the men of the household to make dreams come true. Instead of frittering away her spare hours, she is now a money-earner through the IMC way.

Hundreds Are Earning Money

This case is typical of hundreds of couples who have found in our plan a means to become savers instead of owers. The time seems to have passed when one person's income is sufficient for the needs of a family. Let us tell you of this plan that

enables thousands of men and women. boysand girls, to turn their spare time into cash-without experience, without

capital, without interfering with their regular duties.

Paid For Her Home

Mrs. Alice Loomis, in far off Hawaii, virtually paid for her home-by telephone calls and pleasant chats with people interested in entertaining and inspiring reading.

Mrs. Florence M. Caffee, of Wyoming, reports that her work for us has earned her several hundred dollars.



Pleasant Spare-Time Work

Thousands are earning money, and exercising a cultural influence in their communities, by pleasant spare-time work through telephone calls, letters and personal chats. Our instructions by mail make it easy for you. If an addition to the monthly income will be welcome, let us explain without obligation our money-making plan.

More than 3,000,000 people read these famous magazines each month

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Hundreds more are waiting for them in your neighborhood!

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Street and Number	
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"THEY USED TO CALL ME 'WEARY WINIFRED'"

The personal story of a weman who never was really sick, yet always ailing, always too tired to enjoy life-and how she made herself into a virile, vital being of super-health and strength.





New York City there lives a woman who has such amazing vitality that she is the envy of all her friends. Yet not so long ago they used to call her "Weary

Winifred". Winifred has asked us to publish her story for the benefit of the thousands of other women who may be helped by it. It is printed here in her own words, as an open letter to all women who are discouraged with the burdens that life has imposed upon them.

"The strangest thing," she says,
"is that I never realized there was anything the matter with me. My life, I thought, was that of the ordinary wife and mother. I tried to be a good wife and mother, and at the same time to keep in touch with my social duties.

"But somehow, I never seemed to catch up with myself. If I stayed up late one night, I could hardly drag myself out of bed the next morning. I had to cancel engagements frequently, not because I was ever really sick, but simply because I was too weary to make the effort. I looked tired, acted tired, and was

"My looks began to show the effect too. My neck began to look stringy and hollow. My cheek muscles sagged, my complexion was 'pasty' and colorless. My figure began to look dumpy. My age which was only thirty-five—began to feel like fifty. Life was becoming 'just too much for me'—and I didn't know why.

"Of course I did things about this state of affairs. I took headache powders. I tried various creams and lotions for my complexion. I tried, in various ways, to gain strength, and yet reduce my weight, changing from one thing to another. I 'fussed' with everything.

"Yet with all these little ailments I was not really sick. There was nothing organic the matter with me. And so it never occurred to me that I was not a normal woman. I just thought that I was the victim of ills that a great many unfortunate women were heir to.

"But one day, something hap-pened that made me 'sit up and take notice.' I read an article, telling the story of Annette Keller-mann's life—of how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once a puny ailing girl, always in ill health. The story of how she dragged herself out of her misery and actually made of herself the lovely creature of glorious health and beauty that she is today was a revelation to me. Indeed, I was so lost in admiration for that wonderful woman that I wrote her. In response, I received not only a charming personal letter from Miss Kellermann, but, far more important, a copy of her book called The Body Beautiful'-a book which I can truthfully say led me to my present health and happiness.

"That little book opened my eyes to the fact that it is totally unnecessary for women to suffer as they dototally unnecessary for them to be continually incapacitated by petty little ailments-totally unnecessary for them to look old and haggard and worn

"I learned that every womanunless she has a serious organic derangement—can live a life as vigorous and strong, and free from pain, as a man's. Every woman can live the life of youth and beauty that comes from health and vitality.

"I know that this is so because I have proved it. Today I am practically never tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty ailments from which so many women suffer. look fifteen years younger than

most other women of my age. step is springy, my eyes are bright, skin is firm and clear, and my body is slender and has the free, lithe grace of a young girl.

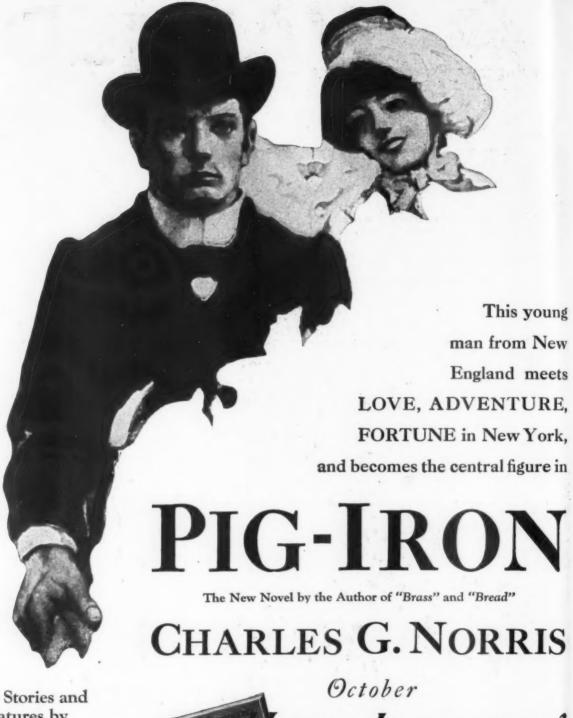
"And because I know that there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, miserable imitations of real women, and because I know that every one of them can actually be a new woman, with health and beauty such as they never knew existed, I cannot too strongly recommend that they take this simple way out of their troubles. It is so easy!"

FREE-The Body Beautiful

Annette Kellermann, in this book—which she will send absolutely free, upon re uest to any woman—tella exactly how she transformed herself from a cripple and an invalid into a woman world-famous for her health and beauty. woman world-tamous for her nealth and beauty. Any woman by devoting only fifteen minutes a day to her methods can obtain a perfect figure neither too stout nor too thin, mould each part of her body to graceful, youthful lines: can acquire a clear, healthy complexion; and can overcome weaknesses and physical troubl's that so many women suffer from.

If you would like to have a copy of Annette Kellermann's new book write for it. There is no charge or obligation. Miss Kellermann is anxious to give every woman the benefit of her simple 15-minutes—day system and invites you to write a letter or mail the coupon below. Do it this minute—it may be the beginning of a new kind of health and happiness for you.

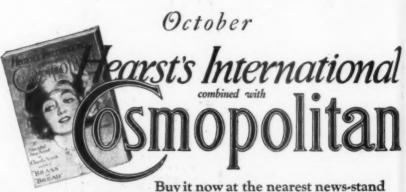
ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Inc. 225 West 39th St., Suite 4010, New York City Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 4010, 225 West 39th Street, New York City. Dear Miss Kellermann: Kindly send me entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in: () Body Building () Reducing Weight Address



30 Stories and Features by

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD SIR PHILIP GIBBS MONTAGUE GLASS **IRVIN S. COBB** ROBERT HICHENS KATHLEEN NORRIS PETER B. KYNE

and others





\$1900 FIRST YEAR— **RAISE TO \$2700**

Travel—See Your Country

WANT THESE JOBS?

Men-Women, 18 Up

CITY POSTOFFICE CLERKS CITY MAIL CARRIERS

INCOME TAX AUDITORS CLERKS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

STEADY POSITIONS

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, lockouts or politics will not affect them. U. S. Government employees get their pay for full twelve months every year. There is no such thing as "HARD TIMES" in the U. S. Government Service.

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS

Railway Postal Clerks get \$1900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$79.00 each pay day. Their pay is increased to a maximum of \$2700 a year. \$112.50 each pay day.

PAID VACATIONS

Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, are given a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). They usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation, their pay continues just as though they were working. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension. As Railway Postal Clerks are continually travelling, they have an excellent chance to see the country. They are furnished with a railroad pass. Their hotel expenses are paid when away from home.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS-POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and carriers commence at \$1700 a year and automatically increase \$100 a year to \$2100. They also have 15 days' vacation. Examinations are frequently held in the larger cities. City residence is unnecessary.



Do you know? "Uncle Sam" appointed over 2100 Railway Postal Clerks

last year.

CLERKS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Salary \$1140 to \$1860 a year. Required for pleasant clerical work in the various government departments and offices at Washington, D. C.

WHAT WILL YOU EARN 5 YEARS FROM NOW?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, kicking around from post to pillar, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU EARN \$1900 to \$2700 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET \$2700 A YEAR, EVERY YEAR?

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once. DO IT NOW—This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a U. S. Government Job.

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side I love to wander through, runs a stream of that clear, sparkling water which rises only in the hills. The creek has washed its way to a stony bed in many places, but in some spots it seems to stop a moment to rest. Here it is deeper, wider, and under the crystal flow we can see mud -plain, oozy, sticky mud! And the mud is beautiful because it is where it belongs.

Men have built a bridge across the stream at a point where it is deep, and wide, and tranquil. The stone arches have gathered a personality which seems almost to speak.

They tell a story of age, of labor, of strain. They have listened to the roar of spring floods every year for half a century. They have heard the sweet notes of the songbirds at nesting time. They have strained beneath the weight of the harvest as load after load of potatoes and grain and hay have rolled by on the roadway above.

They have seen stray apples and ears of corn fall from the loads and float downstream on the crystal water. It is the romance of life as they know it.

RUT the arches are only the topmost of the stones which are built one on another. Under them are other stones: under the water and mud are still others. And somewhere deep down in the oozy

TEAR a little town in the country- bottom rests another stone—big and flat and strong. Its cracks are chinked with earth—but no one sees it. It feels every freshet and every strain—yet no one thinks about that. It feels the rush of water, the unpleasant part, but it cannot hear the birdsongs. It bears the crushing weight of the loads, but cannot hear the cheery voices which accompany them.

> But isn't it wonderful that the builders remembered to lay a foundation stone big enough to bear the strain? And isn't it wonderful to think that the stone has borne the strain so well? And isn't it wonderful to think that something worth while is hidden by that muddy bottom.

THE world is full of forgotten service; of unseen servants working for our comfort. They are the foundation stones of the nation. The farmer is probably the most important and the least remembered, but everyone of us, if we try, can find some service we can perform unseen and unrewarded. think that is a glorious kind of service. Don't you?

And I think it is the kind of service every one of us owes to the community. And I think a magazine can give its little bit in the way of recreation and enjoyment if it has a staff whose spirit is what it should be.

Own a Typewriter!

A Bargain You Can't Ignore! Every Member of the Family Will Use and Enjoy it! Try it Free, and See!

generous free trial offer and the most liberal terms if you buy

GET YOUR typewriter now. A genuine Shipman-Ward rebuilt Underwood is the one you want-

"the machine you will eventually buy!" Everyone needs it; now anyone can afford it. Don't send a cent-but do get our big special offer - our valuable book on typewriters and typewriting-free. You can learn to

write on this standard-keyboard machine in one day. A week after the expressman has brought it, you'd feel lost without it. A trial will prove it-and doesn't cost you a penny!

Our rebuilt plan gives you the best machine, and saves you a lot of

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The Underwood is so famous a make, and at home last year with her Underwood.) No. 5 so popular a model, you'll have to speak up if you want one of the lot we are just completing now!

We rebuild from top to bottom; replace every single worn part; each machine is in sparkling condition. New typewriters are commonly guaranteed for a year; we guarantee these completely rebuilt Underwoods five years: That's our Better-Than-New Guarantee! And we guarantee a big saving in money!

Pay Like Rent

We don't ask for a cent ! now. Nor any money at all, unless you are completely won by the wonderful writing machine we ship you for

an unrestricted 10-day free trial. When you do buy, take advantage of our very liberal scale of monthly payments. A host of our patrons have paid for their typewriters out of money made typing work for others. (One woman made a thousand dollars

If you know typewriters, you know the perfect work and the ease and speed of an Underwood. If you have never owned a typewriter, start with the finest! One

> that will last you all your life! But, the time to act is NOW. Don't miss out on this present bargain offer. Don't do longer without the convenience of a typewriter. Our modern method of rebuilding, and our economical resale plan remove the last reason for not owning this time-saving, moneymaking, educational device.

Free Trial Plan

Our plan gives you the opportunity of a thorough

trial before you buy. You run no risk whatever. You start to pay for your typewriter after you have found it the one and only machine for you! But get the facts before this lot of machines is all in use. Clip the infor-Copyright 1925 Shipman-Ward Manufacturing Co.

mation coupon before you turn the page. It will pay you! Note the very useful book you will receive free! Write for full particulars at once.

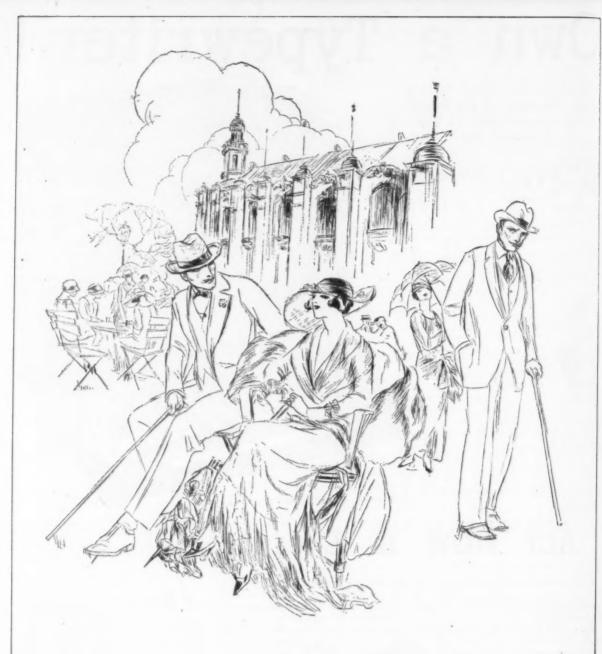
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Get our catalog that tells how we rebuild these wonderful Underwood typewriters in the largest factory of its kind in the world, and lowest prices and terms in existence. We will also include free, the new Type Writing Manual-rie gives many examples and samples of uses for your typewriter; in business of the property of the property

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	Plesse send full offer, with Type Writing Manual FREE, prices, terms, etc., and full information about your FREE course in Touch Typewriting. All without obligation; this is NOT an order?
1	Name

St. or R. F. D

15



ARCHIE: "But what was the trouble between them?"

ISABEL: "Well, it was just one of those things that even your best friend won't talk to you about."



Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath).



VOL. 77 NO. 2

SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

OCTOBER 1925



Sure we was! Why, we seen 'em unload, Me an' Daddy did! Sure! An' y' know, Was me got up first, an' called Daddy, An' told him it's time we mus' go. Daddy jes' stretch an' gap—An' set up in bed an' say: "What's up!" jes' like he forgot; An' I tell him: "Why, Circus Day! An' we're lible to miss it, too, 'Cause wagons are rumblin' by!"

An' Dad says: "By George, if it ain't!"
An' jumps up, an' says we mus' try
Be quiet, so's not to 'sturb Mother.
We hurry out then! An' run!
"Can't ketch me, I bet!" Daddy says.
But I did, though! An' boy, we have fun!
An' cut 'cross the fields where is weeds.
All the gang—an' Skinny—is there!
Daddy says 'at he didn't know,
Was so many kids—anywhere!

An' there was a tent with a chimley!
An' breakfast a-cookin'! An' tables as long—
As the Sunday School Picnic has;
An's a black man, singin' a song,
Puttin' cups down, an' plates!
An' a cage, where sumpin' go: "Ouf!"
An' there's a giraff, way up,
Lookin' down, with hay in his mouf!
Yes, an' all sorts o' monkeys there, too!
An' elephunts—all in a row—
Tails ketched up in their trunks;
An' they swing by us—jest as slow!

Then I ask Daddy, "Where is the Clowns?"
An' he says: "Oh, sleepin', I spoze;
Clowns got to sleep, like rest o' folks!"
Then I tell him, 'at first thing he knows,
I'm gonto be one! Then he's sprized!
An' says 'at he didn't know,
But some day he'd be gettin' in free—
'Cause is me would be ownin' the show!
But I ain't gonto own it! No sir!
I'm 'cided to jes' be a Clown!

Gonto climb up an' walk on a wire—
An' holler—and tumble down—
An' fall on the loose thing—an' bounce—
An' get slapped wiv a board, an' run
With my spenders a-flyin' behind—
An' red on my nose! An' have fun!
Jest all th' time fun! An' flip-flops!
An' ride in the prades through the town—
With the clyopee blowin'! Oh boy!
Bet you wisht you could bo—a Clown!



What Is Honor?

WHAT is honor?

It is a decent respect of a man for his own soul.

If a man does not believe he has a soul, it is difficult for him to have honor, for he has no criterion to go by.

When we perform acts, we are either

looking for approbation from our fellows or from ourselves. If we care nothing for our own approbation and look entirely to that of our fellows, we are apt to become time-servers.

A man of honor is one who is honest in the dark as well as in the light. He is uneasy whenever he is convinced that his own soul condemns him. He is not decent because of the opinions of his fellow men. They may have weight with him to some extent, but he does not depend upon them.

THE main thing is to have his own good opinion.

The rule of honor holds when no other rules are apparent. Sometimes it is hard to tell just what to do, and if a man has no criterion within himself it is sometimes confusing.

BUT a man who follows his own sense of "ought," and who

By Dr. Frank Crane

depended upon.

The sense of honor is an automatic sense. It checks up on one of itself It does not wait for outside authority

It is a deep lying instinct that grows in us the more it is used.

I NDEED immediate obedience to the dictates of honor is essential to keeping it going. Whoever stops and parleys is lost. Honor should be recognized the greatest authority within us. It is the voice of God speaking within us.

It is a blush upon a maiden cheek, or the instinctive unwillingness of the young man to do what is wrong.

It is the law of the Deity written within one's soul, and the more it is depended on and followed, the stronger it becomes. Like a seed, it absorbs the moisture of encouragement, then puts out shoots which pierce the

respects and obeys his own soul, can be earth and reach up toward the great arched sky above-for honor builds strength of character which is greater than all other power.

> Honor is a decent respect of a man for his own soul



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Back in a Little
Upland Valley
Less Than a
Day's Journey
From Broadway
Are People
Whose Customs
Laid the Foundation Stones of
America.



The Hidden City

UT in the world, beyond the foot of the mountain, beyond the rushing torrent that swirls around its base, even beyond the ancient corduroy road, few people knew of our existence. In actual miles our village is not far from the greatest centre in the United States. It is in spirit and customs that this little settlement is remote and quaint, belonging, like its homes, and dress, and furniture, immutably to the past.

Or at least we thought our mode of living was immutable—until Clyde Orsay came out of the fog one evening and stumbled blindly up the path to our door.

All that day, ground mists had been rising from the valley, enveloping, as usual, our little village set in a niche of the mountain. The atmosphere oozed fog, and toward nightfall, if such were possible, the vapor grew even denser.

Father had gone to the Hebrew tailor's to be measured for a new suit of broadcloth. Mother and I sat before the open fire. She was stitching a little flannel sacque for the new Mennonite baby down the road. I was tufting a quilt to be sent in a box with other necessities to the settlement house in Chicago, where Humility Fenwick, a schoolmate of mine, had worked for three years, and

whither she was returning, glorified with her work.

To look out of the window was like looking into a steaming kettle. Serene quiet pervaded our cottage with its furnishings of a bygone age. Serene quiet pervaded our hearts. And I am sure that I had no premonition, then, that the even tenor of our lives was so soon to be destroyed.

Presently the gate-latch clicked. Without missing a stitch, Mother looked up, and for the moment her inscrutable gray eyes softened with tenderness. Father was coming, and both of us, glancing toward the door, waited for his dignified greeting.

THEN unexpectedly, through the silence that habitually reigned in our hidden city, came the sound of a man's voice:

"Hello! Hello! Is there a house here? Hello!"
Involuntarily I started. The needle fell from my hands, and I remember how the white tuft of wool I held at the moment, slipped away from me and was wafted upward.

"A stranger, Mother!" I gasped, feeling the blood rush to my face.



Calmly, Mother continued with her sewing, her enviable poise serving as a reminder that I must compose myself.

"Art thou afraid of a stranger in thy own home?" she rebuked gently.

"Shall I—open the door?" I asked, my heart beating wildly, for truthfully speaking I was not afraid. I was excited, unbecoming as such an emotion might be in the daughter of Quaker parents.

In all my life of eighteen years, few strangers had stopped in our forgotten village, and now here was one right at our door!

"Hello! Is there a house here?" came the voice again, muffled by the fog.

"Take a lamp, Daughter. He may be in distress."

Hurrying to the door, which, as in all the fifty odd cottages of the settlement, leads directly into the living-room, I opened it, lifting the lamp up high to guide him.

I know now that there was something symbolic in the way Clyde Orsay staggered out of the fog, through the pool of light cast by my lamp, into the warm glow of our household.

I FORGOT to shut the door behind him. I forgot to lower the lamp. I even forgot that he was a stranger who must be welcomed appropriately, whoever

he might be. Indeed, I could not remember what to do or what not to do, with this bronzed young man staring at me in frank amazement.

at me in frank amazement.
"Your burden is heavy," said Mother, graciously but formally. "Will you not set it down?"

Still he gazed at me like one in a dream, for the lamp shed its radiance about me, bringing my figure into prominence and leaving the rest of the room in shadow.

"Thanks," he replied huskily. "Had no idea I'd have to walk fifteen miles from the railroad with this load on my back."

Swinging his queer baggage down from his shoulder, he set it against the wall. It looked like a box on stilts. Later I learned it was a surveyor's instrument. He called it a transit

"And you are wet, sir," Mother continued. "Pray, come closer to the fire."

He took a step forward, and somehow that movement

broke the spell. In confusion, I shut the door, replaced the lamp, then took my seat at the tufting frame, to escape this stranger's puzzled scrutiny.

It is part of the creed of the Society of Friends that we do not ask a stranger who he is, whence he has come, or what his business may be, but you can be sure that my curiosity about this man was quite as strong as was his about us. From time to time, while he shook himself

Father rose very slowly, facing the stranger. "Then you lied to me, Mr. Orsay, in saying you were not hungry."

Dull red spread over the young man's face. I was frightened as his powerful hands clenched into huge fists. I realized it was a—terrible thing to tell a man he had lied.

before the fire like a great shaggy dog, I stole several glances at him, always, to my dismay, meeting his staring

I wondered if my cap had slipped back, as it did sometimes, to reveal a few unruly brown curls. It would be vanity to adjust it in his presence, so I bent my head lower over my work, for vanity was a snare I must always avoid.

FT even as I wondered about my cap, I found myself Y wondering too, if all men out there in the world wore such gay red and black checkered shirts, if they were all so bronzed and fearless looking, and if all had such keen gray eves.

And how strangely he talked-gruff and rapid. Would he speak again? Then soon enough he did.

"Stopped a dozen fellows, but not one of 'em could tell me how to get here. This is Martinsville, isn't it? By the world forgotten, but not forgetting the world,"

nodded Mother, snipping a thread. "No indeed." I put in, a little too eagerly perhaps, "for this quilt goes to a poor family far off in Chicago! We do not forget.

"Well-well. As far off as Chicago," repeated the stranger, and the slight tinge of amusement in his voice sent my hands flying back to the tufts.

At this juncture, the gate-latch clicked again. Father! I glided sedately to the door. There stood the dearest man in all the world, clad in dignified black, with the broad-brimmed hat all our men wore.

He stroked my head gently. "God be with you, Eden." "And with you, Father."

"With you, Deborah," to Mother.

"With you, Hubert.

Then he noticed Clyde Orsay, who now stood with his back to the fire, his feet apart and his hands clasped behind his back, his head almost touching the hand-hewn rafters. For the fraction of a second the two men took each other's measure. Inexplicably, my heart pounded. "God be with you, Friend."

"Good evening, sir. I'm Clyde Orsay, an engineer in the employ of the state.'

Father glanced at the old clock in the corner. "Will you break bread with us, Friend? It is the hour of our evening meal.'

"Why-thank you," hesitated Clyde Orsay. "No-I guess not. I'm not hungry," he finished shortly. "Had something a while back.

It was my duty to lay the meals. Accordingly, I could catch only snatches of the conversation as I passed back and forth from kitchen to living-room, but I saw that Father looked graver than usual, and that Mother, at the quilting frame, was working mechanically, while she, too, gave ear to the young man.

How much I would have to tell Mary Fox when we met the next afternoon! My heart thrilled, and I felt warm all over, the way I did sometimes at Meeting, if

Mother heard the Divine call, and preached.
"Supper is ready, Father," I said faintly, and the three of us sat down. Clyde took the bench by the fire.

By silent consent we bowed our heads. saying of Grace, as with sermons at Meeting, there is no set form. Whosoever, at the table, first feels moved from within to thank God for His mercy, does so, whether man, woman, or child. And that night, with unaccountable emotions stifling me, it was I who said

MY VOICE quavered at first, but faith was strong in my heart. Besides, I knew I must not yield to worldly embarrassment before a visitor.

"For what we are about to eat, dear Lord," I prayed, "let us be thankful. And the stranger within our gates, do Thou inspire with vision and understanding, that he may see into our hearts even as we try to see into his.'

In the moment of awed silence that followed, Clyde Orsay drew my gaze and held it. You see, I had not meant to offer a prayer for him. The words had slipped out, and now I was frightened that perhaps I had been too bold or too forward, in intimating that I was trying to look into his heart.

But my parents seemed pleased that I had remembered





Father and Clyde Orsay had the first of their many disagreements, which, before long, were destined to bring into my life the only unhappiness I had ever known. I suppose these encounters were inevitable. We were of a different civilization, simple and direct and stern. He was of the world, nonchalant, laughing, accustomed to fulfill his desires when and where he pleased.

At sight of the steaming hot cakes, I saw his nostrils dilate, and his eyes twinkle humorously. As Mother took her place again, he strolled over to the table.

"I've changed my mind a bit," he laughed. "Those pancakes are too good to pass up. If it's no trouble to you, ma'am, I'll have some. Just you tell me where the plates are, and I'll get my own."

Deathly silence fell upon us. Mother stiffened. Father's lips set sternly. As for me, I dared not look up. Of course the stranger could not know what a terrible breach he had committed, but something chill had struck at my heart, and I shrank from letting him see that I, too, must find fault with him.

Then Father rose very slowly, facing the other man. "Then you lied to me, Mr. Orsay, in saying you were not hungry."

Dull red spread over the younger man's face. It frightened me to see how his powerful hands clenched into huge fists. I knew nothing of men, but I realized it was a terrible thing to tell a man he had lied.

"Hardly a lie, sir," jerked out Clyde Orsay, "when it was only your wife's excellent griddle cakes that reminded me of my appetite."

"No," contradicted Father. "Not these hot cakes. It was that you wanted to be urged, to be coaxed and wheedled to break bread with us, as foolish folk in your cities would do. We Friends ask a man once. Being refused, we consider his answer final. I am afraid, Mr. Orsay, I cannot give you that which you ask—tonight."

O NCE before I had seen in a man's eyes the expression which now transplanted Clyde Orsay's anger. That was two years ago, when an automobile salesman, searching out our village, had at last been impressed by the fact that we would use only horses. It was a look of utter incredulity, of disbelief in the verdict of his own senses.

Be it said to his credit that his hands relaxed. The color receded from his face. He had foresight enough not to hurl himself at a danger he did not quite understand.

"Well—guess I won't starve," he said shortly. "I've gone for days without food—over there, in France. Thanks for letting me in out of that black fog. I've a letter to Makepeace Drayton about putting me up. If you'll tell me how to reach him—."

"Makepeace Drayton is dead," [Turn to page 92]

My Ears Caught the Sound of a Somber, Melodious Chant.

I Knew that Old Tombega Was Standing Atop the Pulpit Rock in the Canon, His Face to the Sun—for It Was the Weird, almost Ghostly Chant of Death.

In Navajo Land

T THAT precise instant I was sure that I had sounded the very depths of human misery; that my soul had been shriven and seared and grilled until even the ashes of despair had been consumed.

Surely life could hold nothing blacker, more poignantly terrible, than that hour of dreary hopelessness.

And yet—even then there came a note of uncertainty. There was Dave Shorb. Shorb! Rough, huge, bearded, black, domineering, dictatorial! The mere thought of the man, of his gorilla-like bearing, caused me to shrink.

They had just taken my father down the lonely canon trail, his wrists handcuffed together, an officer of the law riding on each side. And because I was past sixteen I was beyond the benevolence of the same law that had taken my father; and so I was left behind.

I knew that I would never see my father again. Had not the blank despair in Daddy's faded blue eyes told me, even my untutored knowledge of the world would have been sufficient to make me realize that, after ten years, the law does not pursue a man to the ends of the earth and then give him his freedom again.

I never knew why my father was a fugitive from the law. He never told me. In fact he never admitted that he was, but I knew. There was always a nervousness



"I don't think I need protection," I said. "I can take

about him that was condemning. He was always watching for someone to come up the trail, someone of whom he was apprehensive. We lived under a constant strain, and I knew that somewhere in that outside world of which I knew so little he had done something for which he was wanted.

Since coming to this forgotten corner of the desert, to this half-lost canon, life had been hard. Yes, often bitterly hard, but with Daddy it had always been sure and protected. It had even been peculiarily satisfying, despite the loneliness. There was some wild, free strain in me that had found a kindredness with the wildness of the desert.

A ND now the future stretched away an illimitable wall, beyond which was a black abyss of which I had no knowledge, only a deep terror.

Of book knowledge I was not entirely ignorant, for Daddy had a remarkable education and he had tried his best, under a burden of great difficulties, to teach the child



he had brought into the desert. But it was a peculiar, warped, unsatisfactory knowledge I had acquired. There was nothing of self-assertion, of guidance, of reliance, in it. Of the world of people, of life, I knew nothing.

In the ten years since coming to the little 'dobe dwelling in the canon my only contact had been with a few Navajos, and with men like Shorb, desert wayfarers whose occupations were vague and whose intentions were always to be mistrusted.

True, there had been Charlie Forester. Certainly he was different-a college man from the world outside. But his visits had been so infrequent and he had always treated me so like a child that I had been, in a way, in awe of him.

As long as Daddy had been there I had been safe, protected, for whatever other qualities he may have possessed he had always been kindness itself toward his motherless girl. On all occasions, where I was concerned, he was mild, too mild; but of me he was also fiercely protective. Dave Shorb had once presumed too much.

Like all spiders, the Black Widow has poisonous glands in its jaws. A single bite is not fatal; a dozen might be.

Under the circumstances as brought out in the story, it is easy to believe that the results would be fully as serious as the writer indicates.

But now, suddenly shorn of every defense, of every refuge, I had a problem. To stay was impossible. Temporarily, I knew that I could exist; but sooner or later would come the problem of actually sustaining life. To go seemed quite as impossible. There was no place to go. The world of cities was a vague impression. I scarce knew which direction to take to reach it.

And there was Shorb. . Shorb, without Daddy

between us.

Suddenly I wished passionately for Charlie Forester. I knew that there was no need to doubt him. He was not that kind. Yet I knew my wish was hopeless. He had promised to ride that way, but not for another month.

With a sudden cry I buried my face in my arms on the table and broke into a torrent of sobs, for, from outside, my ears had caught the intonation of

a somber, yet melodious, chant.

It was old Tombega, the Navajo. Without looking I knew that he was standing atop the great pulpitlike rock in the canon, upturned face to the sun. And the chant, weird in its resonance, in its rise and fall, ghostly even in day, was the death chant.

Old Tombega, friend and counsellor of my father, sage and wise as the hills themselves, knew that Daddy had passed from the desert forever, and he was bidding his brother eternal farewell. He knew. This last, this definite acceptance of fate, seemed to break my spirit entirely.

OW long I sobbed I do not know. My grief, through sheer physical exhaustion, wore itself out after a while. I was half conscious that Tombega had ceased his chant, but of the passage of time I knew nothing.

When old Tombega entered the room I did not see him, nor did I hear him, but I knew that he was there. Some sixth sense, born of long contact with the desert,

informed me of his presence.

The old man stood silently watching me for several moments. Then his restive black eyes caught the movement of some object across my bowed shoulders. With a bound, surprisingly quick and agile for one of his years, he leaped forward. Deftly but swiftly as the passage of light his hand brushed the moving thing to the floor.

I looked up and then down at the object he had brushed to the floor. It was a spider with a body the size of a big pea, black and glossy as velvet. On the under side, had one looked, would have been found little red spots shaped like an hour-glass.

I viewed the insect, unmoved, yet it was one of the deadliest of the desert's queer denizens—the Black Widow. I seemed utterly insensible to danger of any kind just then.

A single bite from this tiny devil is not necessarily

fatal, if medical attention be prompt, nor are two, but a half dozen would be almost certain to produce death. The bite leaves no mark, but brings agonizing pain. The Black Widow's single redeeming feature is that it seldom bites unless provoked to anger.

"Ugh-h-h. Dam'. No good," muttered Tombega as

the insect scuttled out of sight.
"Father Tombega," I said wearily, "maybe it would

have been better if it had bitten me.

Stolid, unbelievably old, the Indian waited what seemed minutes before he spoke. It was the way of his kind. Then his voice was measured and slow, and in the tongue of his people. This I understood perfectly. Ten years in the desert at an impressionable age had made me as familiar with the speech of the Navajos as with my own.

O, DAUGHTER," he stated with finality, "to live is well. The Great Spirit teaches that we must live and be happy. To take the life of another may sometimes be right, but to give thy own needlessly is to

deny the Great Father.

"Do not fear, oh, my daughter! Into my care thy father has given thee. Tombega has given his word to his brother that he will care for thee; that he will watch over thee; that he will protect thee. Tombega keeps his word.

"Now all seems dark. But have courage, oh, my daughter, for tomorrow the sun will rise as bright and the birds will sing again. Tombega has given his word.'

I was strangely affected by the old man's declaration. The friendship of this patriarch of the desert was peculiarly dear to me just then. The old Indian was so fine, so sincere. And yet his promises brought no reassurance.

What, I reflected, could he do? Bent, aged with unnumbered years, wizened with a million wrinkles, he seemed a pitiful bulwark against the world. Against Dave Shorb, for instance. Shorb could break him with one hand.

But at least I could do no more than thank my old friend.

"I thank thee, Father Tombega," I said. "You were my father's friend and you are mine. But what if the Black Bearded One should come?"

"Have no fear. Tombega has spoken. Tombega

keeps his word."

There was some staunchness, some quality of sureness, in the old man's words that could scarce be denied. I was half convinced. Yet I dreaded the thought of the coming of Shorb-and I knew that he would come.

S THOUGH the thought were parent to the coming, A simocorn the thought the crunch of hoofs in the sand

A moment later heavy boots rumbled on the steps. The doorway was filled with a huge, black-bearded man. A swaggering type of man, conscious of his own physical power. This was Dave Shorb.

"Well, gal, I see they got the ol' man," he said in a tone that might have inferred he was glad instead of sorry. "Met 'em down the trail a piece. Always did think the ol' man was hidin' from somethin'. Reckon I'll have to look after you now. Guess that'll suit me purty well, though.'

Something inside me seemed to be turning to ice. Just then Shorb's eyes fell on Tombega. The old Indian was squatted against the wall. He was as still and inscrutable as a Buddha.

"What the hell you doin' here?" Shorb bellowed at the Indian. "Git out. Think I want a dam' dirty Injun aroun' when I'm callin' on my gal?"

The old Navajo neither moved nor spoke. He seemed entirely oblivious to Shorb's presence.

"Don't you hear me, you ol' rat?" shouted Shorb.
"No go," stolidly announced the Navajo.
"Won't, eh?" In a single stride Shorb reached the With one hand he swung him upright, propelled him swiftly to the door, released his hold, and then with a tremendous swing of his boot deliberately kicked the old man sprawling on his face outside.

My blood boiled. "Dave Shorb, you brute!" I cried.

Tombega painfully scrambled to his feet. His face was as expressionless as ever but a fierce anger smol-

dered in his black eyes.

"Why, what's the matter, gal?" asked Shorb. ain't nothin' but a dam' Injun. He ain't got no business here.

"Well, he has got business here!" I flamed up. "Tom-

bega is my friend. I'll not have you abusing him."
"Why, gal, you don't want no truck with Injuns,"
answered Shorb, so kindly. I'm aimin' to protect you from such as him.'

I had it on my lips to say that I probably needed far more protection from Tombega than I did from him, but I curbed my tongue. I knew that it was no time to antagonize.

"I don't think I need protection," I said quietly. "I'm

quite capable of taking care of myself."

"Shoo, now, gal," Dave Shorb went on complacently, 'you can't stay here alone, now that yer daddy's gone.



'T'wouldn't be right an' 't'ain't safe. They ain't no place fer you to go, neither. Reckon you jus' gotta have somebody take care o' you. Dave's the man. You an' me will jest amble over to Arroyo City an' git hitched an' that'll settle the whole thing.

"Married! Dave!" I cried out. Terror again struck

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Why not?" he said. "Ain't no place fer you "Sure. to go an' I reckon Dave Shorb'll make you a right good husband.

"Why, Dave Shorb, you're old enough to be my father," I exclaimed. The thing appalled me.
"Shoo, now, gal, I ain't so old," said Shorb, "I am

a little older than you be, but you don't want none o' these young bucks. They couldn't take care o' you like I kin."

BUT Dave, I'm only a little past seventeen," I protested. "I'm not old enough to get married. Besides I don't want to marrie analysis. sides I don't want to marry anybody.

"You don't know what you want, gal." Shorb's burly "I know bout voice had grown half impatient now.

things an' I tell you it's the best way."

"Why-but-why, Dave, I don't love you." It was the

only argument I could think of.
"Love!" laughed Shorb. "Why, gal, that'll come, that'll come-afterwards. Sure. Just take Dave's word fer it. Why, gal, I'll take you to the city an' buy you all the pretties in sight-things you ain't ever even seen

Why, gal, you're powerful pretty. Reckon after Dave gits you fixed up you'll be 'bout the swellest lookin' gal in the country.

When Shorb was not there I disliked him intensely; hated him, I think. There was something about the man

that was actually repulsive.

Yet when he was present, unconsciously and in spite of myself, I found something in him that appealed to one of the many sides of my complex nature.

Possibly it was the man's very size, his power. Physically, he was magnificent. I suppose that quality

has ever appealed to the feminine.

Possibly it was Shorb's dominance, his very sureness, that in some way overshadowed my will power. Instinctively I knew that in a match of wills he would come out the victor; that he could actually browbeat me into doing something that in a saner and less perturbed moment I would not want to do.

And, too, the man's rude but lavish compliments were scarce unwelcome. My life had known all too few such things. There had never been anyone to tell me I was pretty-except Daddy and Charlie Forester, and they had both treated me as a child. The mere fact that Shorb

wanted me had its weight.

Untutored, secluded from the world, I had never had a real suitor. The ordinary companionships of childhood had been denied me. Charlie Forester had been my only contact with youth and he had always seemed so superior, had always teased me so even made harmless fun of me,

that I had never thought of him as a lover. True, I wor-shipped him, but I never would have believed that he ever gave me a second look.

SO NOW, just budding into womanhood, when confronted by my first proposal, almost demand of marriage, was decidedly lost. did not know what I wanted to do; did not want to do anything, in fact, yet felt compelled to give in against my will.

I still had fight, resistance, in me, however. I was not yet ready to surrender. Possibly in some remote corner of my mind there existed, half-consciously, the belief in the coming of a Prince Charming, someone utterly

unlike Dave Shorb.
"No, no, Dave," I finally answered. "I couldn't do it -not at all-not ever."

"Why, gal, there ain't nothin' else to do. You

That last statement was fatal-temporarily at least, for it made me mad, madder than I had ever been in my life, I think.

"I haven't got to do anything, Dave Shorb," I flared

"Now listen, gal," insisted Shorb. "I got to go up the trail a little piece on busi-ness. I'll be back day after



tomorrow. You be ready an' we'll go right over to Arroyo City an' git married.'
"I won't," I said bluntly.

"Now, don't be gittin' stubborn first off. You be ready." Without waiting for further argument Shorb went out, mounted his horse, and rode away up the trail.

That night I fell asleep through-well, there was nothing else to do. A brain, worried by grief and fear, had been taxed beyond the limit, and I slept, dreamless, like one under the influence of a strong drug.

HE sun was mounting high when I awoke. My first conscious thought was of Charlie Forester. In some unaccountable way he had suddenly assumed the character of a haven, of a refuge from every worldly care. Just why, I could not have told. I hardly thought of him in the light of a lover. If there was any thought of love at all, it was unconscious. It was merely that in his youth, his careless courage, his fineness, he had become a stout rock on which I would gladly have rested my troubles.

If he would only come! And yet I knew, even as I

wished, that he would not. The date was at least three weeks distant on which he had said he would arrive. And Dave Shorb was coming on

the morrow.

With the coming of morning I had thought that some plan would present itself, but now I seemed more confused, more uncertain than ever. I had thought of fleeing, of running out into the desert, but on sober consideration I knew I could not do that. Ten years in the desert had taught me to fear it. Sun and heat and thirst do terrible things to one, and I had often heard Daddy say that these bubbling springs were the only water for thirty miles in any direction.

Thirty miles on foot without water is possible but not probable-at least not in the desert country. Without a destination

I knew that beyond the it at once became hopeless. little canon the trail faded and dwindled into nothingness. Daddy had seen well to that.

If there was only someone to show me the way. I became at once impatient for the coming of old Tombega. Possibly he knew. Surely he must.

Strangely enough the old Indian did not appear. He had promised safety, protection, yet he seemed to have erased himself completely from the scene.

WAITED eagerly throughout the day. As evening drew on and there was on sign of the old Navajo, a peculiar state of apathy, of insensibility, fell over me. I scarce cared what happened. My fire, my scant determination, crumbled as the day dwindled. Finally I knew that when Dave Shorb returned I would go with him.

That night I slept but little. Yet there was no turmoil of emotions, no dread, to keep me wakeful. I lay wide

awake, yet almost in a state of coma-

With the coming of morning, however, all my forebodings, my fear, returned. Shorb again assumed his actuality in my mind; I was horribly afraid.

The day wore on. Nothing happened. Tombega did

not come. Shorb did not come. As evening drew near and Dave Shorb had not made his appearance my spirits began to mount. He might not come at all! And then, like a dash of icy water to my returning hopes, I heard the sound of hoofbeats on the trail.

Something impelled me to meet Shorb outside. As I came out the door, he was just swinging from the saddle. Something about the man was at once menacing.

"Wal, wal, there's my li'l' bride," he greeted loudly as he came toward me. There was a slight lurch to his

walk.

"Well, gal, I see they got the of

man," Dave said in a tone that mighi

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lowed at the Indian. "Git out!"

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scrutable Buddha.

"Met 'em down the trail a

I knew the symptoms. I had seen men under the influence of liquor before. As Shorb came toward me. the feelings I had experienced were as nothing compared to the fear that seethed through me now.

"Ain't she pritty!" mouthed Shorb. "Pritty as picture. Some gal! You an' me'll have some time!" So far, I had been in sort of a trance, too frightened

to do anything. Now, I suddenly came to myself.

"Dave Shorb, you're drunk!" I flamed out.
"Now, now, gal," leered Shorb, "ol' Dave 'sh'not drunk. Jus' had li'l' drink. Beshides, can't feller have li'l' drink when'sh goin' to git married?" And the

craftily, "Haf' stay here to-night. Can't make Arroyo

City t'day."

Some tone in Shorb's voice, possibly some carnal gleam in his glassy eyes, warned me. Suddenly I saw that it was all a trick; that Dave Shorb wasn't so anxious to marry me as I thought.

Shorb reached for me. "Ain't cha goin' give Dave li'l' kiss?" he asked, grinning.

I avoided his grasp and cried out, "I won't! I won't! Dave Shorb, don't you dare touch me.'

In an instant 1 was inside the cabin and had crashed the door to and had locked it. 1 leaned against it, suddenly weak with fear again.

Shorb was caught unaware. He had expected no such precipitate action. For a moment or two he stared at the closed

door before the significance of my act soaked through his liquor-fogged brain.

"Now, now, gal," he called, "ol' Dave ain't goin'

"Go away," I said, weakly.

'N door, gal." Shorb's voice had a muffled threat. "I won't." I was desperate now and looked about for some weapon of defense.

Shorb shook the door with all his great strength, but it had been strongly built; it held.

"Dammit, gal, op'n door. I wancha." This time his voice was hoarse and openly threatening. I was too terror-stricken even to answer.

'Gal, op'n door er I'll knock dam' shing down."

I fully expected him to carry out his threat. I merely crouched down and waited, a huge butcher knife clutched in my hand.

For the next five minutes Shorb alternately pleaded, cajoled, and threatened. He promised me all the feminine finery in Arroyo City if I would only open the door, and then he promised me all the dire fates in the compass of his imagination if I did not open it [Turn to page 130]

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Broadway's Best Bets





YV the







New Shoulder Straps

We Roth Wore

K. A. R. for

Awhile, and

Somehow We

Grew Together!

DISLIKED him the first time I saw him. His cot was diagonally opposite mine in the officers' ward of the big military hospital in Nairobi. The year was 1916. "There," I thought, "is one prize nyoka if there ever was one." And I wished him and his breed to perdition. All because he had ventured to remonstrate with me and the three who were grouped around my cot sipping whiskey sodas and swapping yarns while keeping a watchful eye on the door at the far end of the long corrugated iron ward for the appearance of the night "sister" or the orderly.

His complaint was perfectly justified. We had no right to be sitting up after "lights out"; we had no right to be making the disturbance we were; and we had absolutely no right whatsoever to be drinking. But war had taught us to disregard rights, to go ahead and explain after, and we were snatching, after the fashion of men who for some time have not known what minute might be their last, whatever fun we could while we could.

"Bloody swine," I ejaculated under my breath. I had

been in other hospitals when peace and quiet and rest was all I asked or desired and others were making a noise such as we were. But I had never protested. That was "playing the game." Yet this blighter had dared to call out to us, "Kilele," as though we were a bunch of natives! However, we did lower our voices to a whisper, only occasionally a laugh could not be suppressed and the man across the aisle would groan.

HE WAS really very sick. Repeated "goes" of fever with no attention weaken and undermine any constitution, as I myself knew. And one's liver, under the African sun, develops a hideous temper and lack of feeling for the feelings of others. So he was to be excused and we were to be condemned. Only none of us looked on it in that light at the time.

His chart, which hung at the end of his bed, showed he was Lieutenant William R. Standish, and that his rank was purely an honorary one, for he was a "Political," which means that in peace times he was a District or an Assistant District Commissioner. Therefore, I who had seen action against the German African troops as an officer in the Baganda Rifles, and those around my cot who had served in the same campaigns either in the East African Mounted Rifles or my own regiment were properly contemptuous of him as all fighting men, whether they wished it or not, were slightly disdainful of all "civvies." They agreed with me in my characterization of the man whom I afterwards knew as Bill.

BILL had preceded me to the hospital by one day. The night that the fellows were around my cot was my first in that hospital whither I had been sent via several evacuation hospitals from the field. I was really convalescent. I expected my discharge soon, and I expected to be relieved of the Baganda Rifles, which were being disbanded due to Smut's erroneous impression that the war in East Africa was over. That possibly had given me a "grouse." I saw no chance of getting to France or even "Mespot." And I hated to be suddenly thrust out of things . . . But this is all preliminary.

After I had been in a hospital a few days, during which

After I had been in a hospital a few days, during which I made no effort to become acquainted with Bill, I was transferred to a convalescent home near Naivasha in the hills. Before I left there as cured the Baganda Rifles

were no more, and I was at a loose end.

Well, I did what most men would have done. I went down to Nairobi "on the bend" and wined and dined and enjoyed myself in the way a fellow does when he suddenly finds himself a free man again—army discipline can be very strict—and out of the danger zone. But after a month of this I sickened of it all. War was on. Even only a few hundred miles away men were killing and being killed. It wasn't a sense of duty which made me chafe at my position. It was the eternal madness of youth. And I was young; twenty-eight, to be exact.

I began pulling wires. England I learned had wakened

I began pulling wires. England I learned had wakened up to the fact that the war in Africa was very far from being over. The King's African Rifles were recruiting. Officers were needed. It was my chance. I applied for and was granted a commission. I had hoped to get a captaincy, but was glad enough to go in as a First Lieut. I was sent to Bombo. It was with a certain pride I donned my old uniform, adding another star, and changing the insignia on my shoulder straps to K. A. R.

THE evening of my arrival I entered the ante-room of the Mess shortly before dinner, that fine comfortable room rich in trophies and gifts from former officers, for an appetizer from the decanters which always at that hour stand on a table in the centre of the room. I was early, but there was one ahead of me, a fine figure of a man, resplendent in new khaki and shining buttons. He turned as I entered and grinned. He was Bill. He held out his hand. "I think we've seen each other before," he said as I returned his clasp and he told me that he had arrived a day ahead of me. "I hope to be commissioned in a couple of weeks," he said naively: "they're turning 'em out pretty fast from here. It can't come too soon for me. I've been chafing at being a 'political' for a long time."

He offered me a drink, which I accepted. We sank into the long Bombay chairs by the wall. "I'm afraid," he said as he lit a cigarette, "I was a bit ratty that first night that you were in the hospital. But I was feeling

rotten."

A decent apology. I met it with as fair a one as I could. "Don't mention it," I said. "As a matter of

fact, you were perfectly justified."

We chatted until we were joined by others and conversation became general. Then we all went out to the mess on the veranda. We dined there at nights because

of the heat. Bill and I sat together. I'll never forget. I liked the chap. There was something inherently fine about him. I liked his modesty—he was diffident as became a new man in the mess—and his quiet bearing.

Bill and I saw a good deal of each other during the next three weeks. We became firm friends. One night over a whiskey soda he grinned reminiscently and I asked him what was amusing him. "I'll tell you now," he said. "Do you remember that first night I saw you? Well, that night I decided you were a priceless swine."

I interrupted him with a laugh and told him of my own thoughts on that occasion.

"But I was mistaken," added Bill.

"Same here."

Impelled by some reason which we could not have analyzed—your British officer is not demonstrative or theatrical—we shook hands. As our hands met, I knew instinctively I had made a friend and found a pal. And I know Bill felt the same way.

WERE both transferred a few days later to a new battalion which was being formed in Entebbe. We were placed in B company in charge respectively of numbers 6 and 7 platoons. We were quartered together in an empty house. Later, on the Mbagathi Plains outside Nairobi, we shared the same grass hut. We did not realize that we were destined to share much more together before the final curtain should be rung down.

before the final curtain should be rung down.

Finally we were sent down into the "field." Days of drilling and nights of relaxation were over. Ahead was



privation, semi-starvation, death possibly, disease and danger, and the nerve-racking, soul-searing, heart-breaking monotony of semiguerilla warfare in a country that boasted little water, but much dust and sun and sickness, and the loneliness of the wilds.

IT SEEMED we were always on the march. Daybreak would find us up and pushing on and on after an enemy that at times we believed to be a

phantom. We would hear of him being in a certain place and would make tracks for that place, only to arrive and find he had left or had never been there. Sometimes we would almost step on his heels. But he was wary and as versed, if not more so, in the country as we. And he invariably reached the water-holes first. Which means that when we arrived sometimes there was no water at all . . . The saddest tragedy of it all. For water was precious and the springs which supplied the holes flowed weakly and slowly, and before they filled we had to be on our way.

Have you ever marched thirty miles under a sun that registered over a hundred in the shade, with your lips

"Mind if I talk about her? I hate to inflict——"

"Go ahead," I said.

You've seen the light in a dog's eyes sometimes when he sits at the feet of his old master. Adoration, devotion, love . . .

cracked and your throat parched to painfulness, and know that you dare not take a sip of warm water from the water bottle at your side for fear that it could not be replenished at the next water-hole? That's a time when nerves crack and friendships are broken, and the self predominant in every man comes to the fore. But it was not that way with Bill and me. If anything, such hardships fermented the bond which had grown up between us. Once

when fever attacked me on the march—I had to keep going, though my temperature was 104—Bill thrust his water bottle to my caked lips.

"Drink this, all of it," he said. "I have another bottle. My orderly is carrying it."

I DRAINED it to the dregs. Oh, the blessed taste of the warm brackish liquid! I thanked Bill. He only laughed. But at the next water-hole he was unable to refill the bottle he had given me. There was no water. Bill did not have a drink for twenty-four hours. He had no second bottle! When he had told me that he had lied! That is the kind of man that Bill was.

Nights under the stars, when matches were permitted to be struck, Bill and I would sit smoking and chatting of what we'd do—eternal topic—when the war was over . . "if it ever is." One night Bill unburdened his soul. He was a reticent chap and said little, as a rule. But this night his tongue was loosed. It was as if he had studied me for a long time and had decided I was truly worthy of his confidence. And then I learned why he had had his moments of depression and the keen depths of his disappointment when mails arrived and letters he looked for were missing. He was married!

for were missing. He was married!

Somehow I had never thought of the possibility of Bill being married. A bachelor myself, I had considered him one, too. And he had said nothing to give me a different impression. He was unlike other married soldiers I had known. They usually talked of their wives on the second meeting and were ready to show photographs. But Bill had never mentioned the existence of any woman in his life. When he told me, I must have been ludicrous in my surprise, for he laughed. "Think it funny that any woman should marry a blighter like me?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Any woman would be damn lucky to have you," I retorted with an intensity of feeling that brought a slight blush to the tanned cheek visible beside me under the bright light of the stars.

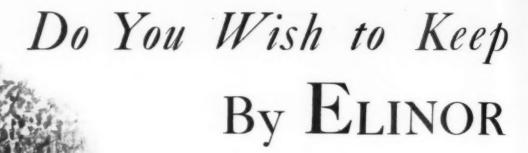
"Thanks for the compliment. But it hardly fits. As a matter of fact, I'm the lucky one. Gladys is an angel." He puffed silently on his pipe for a few seconds as though trying to arrive at a decision. "Mind if I talk about her?" he asked at length. "I've been dying to talk to someone about her for months. But I rather hate to inflict—"

"Go ahead."

HE COUGHED, smoothed the tobacco in his pipe with a calloused thumb, and began. You've seen the light in a dog's eyes sometimes when he sits at the feet of a beloved master gazing up at him. You know what's in it. Adoration, devotion, love that only asks to serve. That is the kind of light that shone from Bill's eyes as he talked rapturously of the girl who had married him on his last leave in England, which had been in 1914, before the war.

For one hour he talked; his [Turn to page 106]





THIS is quite an interesting subject, girls, but before we begin with it I want to say a few words about certain fundamental principles—so that you may realize that while I am entirely in sympathy with the modern spirit, these fundamentals can never be depreciated in my estimation. All I want to do is to help you to get the best out of things, and not the worst. Now listen carefully.

The fundamentals which count in human character never alter from age to age, no matter how fashion or custom changes the exterior expression. These are truth, and self-respect, and courage, and balance. And if the wildest, most censured flapper possesses them, no fear for her future need be entertained. And if you examine them you will find that if they held, you could not trip up on any side. For if you have truth, you do not lie to yourself about what you are doing; if you have self-respect, you do not do things which will cause others not to respect you; if you have courage, you are brave enough to stand even against a tide of your friends persuasions; and if you have balance, you do not lose your head, and so can weigh what is worth while, and thus avoid laying up limitations for yourselves.

These principles are the structure of the house, so to speak, which make it a fine or mean abode. Then every sort of furniture can be put into it, changing with the fashion of the day.

If what grandmamma considers shockingly improper does not injure one of these fundamentals, then pay no attention to her view. If it does, spare the time to analyze why, and then use your own common sense about it.

TAKE clothes, for instance. Quantities of mental grand-mothers are horribly shocked at the modern scantiness of raiment, and deplore that so many useless under-garments have been dispensed with. But they cannot but admit that health is better now, beauty far greater, and general freedom of action advanced. None of the fundamentals have been injured by modern dress.

the Man You Love?

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What does injure fundamentals is alcohol, because it hurts the health and unbalances the mind.

Too much of petting parties and pawing and mauling and going as far as you can in arousing the sex instinct is harmful too, because it tarnishes self-respect; it is also stupid, because the sensory nerves gradually become numb with over-use, and are no longer capable of registering pleasure.

Cheap and vulgar behaviour, and chasing men, are equally inadvisable, simply because they defeat their own ends. The silliest girl can grasp this—that if you want to get a ball over the net at tennis, you do not deliberately send it out of court. Numbers of modern girls—to go on with the simile of tennis—admittedly desirous of winning the game, literally aim as though their intention were to lose it as quickly as possible.

ALL the wonderful new currents of electricity, the radio, the rapid transport, the ease of living, have produced a much higher ratio of—what shall we call it?—the restless urge to do and to be, and this shows in the bubbling of sex, which is demonstrating itself in every grade of society.

Added to this, the entire want of discipline in the bringing up of the modern girl, and the unrestrained development of her imagination, has been on the side of the animal nature in her, so that now there [Continued on page 120]



Who

Knows?

"But a Woman, Her Whims We Must Humor," Says the Captain. "And Leave It to José to Keep Us Out of Trouble!"



"Gracias, Señor Capitan," she said. "'Tis

WAS the Captain's guest on the bridge, an honor of which I was duly aware, and from the elevated position I had my first glimpse of Guatemala as we rounded the low, jungle-fringed sandy-point and came upon Ocos. The place was a line of thatched huts-looking not unlike corn shocks—that the jungle seemed to be pushing out across the beach where the clawing fingers of the surf continually clutched at them. And there, just at one side, my astonished eyes beheld a steamer beached high and dry, broadside on to the sea, with a hundred yards of yellow sand shimmering between her and the hissing foam of the breakers that seemed beckoning her to return to them

She was a trim craft of, I judged, about ten thousand ton, and from her lines I guessed her to be a foreign tramp of the coast-wise trade. She was not the first wreck we had sighted along this treacherous shore, but she was the most spectacular, and how she could have ever got into such an unfathomable position was a mystery to my poor store of nautical knowledge.

"It must have been some storm that drove her up there," I ventured as the Captain joined me.

"Yes," he replied dropping into his chair," but it was a storm of elemental passions, not elements of human nature; not merely nature. I came down on her on her last trip.
"Please," was all I said. So he told me all about it.

WAS on shore leave in San Francisco when, the manager of the company sent for me. He told me the San Carlos had gone ashore at Punt Arenas, but they managed to get her off and put back to Balboa, and he wanted me to go down and bring her up. It was between our sailing dates, and I could make time by taking a Swedish tramp that was clearing that night for the West Coast, so I hurried home to make ready, cursing my luck that I had to go down and limp back with another man's mistake.

"I was booked for passage on the Nordan, a boat I'd never heard of, and as I stepped aboard her in the late afternoon I was surprised and delighted to find her under the command of Yon Oler, the old skipper of the Kristina that had been in the Coast trade for years.

"Yon was hilarious at seeing me, and as this was



better you land me at Ocos-much better."

his second trip with his new command he was as tickled to have another captain aboard as a kid with a new red wagon would be to give a neighbor youngster a ride in it. We started an enthusiastic inspection, and the last of the cargo was just coming aboard as we reached the forward hatch.

"There were a lot of cases consigned to the Salvadorian

government. Now our company handles all their legitimate business, and I knew that the annual boundary dispute was on between Salvador and Guatemala, so I had my suspicions of those cases. As I sized them up rather narrowly, Captain Yon grinned sweetly under his yellow mustache and remarked, rather too carelessly, 'A little machinery for the Salvadorian government, ya,' and I knew what kind it was, all right. However, it was none of my

"Do I make you jealous that El Capitan gives me so much of his time, si?" she asked one night.

She cooed the question . . . she would have played me off against Captain Yon!

business and if the Captain wanted to take a chance his own company must be behind him.

"We cleared port at sunset with a small deck load of Mazatlan, and the five days down was simply a pleasure trip. I liked everything about the Captain's new ship except the crew, for he didn't have a real white man aboard. Even his first officer was a black and tan Spaniard with just enough of the native cross to make me suspicious of his too oily politeness. As for the rest of the crew, they shaded from mahogany to hard boiled coffee, and were as fine a spawn of the devil as the West Coast had bred since Morgan sacked Panama. I would have sacked the whole lot and hired a crew of Chinamen, for they're white for all their yellow hides. I told the Captain so, but he only laughed and said if you were a free line Captain

you had to stand in with the natives.

"We anchored at Mazatlan, put off our cargo and took on another passenger. It was Señorita Inez Romero, whose father was in politics in Guatemala, and she was the acknowledged belle of the city. She deserved the acknowledgment, for she was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw.

MUST say that several years in the Coast trade has convinced me that the Señorita of romance is largely the imaginative creature of the Northern mind, but when you find one you could enter in a beauty show she is usually a prize winner, and the Señorita was in the blue ribbon class. She had traveled up and down with me many times, and whenever she did, the smoking-room was deserted. She and Captain Yon were not strangers, for a man can't trade on the West Coast long and not hear of the Señorita, much less if he is a tall, hand-

some Norse bachelor, and the Captain was a bit of a sentimentalist.

"For the two years back Captain Yon had never been in a hurry to clear San José de Guatemala either up or down, and the Señorita always came into town when he was in port. She certainly led him a merry dance from all reports, and when she stepped aboard I saw by the glance that passed between them that they had passed the skirmish stage of flirtation and were nearing an engagement. I had heard not a little of the Coast gossip, so I saw trouble ahead in a most attractive

form, for to my mind Jonah wore petticoats, and Miss Fortune is a proper name with two capitals when a skipper has an amorita aboard his own vessel.

"Well, we loafed out onto the tropic sea, and if there was ever a place for a sentimental Norse to get into trouble it is under the Southern Cross, and Captain Yon certainly started to nail himself to it. About all he did was to lay the course and then desert the bridge for the deck, or he even had her up

there with him. Now, there is a limit to all things, and that was it, so, though it was none of my business, I mentioned it to him, merely as a brother seaman. He only laughed his good-natured, boyish laugh.

"'Ah, Captain, in the passenger service you serve too long, and it spoil you,' he said. 'Why, the Señorita is a guest and to her is the freedom of the house."

'Not the wheelhouse,' I contended, however.

NOTHER thing I noticed was that the Señorita, for A all the Captain's attentions, found time for some confidential chats with Señor Jaurez, the first officer whom I suspected of being a Guatemalian, though you never can tell goods by the packages down here unless they're labeled, and then it is most likely a libel. He gave way to the Captain always, and was as polite as a dancing master, but often I caught him watching the two with his eyes glittering like a snake's.

Besides, the Señorita used to have a word now and then with any of the crew who happened to be passing.

in a voice so soft that it only needed the strumming of a guitar to make it a song. Now, women of the upper class down here think as much of the hombres as they do of animals, unless they're pets-the animals I mean. You've seen them watch a bull fight, haven't you? No? Well, you have something to learn of the gentleness of Latin women, then. So all this made me smell a mouse, but I couldn't set a trap, for it wasn't my ship, and as for coming right out with Captain Yon, well, it was his vessel, and the Señorita was his guest.

"We were only going to make one port in Guatemala, and that was San José, but I noticed that we were standing in close to shore all the way down. The Coast is just like the natives; you can't depend on it, as the bones of countless ships testify, and we always stand out even when we are making ports of call, so I couldn't understand the Captain's economy of sea room. Finally I asked him why he was hugging the shore so close. He

laughed rather sheepishly.

The Señorita, she is a little timid and likes not the land to be out of sight.

'We got the usual blow off Tehauntepec,' I reminded him, and I didn't see her take to her cabin. And when she came up with me the last trip I made last year the seas carried away two boats, and

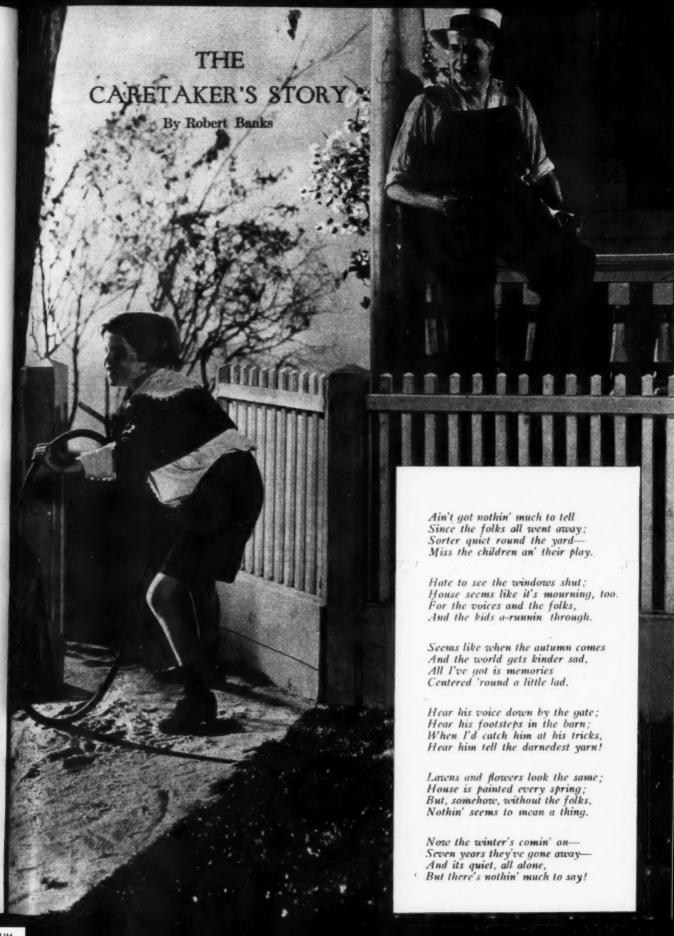
I had a hard time keeping her off deck. She always struck me as a good sailor, and, knowing the Coast, she ought to realize that a wester would give her something to be nervous about if we didn't have plenty of sea room.

"The Captain wiggled acomfortably. But a uncomfortably. woman, her whims we must humor,' he answered. 'I have with her father to stand in. Besides, José knows the Coast so well he will keep us out of trouble.'

OW a skipper who puts his vessel at the whim of a woman, or trusts his mate before he does himself, is in a bad way. As for the Señorita's father, and wanting to stand in with him, I thought that the best way to do that was to avoid such cargos as were stowed away in the forward hold. I knew Señor Romero to be in politics, which is only another name for war, foreign or domestic, wholesale or retail down here, and the least hint of filibustering to him would fix Captain Yon with the Guatemalian government.

"All this sounds as if I [Turn to page 123]





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Bunk!

"How the Sweet Young Things Got the Crazy Idea That They Could Work Us in Such a Way Is More Than I Can Understand," Says a Famous Director.

AM a "movie man"—one of those dangerous devils who direct moving pictures.

Much has been written, more has been said, about the pitfalls and dangers besetting the path of the sweet young things trying to break into the movies-"sweet young things" in this instance being an expression used to describe everything of the female species, not a "professional," varying in age from one day to one hundred years.

According to common report the trials of Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, were a Sunday School picnic compared to the hazards encountered by these sweet young things who would fain earn an honest penny while the camera-man turns the crank. Furthermore, according to common report, the most wicked of all the black-hearted villains forever plotting to rob these sweet young things of their virtue is the moving picture director.

But I want to make it clear to begin with that it is not the ladies born and raised in the "profession" who are forever seeking to snatch my virtue from me. tion has yet to be put in my way by any of those fair ones whose first light of day was a "baby spot" in the wings, or who was "carried on" at the tender age of two weeks, or whose earliest slumbers were in the top tray of a theatrical trunk. These wise females, young and old, know the game is to persuade the director they can "get away with the part." They play it according to that They play it according to that rule and no other.

Let him who doubts, observe the earnestness with

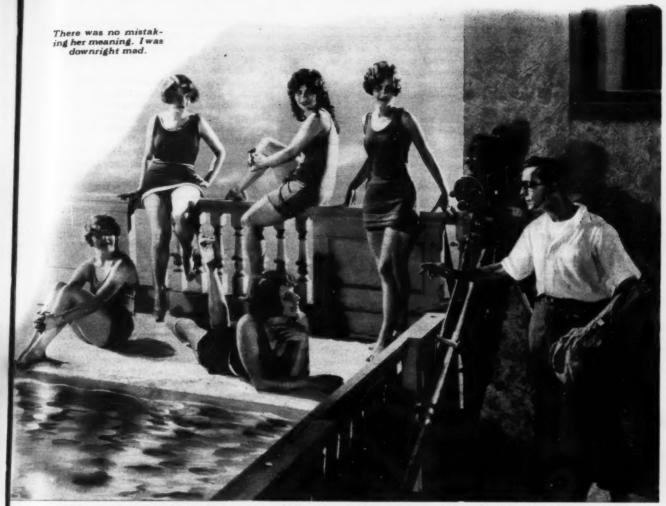
which these children of the stage and screen strive to "look the part." even before they can fairly walk or talk. Whatever that part may be in which their ambitious mammas are endeavoring to land them, they do their best to look it every second they are within range of the director's eyes. They waste no energy on vamping the man, but go after the part, tooth and toe nail.

For this reason I have always had a sense of serene safety in the presence of "professionals." They are altogether too busy looking the part to waste any time looking at me. But it is the sweet young things, those who have never before smelled grease paint, that make me nervous; that are forever trying to lead me astray.

ND not even all of them attempt to place their tempt-A ing selves in my way; only the misinformed. But as I can never tell which are going to try to put it over on me and which are not, I am extremely wary of all novices.

Yet this ever-impending deluge of attention more than tender from the sweet young things makes no appeal to my vanity. Luckily for me, I'm hard headed enough to know it's my job and not my fatal gift of beauty nor my fascinating manner that causes the ladies to prostrate themselves at my feet.

I know that this is so, for I am fat and forty. In fact, I'm considerably more than forty and considerably less than fat, this latter owing to the fact that a moving picture director is too eternally on the go to have an opportunity to acquire that comfortable avoirdupois to



which one invariably looks forward in middle life. Just to go into the barest details as to my appearance: My eyes, for instance, if I do say it myself, are not all that could be desired for the screen. My nose is too crooked and my mouth too small to suit the connoisseur. In addition to these obvious handicaps in a beauty contest, the chilling breezes have for some years past been increasingly perceptible on a certain spot some inches above my collar. And this in spite of my earnest efforts to stay the ravages of time on that part of my exterior by keeping ever before me in my medicine chest a bottle of the best guaranteed hair restorer on which I gaze confidently night and morning and which I promise myself each night and morning that I will use the next day.

I merely mention these facts to substantiate my state-

ment that it is not my fatal gift of beauty that works the mischief. Rudolph Valentino has in me no rival as a Romeo of the screen.

And such of my friends as are not hunting a job in pictures and can therefore afford to be honest with me, such friends assure me that my ways are not so noticeably winsome as to cause Douglas Fairbanks uneasiness lest my personality outshine his own. Nor do any of them suggest that in the matter of a fine

and manly figure Milton Sills should look to his laurels when I take my stand beneath the communal shower bath at the Club.

THERE was, for instance, a shrinking maiden lady of uncertain years, whose heart seemed to jump up into her mouth with every word she spoke. Yet for all her timidity, in her desperate determination to get into the movies, she eluded my body-guard of assistants and managed to catch me alone for a moment in the quietest corner of the lot. Now that is, indeed, a perilous situation for a moving picture director, to be caught alone in the quietest corner of the lot.

Summoning all my courage, all my resources of strategy, I stood before the lady, praying for someone to come within hailing distance. Even Cecil DeMille, with

whom I can always disagree on everything, even Cecil would at that dark moment have been as welcome in our quiet corner as the flowers in May. In my joy at seeing him I should doubtless have thrown my arms about his neck and planted a kiss of warm, filial affection on each of his cheeks. But Cecil did not come my way. I continued to gaze despairingly about and to plot furiously with myself on some means of escape which would

"Don't you dare move or make a sound!"

No villain in the bloodiest melodrama ever breathed greater intensity in the words that I whispered in her ears. still leave the timid lady's finer feelings intact.

Whether it's because I hail from south of the Mason and Dixon Line or because my mother drilled it into me, I do not know. But to my sorrow it remains an indisputable fact that it's the hardest thing on earth for me to be harsh with anything in petticoats, even with that bete noire of mine, the sweet young things.

BUT this faded little woman was particularly pathetic. She made me think of a frightened mouse, even to the bright, darting, terrified eyes. Her hair hung in wisps about her pale, pinched face. I feared she was living on crackers and milk, one ration a day, as more of the job hunters than I like to think about are doing. Her hat with its strange collection of floral specimens perched precariously about a small, hard knot of lustreless hair, more after the prevailing mode of 1900 than that of 1925. Her dress, apparently of the same vintage as the hat, was scrupulously clean and neat—she had not yet lived in poverty long enough to have become dulled to all sensations save the pangs of hunger. Her shoes—I did not like to look at those shoes, for I was sure the pavements must be very hot and hard against her feet. And all the time that pleading, frightened voice was talking on.

Though I had not heard a word she said, I knew what it was all about as well as if I had listened. And I could not steel my heart against that frail, wistful bit of womanhood, so clearly adrift in a world which to

her was strange and unchartered.

I felt in my pocket and was lucky enough to produce a five-dollar bill. Somewhat awkwardly I offered it to her. She was not the kind it was easy to help that way.

but in her plainly desperate condition I thought she would take it. I had known other women, gentle-women who had madly left sheltering homes in their craze to get into the movies, driven to bay by inability to get work, an empty purse and hunger, to swallow their instinctive pride and take similar help when offered them. So I held out the five-dollar bill to her.

Her voice was suddenly silent. Her darting eyes were fixed, round and still, on that greenback. She clasped her hands tightly behind her back, as if afraid they might betray her by reaching out for it.

"You mean . . . you want to give me that!" she gasped under her breath. All the blood in her anæmic little body seemed to flood her face, blotting out the garish splash of red she had daubed on each cheek, making pale even that smear of carmine across her lips, carmine of a hue nature never made.

YOU can easily pay it back later on," I answered, hoping by that friction to make it less embarrassing for her.

She shook her head. There was piteous suffering in her eyes as she raised them. I had only a fleeting glimpse of them, for she lowered them instantly to hide the tears that brimmed and ran down over those spots which by that time again stood out harshly red against the

dead white of her cheeks. She

twisted her fingers nervously and between little gasping breaths murmured, "I'm terribly hard up . . . I need work . . . awfully . . . but I never took charity . . . not from anyone . . . I couldn't . . ." She gulped and trusted her voice no further.

I returned the offending bill to its pocket. Determined to try another tack, I fished out card and pencil.

"Won't you let me have your name and address?" I asked. "Perhaps we can use you in a picture." I was certain my ingenuity would invent some way of getting food into her inner void.

Her face lighted up instantly. There was a joyful tremor in her voice; no more sobs or gulps. Absorbed in planning how to get the price of those meals into her flat purse, I did not realize what I was saying when I asked her the routine question, what kind of parts she played. Automatically, I put it in picture vernacular, "What's your line of business?"

Her pause brought me up with a jerk. "Never mind. It doesn't matter," I added hastily. That was true, for she would certainly have been no good in any kind of

part.

OH, BUT I have a line of business," she responded pridefully. "With my brother it was. A little country store in Texas!"

"Thanks," I murmured and snapped my lips into a tight line that would betray no smile of amusement.

"You'll hear from me later."

Then as I turned to go she called after me, "Just a minute . . . please!" Again there was the old terror in her voice, the eyes darting about in that frightened mouse



"He's suffering so dreadfully," she cried.

fashion, her fingers twisting and untwisting. The two red spots were once more lost in a flood of nature's own color. "I . . . of course . . . I understand . . . you know . . . I'm . . . I'm ready . . . if there's anything . . .

There was no mistaking her meaning. I was down-

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That celibate from the country store in Texas, fiercely determined to get into pictures, whose sense of honor would not permit her to take five dollars from a friendly stranger, would offer any kind of personal sacrifice. Why? Because she had somehow got the notion into her head that that was her only chance in the movies!

It was some minutes before I left that quiet corner of the lot. When I did, I took with me a country storekeeper who had an entirely new set of ideas in her head as to the requirements for breaking into pictures and staying there. She was, moreover, a store-keeper whose pride had permitted her to accept a loan, this time a real loan that she would repay. For she was going back to Texas to tell the folks at home that, though she had had some wonderful offers, she had decided she didn't care to be a movie queen.

Hardly was she on the train, however, till that woman

of the limousine besieged our gates.

Not to be passed lightly by was that car of hers, the most expensive make in all the world, handsomely suggestive in every detail of an overfed bank account. was her more than good-looking chauffeur, whom I have since suspected of plotting with the lovely lady to accomplish my downfall, to be passed lightly by. Both were

The sweet young thing herself was some years younger than my Texas friend and many years wiser. The skill with which she supplemented nature's efforts in the way of color left nothing to be desired as to complexion. Of clothes she had apparently no end, fresh from the hands of their French creators. She even had more than a fair share of charm and grace. But her face! That was the rub.

Not that she was lacking in looks. She was even pretty, decidedly so at times with her animation and color. But she did not photograph well. In fact, she photographed abominably! She had come to me with unusual introductions and I had some test pictures made. And seldom have I seen anything to equal the unattractiveness of those pictures of that attractive woman!

FTER repeated trials, each with seemingly more dis-A couraging result, I had to tell her the hard truth. She did not screen well. There was no getting around that fact and therefore there was no getting into pictures for her, for she was willing to do nothing but beauty parts.

She heard my verdict with less protest than I had anticipated. My camera-man, devoted slave whom I had raised in the business from infancy, was acting as my body-guard at the moment . . . as a matter of self protection I make it a point never to have interviews alone with any of the sweet young things. After she had left the room he and I agreed that we did not like the glint in the lady's eyes when she said good-by.

"She's a long ways yet from ready to quit," remarked Mack. "I think she's figuring on seeing you later."
"Not if I see her first, she won't!" I answered

confidently, as we piled into my speedy roadster to do a little checking up on locations needed in our new picture.

We had gone up and down, on and off roads, during what was left of daylight and were still some distance from town. Mack was stepping on it as much as the grade would permit, for he had barely time to get back to the studio for an unbreakable appointment. The road was a mere shelf, scooped out on the steep side of a substantial foothill and, except for special passing points, wide enough for only one car. But it was the best way to town from the country we had been going over.

WE HAD just made a very sharp curve when to our dismay we beheld in the purple twilight only a few yards ahead of us a familiar limousine. And by the familiar limousine, hunched disconsolately upon a rock, sat a chauffeur in familiar livery. And on the step of the familiar limousine sat a still more familiar figure, none other than that of the sweet young thing on whom I had but that same afternoon pronounced a motion picture death sentence.

Mack was always quick at the brakes and stopped us short with a few inches to spare.

"She's seeing you again all right," he

remarked under his breath.

"For heaven's sake, don't leave me alone with her!" I muttered back, as we climbed warily out on the up side. Of course she had contrived to get her car stuck in the [Turn to page 102]



"And I shouldn't mind staying alone!"

"Then I Kept Wondering What Great Terror Had Driven Him to the Desert. It Wasn't the Law, I Was Sure: Yet, I Could Not Ask Him a Single Question.



Two thoughts jumbled in my head: he

The Man Who

HIS is a tale of the wide spaces of the Gobi. It is also a tale of our own Vermont, though God knows there is little in the gray, yellow, and red wastes of the Gobi to remind one of the Green Mountain state

Dick Randal came stumbling to my tent in the dark-Somehow he was not knifed. Other men had sought me for revenge or anger or even for gain, and had died—quietly and suddenly—by the hands of Chan or

Li, my servants."
"What do you want?" I asked, my gun sliding toward him under the camp-table.

"Yes!" I said, for Bill Henderson is my friend; if there was trouble, I would stand in his place. That was always assumed.

"I'm Dick Randal, and I have a sign for you!"

I stared, stonily, at the white silk square he laid down.

The single red symbol meant "A Friend in Trouble," and the tiny blue creases were Li Y'wan's mark. That was sufficient.

"You wish to join me?"
"Yes!" he answered, briefly.

"Dangerous!" I warned, waving a hand west and south, but he shrugged, and I held out my hand. We

HE GAVE me a hundred dollars, gold, "to pay his way" as he put it. The money was welcome, for I had tried to run guns into Siberia, and escaped with my life, but little else.

I knew Li Y'wan, and I knew he would never give that sign to a man who could not be trusted. And. under the sweep of the last line of the symbol was a blue dot, the private sign Li Y'wan used to indicate "one of us. And because Li Y'wan had once saved my life, I said



was crazy, or it might really be her.

Stayed Lost

nothing, but stood ready to serve this man up to a certain limit. Before another day passed, this stranger and I were driving our ponies beside the plodding camels on our way across the Gobi. As for Bill Henderson, I would meet him, he had written me, or I would meet Mahmund Ali. If I met him, then the stranger could go with him; if I met Ali, and lived afterwards, he could go on thinking me Bill Henderson—if he wanted to. Names mean little to the men who stay lost.

There were many fighting men with us. Ex-brigands, if you'll excuse my words, and not so ex at that. But they would fight.

Four days trip, and we met-Mahmund Ali.

We hid behind a ridge of rock and sand. He had camped only a mile away from us, apparently unaware of danger. His caravan was smaller than ours—very much smaller.

"Trouble?" asked Dick Randal.

"Hell!" I answered, expressively, and waved towards the camp of Mahmund Ali.

DICK stared at it, and then at me, but without any real curiosity. He was like that. Listless, indifferent as to what happened. I found myself wondering what great terror had driven him into the Spaces; into this sickening desert.

"Killed a friend of mine!"

"How do you know?"

"If my friend lived, he, and not Mahmund Ali, would be leading that caravan!"

All night we worked rapidly with our preparations. My heart was hot to revenge my friend. Dick Randal helped, listlessly. But he knew what was coming, and he wore his guns low, as they used to say in Texas.

Just before dawn Chan slipped back to our camp and said, briefly:

47

"They move on!" I wondered what else he knew. "East?

"Northeast, master!"

I hesitated, and then grunted. Northeast was directly away from me, and our camels were no match for those of Mahmund Ali.

"Our time will come-presently!" I said. "He runs

away, now!'

"Master, yes! He has left four lame camels, six bales of goods, and five women behind to lighten his way!"

'Five women?"

"White-skinned women of the West, from Khiva and from Sir Daria, in Turkestan. They are yours, master, by the rights of war, for I have slain the camels, and they cannot flee."

Dick asked, curious, "What is it?"

A LI has lit out," I snapped, "leaving six bales of goods and five women.

"Women!" Dick stared blankly at me. "Good Lord!" As the sun rose, we rode over to where Mahmund Ali had been camping. Four dead camels lay on the ground, and five terrified women stared at us from behind a shelter made from the bales and a single canvas fly.

I called to them, and one of them who seemed to be a linguist answered. We parleyed, and then they came out, submissively, and stood, veiled and silent, before us. Dick stared at them, nervously, and then at me.

"What will you do with them?" he asked, rather hesitantly.

"Take 'em to Khagsia and sell 'em!"

"Sell them!"

"Why not? Want them yourself?"

His face grew ugly, but my own face was black with anger and disappointment at the flight of my enemy, who had out-tricked me. For a moment we stared at one another, and I became aware that it was getting very hot. Then Dick wheeled his pony and snapped, "Do as you please!" and rode back to the camp.

My hand dropped to my gun, but I hesitated, and then swore. Damn the heat! It would addle

my brains yet!

"Horrors?"

We wasted a day out there on the desert, repacking the goods and finding places for the The men were tired and sullen, and resented being worked in such heat. I saw black glances among them, and hands that stealthily touched knives, and I wondered a bit. Just such a scene must have been common on the desert twenty centuries ago. Women slaves, caravans and brigands and lust, murder, and thievery-and the year 1918.

That night we started southwest, camels groaning and bubbling and snarling, ponies

snorting and stamping, men swearing, leather creaking and crackling, damp, cold, bitter-tasting wind in our nostrils from a ten-mile bog to our north. were almost as white as moons, and the air had a curious blue-transparency, lit by the stars and made weird by the yellow sand and ghostly rocks.

SHOUTED to Dick, and he waved his hand, and rode over, asking, "Why travel at night? I'd think

you'd be afraid of losing your way?' I laughed and told him that in the day time the heat was unbearable, and mirage distorted the air with morbid "All your life is written in pictures by the mirage, but only you can see them. The man by your side will be seeing his own pictures; his own-horrors!"

"Why bluff?" I asked, impatiently. "We are all running, we white men in the Far Places. On my partwell, I shot a woman!"

"Shot a woman!"

"My wife, to be exact. Also her lover."
"Oh!"

"And sometimes, in the mirage, I see her, standing by our cottage, waving-to him. Then I-I go crazy!

We rode in silence for the rest of the night. Just before dawn we pitched camp, using some Arabian tents. They are cooler than any other sort of tent I know of, but even so, the heat was hard to bear.

ICK didn't seem able to sleep. He tossed and muttered, and once I caught the word, "Marv." Then he woke with a half-stifled sob, but I lay as if sleeping deeply, and he fell back on the couch. To every man his own life, and no questions. That was my creed. So through the night.

There came a sudden uproar from the direction of the women's quarters, and I grabbed up my gun and sprang for the door. The heat met me like a club, dazzling and staggering me, but I fought through it to the scene of the trouble. One of the camels had got into the water bags,



Gray eyes are unusual in that part of the

and in a fit of rage, one of the coolies had cut its throat. Li and Chan were belaboring the poor devil, who was roaring and moaning, not at all the way Westerners expect a Chinaman to behave.

I made a rapid examination, and found that our water was dangerously low, considering the five women we now had to care for. Moreover, we would now to have to leave at least fifty dollars worth of trade goods behind. The heat was beating down on my head, and I shouted for a hat. Chan jerked back the door of the women's tent, and I ducked in and lay on the floor, panting from the heat.

Waiting for the hat, I glanced up and met the

gray eyes of one of the women. Gray eyes are unusual in that part of the East, and I admit that I stared

A minute later my hat was handed to me, and I went out into the glare again and began to rearrange the goods. We'd have to travel by day. I thought, for to cross a desert from one point to another merely calls for a course along one general direction, and the compass is more important than any landmarks. But to find a particular place in the desert when you have only a general idea of your location calls for landmarks and daylight. The moon would not be of much help, as it rose at almost dawn just then.

Besides, moonlight is not very reliable in the desert. The water was dangerously low, I found, even lower than I had thought at the first quick examination. We would have to start at once. Li assured me that there was a good well thirty miles away, around a corner of a bog. It was more of a quicksand than a bog, for the vellow sand had faded away and been replaced by gravish gravel.

standing by the ranch-house in that green dress, waving to a man in khaki riding-clothes, and the old, red, raging madness would be on me.
"Bill! Bill!"

I snarled at him, but then stopped. Dick's face was transformed from that of a hunted, wearied man to that of a boy, fresh and sweet in rapturous first-love.

Bill! Look! There's the red farmhouse that she called the Witches' Kitchen; there's the road, the curve from the river; there's the field we used to sit in, counting daisies-

My hand struck him on the back, a solid slap.

"Mirage!" I snapped, my nerves strained from lack of sleep. On the desert they call most any kind of a fanciful vision a mirage.

I kept my eyes sullenly between my pony's ears, letting Li guide us, hating the heat, the stench of sweat, leather, and the indescribable something you smell on the Gobi. I rode in hate and fear and remorse, but my lips were locked.

BUT Dick was babbling, now. I wondered, with that deadly calm that settled over me sometimes, whether

"We used to lie on the grass under an apple-tree, and the bees would hum and the boughs creak, and the water in the brook would ripple. Green grass, trees, a distant white building or two, blue sky with white powder

puffs of clouds. And Mary! Mary, Mary!-Oh, God!" Then he threw up his arm,

and shuddered.

"I don't want to see!" he "I don't want to cried.

"Then don't look, you fool!" I snapped and his eyes rested on my face for a moment, and then he rode as I did, eyes between the pony's ears.

We had to camp early in the evening. Sitting in the star-light before the door of the tent we shared, Dick and I smoked and thought, and I knew that he understood now the curse of the mirage to the man who can't go back.

But when he spoke, I started, for he said.

"Bill, let the women go!"
"Go where?" I asked, crossly, glad that he thought me Bill Henderson, for Bill is really my name—but no one had called me that for six years. It was a bit of home

"Why-wherever they

want to! I don't see any use of keeping-"Which is?"

"What do you mean?"

"Those girls, Dick," I told him, "have been brought up to believe that woman has only one honorable destiny -marriage. You can have one or all of them. Or you can sell them, not as you figure it, into slavery, but as they look at it-into marriage.'

But-"According to Eastern standards, they are very pretty. I'll ask a high price, thus guaranteeing them rich husbands, and comfortable homes, and [Turn to page 130]



East, and I admit that I stared a bit.

Dick drifted up, and I explained all this to him. He nodded, wearily, our little tiff forgotten, and took his share of the work. In two hours we were off again, our six ponies and ten camels plodding dispiritly in the blazing heat.

Dick, by some gueer freak of chance, had seen only faint mirages up to now. But now, under the glare of the August sun, the mirages began to grow.

"Look!" he cried, "Vermont! Rolling green hills, silver colored brooks and rivers-

"It looks like the Big Bend country to me!" I growled. I knew what was coming. Soon I would see Grace "They're All Low-Brows Under
Their Skins; Get
the Gallery and You Have'em,"
Newt Would Say.
He May Be Right, at That.

Too Dumb and Scary

SWAYED slightly on the grimy station platform of Liberty Hill, and Newt placed one heavy arm about me. Embarrassed, I tried to shake it off. This was my home town. Newt must remember that this was my home town.

Ten years I'd lived here, and ten years I'd been away. But now, with the murky arc-lights of Main Street trailing down before me, and the shining steel rails of the Pennsylvania curving out toward where I knew the muddy river lay, it seemed to be only the years in Liberty Hill that counted. Dingy Main Street caught at my throat muscles. And this was queer, for I had hated Liberty Hill. I thought about it now, as Newt and I lounged down that narrow street to the Crystal House. Newt always lounged.

Crystal House. Newt always lounged.
Why should Liberty Hill make my throat muscles ache, when I had hated it so? Liberty Hill had been cruel to me; had made my childhood bitter. Then why——

We had been Valley people. That was the whole story. I strained my eyes back now to where the Valley lay. We had been Valley people and in Liberty Hill there was only one place to live—that was on the Hill. The Valley was for the Polacks, who worked in the mines. But the soil was fertile there, and it was there my father, Eric Carpenter, had chosen to make his last stand against starvation. Farming had been all my father knew, in addition to black face, and comic songs, and playing the cornet. I suppose it was natural for him to turn to farming. I went on thinking dully, when my mother's health had failed and they had had to give up their act in the three-a-day. That act that had usually

been supplemented by a dirty baby in the wings, I remembered. A burly stage-hand would always keep an eye on him for ten cents.

Funny how swiftly you can remember things, even when you're "dumb," as most people said I was. We weren't even down to Garlic Joe's fruit stand, Newt and I, and yet it seemed I had remembered all there was to remember of Liberty Hill. Three giggling high school girls passed, and I turned my head away. And that was part of my dumbness, too, for they never would have recognized me. It had seemed for a minute that I was Lily Carpenter again, eighteen again, and walking down Main Street toward Garlic Joe's. I'd always turned my head from the girls in my class, I remembered. For I was Valley. My hair was light. Too light, Newt said—he was always trying to make me dye it red. But the Hill girls had called me Polack just the same.

ARLIC JOE'S now. And I was looking at his display of sticky bananas, dates and grapes in the yellow light, and at the tobacco-stained wooden boxes on which they were heaped. Looking at them, but not seeing them at all. It was queer. I was seeing instead my thin mother in her Gypsy costume, dancing with my father in black face, and smiling to the rows of mill workers out in front, then looking anxiously back to the baby in the wings. Just being in Liberty Hill seemed to bring my mother back, though she had died when I was fourteen. That Gypsy costume had been the one bit of color in the drab trunk in our drab Valley home. I had wanted to work it into my act with Newt. But he had laughed at it. It covered too much, Newt thought.



WE WOULD play to the gallery of Liberty Hill's one theatre tonight. We always played to the gallery, you see. Newt's "wise cracks," and my costumes, too, were aimed at it. "Get the gallery and you have 'em," Newt would say. "They're all low-brows under their skins."

"What are you moonin' about?" Newt broke in again.
"This—this is my home town, Newt," I told him.
"I'm going to walk around a little—see how things have changed."

Newt laughed boisterously. Newt always laughed too loud; I looked around anxiously now.

"Want to look up your old friends, huh?" he said. "Want me to trail along?"

"Oh, no! I won't see anyone today," I said, alarmed. Somehow I wanted to be alone in Liberty Hill, without Newt's heavy hand on my arm, and without his heavy body bumping mine at crossings. "There's a pool-room right around this corner, Newt," I told him, and sighed in relief when I'd finally shaken him off, first getting his sulky promise not to drink anything. That was always necessary, with Newt. But it didn't always work.

About a half block further down the street I felt his hand on my shoulder. The moisture of it came through my dark silk traveling dress.

"You're goin' out to look up some old boy friends," he accused.

"You know it ain't that, Newt," I told him patiently, turning away.

"Funny thing, you goin' off alone," he grumbled. "I'm not good enough to meet your home town folks, that's it, I guess." He slouched away.

I hurried on, pursued by something frightening now. Suppose Newt should follow me. Suppose he should bring up that marrying talk here. Here in Liberty Hill! I was always afraid of that; afraid that some day I'd not be able to fend him off. Afraid that some day I would be too tired and scared, and give in. It was becoming harder and harder to get this idea out of Newt's head. He'd begun to threaten, of late. I'd marry him, and soon, or I could go my way. Newt could find a girl with more jazz and less—less scruples for the act, he said.

Marry Newt! That heavy arm would be always there then; that moist hand would be in my life; that warm bulk of body in my room. Those hot occasional kisses of Newt's would not be occasional, then.

"Salvation Nell," I could hear Newt's jeering, if not unkind, voice. "You're too dumb and scary to go it alone, kid," I could hear him. "You've gotta stick to You've gotta.

I stumbled into McKinley Avenue.

McKinley Avenue! I caught my breath, and then the quiet and the peace and the shade got me. I forgot about Newt. I forgot his moist hands and his too loud laugh. Just that way I had often come here to walk when I was ten, to forget the grey dish-water waiting in the Valley, and the Polack talk my brothers would use, and my mother's soiled house-dress that wasn't a bit like the Gypsy costume.

HERE was a feeling that could wrap around you on McKinley Avenue. It was soft and quiet and secure like. "The feeling of McKinley Avenue." I had called it when I was ten, and McKinley Avenue was my Promised Land. It was commonplace enough, I There were trees and hedges. Houses sitting back behind little squares of grass. Vines.

I patted the soft surface of a neat hedge, walking by. I looked hungrily into small paned windows. My cheeks

were wet, but I didn't care.

I didn't know whether I was happy or sad. It was not a home-coming to me, and still there was the longing to stay.

I had seen streets like this in other towns, hundreds of them. But this was McKinley Avenue, and it was different. It was where you might live, if you were "Hill people." It was where the starched and frilled little girls in the Baptist Sunday School—the little girls who had called me Polack-had come from. It was where high school boys and girls had walked in pairs on Sunday nights when I was clenching my hands white in the grey dish-water in the Valley. No Hill boy had ever asked a Valley girl to walk on McKinley Avenue on Sunday nights, you see.

I suppose I was dumb, as Newt said. Here I was, at twenty-eight, almost running down McKinley Avenue that the few odd people passing by might not see that I was crying. I must have been dumb. For when I stood out beyond the last arc light and clutched the bars of old Sol Petersen's iron fence until my knuckles were white, it seemed that Newt's moist hands could never reach me. I was dumb, I suppose, and scary, too, but McKinley

Avenue made me brave.

It seemed I had stood there a long time, but Newt was waiting up for me. He let himself into my bare little room at the Crystal House, and I saw that after all he had been drinking. It would be the marrying talk, I saw. But tonight, with the feeling of McKinley Avenue all about me, it would be easy to fight him down.

DON'T come in, Newt, please," I remember arguing with him. "I'm always telling you. It don't look right. And Burrowes, downstairs, his father used to carry mail in the Valley. He recognized me. You'll go tonight, won't you, Newt."

> "Let go." Newt sat down heavily on the edge of my bed. "Stop your preachin' just once, will you," he said. "I got something to tell you-

"I know, Newt," I said. been thinking it over-honest. A girl's got to think, you know. Tomorrow,

maybe-"Tomorrow hell," he said. He lurched toward me. It would be worse than I had thought, I saw. "Listen here. We're breakin' up here, two weeks ahead of schedule. Three nights in this God-forsaken joint and we're done! Get it?"

"But I thought-I began.

"Yeah—we all did," Newt said. "But it's fixed. Hanscom told me tonight. It's on the quiet, too, 'Til the quiet, too. Thursday.

I was moving my comb and brush and mirror around on the bureau. I was trying to keep the feeling of McKinley Avenue. but it was going. was feeling dumb and scary again.

"Well, you and me, kid," Newt began. He



started toward me. He couldn't walk very steadily. "We don't need to worry, we don't. We're fixed for the summer, ain't we? We'll start a new partnership. Pals—that's what we've always been, ain't we, Lil? We'll go up to the old farm and whip the kids into shape for fall. Pals—that's us—"

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"Newt—so soon," I tried to put him off. "A girl's got to think, Newt. You know that a girl's got to think—"

"Think—Well!" At his laugh I looked toward the door nervously. "What've you been doin' for the last three years, Lil? Think! Damn it, that's good."

"Hush, Newt. There's Burrowes," I said. You don't see. This is my home town..."

"All right, old girl. I'll pipe down. Listen, Lil—a little kiss to seal our bargain——"

He reached for me, but the drink had made him clumsy.

AIN'T said yes yet," I said wearily.

He laughed. "But you're goin' to, Lil. Why, there's nothin' else. You've got to."

I didn't answer.

"Well, I didn't mean that, Lil," he mumbled. "But come on; say it tonight. Ain't you and me pals? Ain't we always been pals? Didn't I help

when the fever took Eric and the boys? Didn't I take you on in my act? Ain't I been good to you?"

He was whining now. This line always made me

kinder, he krtew.

"I know, Newt," I quieted him. "You've been great to me. I like you, Newt; we're pals, all right. But marrying—a girl can't tell in a minute about that, Newt. A girl's got to think—."

"Jus' think of me a little hit. I il."

"Jus' think of me a little bit, Lil," he said. "Ain't it been hell for me? Three years of havin' you there in your little pink tights. Never even a kiss I didn't fight you to get. Wasn't I a good friend to Eric and the boys—"

The liquor was getting Newt now. He was pitying himself. His eyes were heavy. Suddenly he collapsed on my bed.

I poured a little water into the cracked white bowl and mopped his flushed face with one of the greyish towels. Newt was good looking, in a sort of sullen way.

"You go on into your own room, Newt," I said, untying his shoe laces quickly. "Morning's time enough to talk about it. You just go on now and get a little rest. You and me's pals, remember that."

He went, stumbling over a limp red rug. "Little kiss,



Lil," he said, half asleep. "Now Maude's gone; we can get married. Take the kids, you know. She wouldn't give 'em up before. Wouldn't divorce me. Wouldn't do nothin'. Hell of a woman——"

He leaned against the door. His voice was thick.
"You held off on account of her before, Lil. Now she's gone. I'm free now, old girl. We're goin' to get married, take the kids. Some act we'll have, with the kids. One of our own market."

kids. One of our own, maybe—"
"Newt—" I said, scared of Burrowes. "Listen!
I'll kiss you if you go now, right away? Promise—"

He left a taste of stale bootleg whiskey on my lips. I tried to wash it away, and got in between the stiff sheets. I tried to bring back the feeling of McKinley Avenue. I often put myself to sleep that way. A little home there, I would think of that. Little girls in starched white petticoats. My little girls, light-haired. Nobody could call them Polacks. No more act, I tried to think. No more loathing, as I slipped into my pink tights. But tonight the taste of stale bootleg whiskey was on my lips. It interfered. I could see Newt slouching in the doorway, his eyes heavy. "One of our own, maybe——" I could hear him say. I gave up trying to think of McKinley Avenue.

Twenty-Two Years!

Happy Ones for Her;

But He Had Suffered

So Terribly, and Had

to Go On Suffering—

Silently.

My Little World

SWEETHEARTS from childhood!" and "Everybody expects them to get married!" were common sayings that might well have applied to Larry Mason and me. Throughout our public school days and Larry's four years in college, there was nothing to indicate that we would turn out of this beaten path.

The day Larry came home with his diploma and all kinds of honors in athletics, Granville turned out en masse to welcome him. After he had responded to their greeting, he wormed his way through the crowd and, before all Granville, took me in his arms and kissed me.

Byron Chase, who had ¹ een in charge of the construction work on the new railroad, had been very kind to me before Larry's return. Then Larry's going to New York to work in a big bank gave me more time with Byron.

Gossip went rampant in Granville! I wrote Larry asking him to make some definite move that would stop some of the gossip. No answer. Larry's going to the city was simply an easy way of dropping me! I had taken too much for granted. I would show Granville who was jilted!

The night Byron and I returned to Granville, after our elopement, the letter that would have changed my little world was handed me. Larry had been out of the city, in the Canadian woods, and had no way of notifying me.

Byron had but two interests—his railroad and his wife. Both failed him. Lack of funds and lack of love! He tried to forget, by staying drunk half the time. He was in debt to everybody in town. He knew I loved Larry.

The Spanish-American war was his refuge. He went with the first troops, leaving town unheralded. Larry came by home on his way as an officer, and the whole town saw him off.

Byron was among the first reported killed.

Larry's return meant another celebration at the station. He was the son of Giles Mason, the richest man in town! When they all quieted down, he took the Medal of Honor from his uniform and pinned it on my dress.

"And her child not born, and Byron only killed five months ago!" I heard Granville whisper.

The Conclusion.

HEN Doris was born, Larry went about town beaming and smiling on everyone, saying, "Yes. sir! Ten pounds, and every ounce of her full of kick and life!" But no one stopped to question his right. He was Larry Mason!

It was as though some congregation were building a new church, and Larry started the contributions with a hundred dollars and the others just followed his lead and gave whatever they could spare. Only Granville could spare their smiles easier than they could their dollars, for their smiles belong to them and their dollars to Giles Mason.

Maybe that is a mean way to put it, but Giles Mason and Granville owed me a lot of smiles.

That was the way I looked upon them until I realized what a wonderful thing God had given me to be mine



for all of my life. When I felt Doris' little hands, warm and soft, roving over my face and neck, I suddenly knew that life gives and takes—for every sorrow a joy and for every tear a laugh. And I was glad of the things I had suffered, for now the books were being balanced. I was beginning to understand everything.

THE morning Larry would stop in on his way to his father's bank, where he now worked, poke a finger at Doris and talk baby talk; she would gurgle and laugh and keep putting her head up over the side of her carriage, watching until he came by again at noon.

At night I would let him lift her out of the carriage and hold her high 'in the air above his head, while she kicked and squealed. Then he would cup his arm and let her sit on it, exploring his eyes and nose and hair with her tiny little hands. Into his eyes would come the most wonderful light!

Happy! It all seemed too perfect and wonderful to be true. Sometimes I would almost pinch myself to see if perhaps I hadn't died and gone to heaven!

It took Giles Mason and Mrs. Mason a couple of months to thaw out and accept a different order of things. But what did I care? That was only the spatter of rain that comes at the end of a thunder storm.

When Larry told them we were going to be married in May, they wanted to build us a big house up on the hill. But I shuddered at the idea and told Larry that all I wanted in the world was the cottage on the farm and Doris. He looked hurt and asked if that was surely all. "And my Larry most of all!" I added. He crushed

me to him so that it seemed I never would breathe again.

NE day along the first of May, Larry said, "Mother is getting things ready for our wedding up at the house, dear.'

"But I wanted to be married here, in Mother's house,"

"Oh, there's twice as much room up there," Larry answered, as though to dismiss the subject.

"But I want it here, Larry."

"Every Mason has always been married up

there," he said.

We talked it over several times, and when Larry saw that I really wanted to be married at Mother's house, he said he would tell his mother, so that ended it.

But not with Giles Mason. He wasn't used to having his ideas and customs changed by anyone in Granville. So he stopped in at the house one day on his way down-town. At first I was a little frightened by the scowl and short, brisk way of talking. But when he made his errand known I had something to say:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Mason, but this is my home and this is where I am going to be married.'

He sort of started and looked at me queerly for a moment. "All right, Blanche; have it your own way. But I want you to know that our house is as much your home as this."

I nodded my head and said, "That's awfully nice of

you, Mr. Mason.'

And he scowled at me and said gruffly. "Hell! When you join the Masons, it's like joining the army-you live and fight and die with them. I want you to know that I'm sorry if I was ever unkind to you or ever did anything that made any unhappiness for you.

Imagine! Giles Mason telling anyone he was sorry for anything! Usually, right or wrong, he said, "That's my idea and that's where the matter ends!" Everyone in Cortland County quoted that phrase, because Giles Mason's father had said it to

the governor of the state one

Of course, when the Mason family took me into their fold the whole town just stepped down off their high horse and followed along like a flock of sheep—meek, and wanting to let bygones be bygones. But it would take more than a day or a month to make me forget those terrible weeks and weeks of torment when I was just "that Blanche Chase!"

But all the rancor and heartache I had ever known faded away that day in May when

our minister took my hand and laid it into Larry's, and Larry touched my lips with his lips and tried to brush the tears from my eyes, blushing when he suddenly realized that all of Granville was watching him.

Afterwards, everyone went up to the Masons, where they held a reception on the lawn, and all the kids in

The Hidden City

Here is a story of quaint customs which are fascinating to all Americans. We ought to know more about the people who played such a great part in the foundation of our

I've been trying for a long time to get this story, and now I'm so glad to have it I don't want you to miss it. It begins on page 20, this issue.

55

town went snooping around the house, prying into the stables, inspecting a place that was almost like a fairy book castle to them.

When everyone was having such a good time that they wouldn't miss us, Larry and I slipped away. We hurried down-town in Mr. Mason's barouche, got Larry's bays and runabout, already packed with our things, and drove over to Cedar Cliff to catch the five-sixteen.

No one can ever realize or imagine the joy that was in my heart. I was Larry Mason's wife!

A peasant girl marrying the prince for love!

And then those joyous years of peace and contentment and perfect happiness—like a story book where a girl suffers and suffers so that she can really appreciate the wonders of life when she finds her real happiness.

No man like my Larry! The bank or his busines's interests, or the panic of 1907, or anything could ever make him grow up. He never grew older, neither did he learn to keep his mop of black hair out of his eyes, nor stop to mourn because Doris was not his own flesh and blood.

HE PUT everything in the cottage at the Mason farm to help me. And after our own son was born he made me keep two girls just for the house. "Imagine!" Granville said. No one in Cortland County had ever had two hired girls in their house.

And in the winter time Larry would make half the town come down and sit around the big stone fireplace at night, toasting marshmallows, drinking cider, telling stories. And always he sat by my side, ready to grant every wish almost before it could leave my lips.

Every fall while he went hunting he would give me

more money than there was in all the world and make me go to New York to do my shopping. And then he would come and join me; often we would spend a month going to shows and parties, exploring, finding new interests.

And Granville said, "Sakes alive! You'd think Granville wasn't good enough for them, gadding off to New York, spending all the money they can get their hands

"You'd think she'd be satisfied with her automobiles and horses and the way he has fixed things up for her on the farm—not to mention her leavin' her children here alone!"

OH, GRANVILLE loved it. It was something to talk about at the post office and round the kitchen range in the morning when Granville wives went calling through the backyard fence.

When Doris was sixteen we sent her to a girl's school in New York, and I went up and spent most of the winter to be near her. Larry used to run up every couple of weeks to stay for a few days, and Granville would gasp at the very thought of what it all was costing him.

But about that time Granville suddenly found out that Europe, something they had always thought of as intangible as the devil himself, was only "around the corner." For Granville suddenly found itself turning out harness from the Mason factory to be sent to the Allied armies in Europe. "Think of it," Granville chattered, "makin' them leather figitybobs to send all the way to Europe for war!"

That was in 1916 and Larry [Turn to page 132]



The "Petting" Verdict

Here Is the Frank, Outspoken Reply of American Youth to the Big Problem of a Girl.

I AM tickled to death with the an- now and then if you care for each other, swers to the "Shall I Pet?" story in the July SMART SET. I've heard so much about the modern flapper that I had almost begun to believe it. Now I'm doubly glad I dared to make a test.

Of 516 letters only 5 of them endorsed promiscuous kissing-a hundred to one majority in favor of common sense: 247 letters said, "If you love him, kiss him good-night"-or words to that effect; 262 letters said, "Don't give a fraction of an inch until he proposes." Of course these aren't the words they used. Each one said it in a different way, but I am proud of the fact that they said it.

Men wrote 99 of these letters and 44 think a hug or a kiss does no harm

while 54 said, "Betty, you're absolutely right."

Single girls stood 126 to 110 against even holding hands; but 88 married women said that a little show of affection is necessary now and then, while 78 said, "Stand pat, Betty, and your Prince will come."

A LL in all, the letters uphold all our traditions and help us to believe that the "flapper panic" has been largely noise, and that common sense still prevails.

I think you will find these prize-winning letters all interesting reading.

—THE EDITOR.

First Prize

Dear Betty:

My heart just aches for you, for I too was brought up in an old-fashioned home. My parents were wonderful but they were strict. I think you are partly right and partly wrong.

Shall I pet? Sometimes conditions are all right for people to pet and sometimes they are not. If your makeup is such that you can be hugged and kissed, and then you can return the affection with a feeling of finality, if necessary, I see no danger; but if you are one of those "full of life" girls, my advice is: "Leave petting alone. for it will get you into trouble."

Petting parties, such as wild automobile rides, wine, roadhouses, early morning hours and such, are terrible things, and should not be indulged in by anyone-married or single-if they wish to have happiness in later

Now in your case, how do you know but that Bob loves you the same as you love him? You never let him get close enough to tell you. He has [Turn to page 125]

Second Prize

Dear Betty:

Atta girl, Betty! Don't let men fool you into thinking that they really like the hard-boiled type. Ask any girl you know who is wearing a solitaire and you will hear the same tale. Her sweetie fell for her because she was

Of course, a little petting before you get engaged isn't a crime if you see the man's intentions are serious. Let him kiss you, if he insists, but act half-frightened and, if you want to hold him, don't kiss him back. Bank up the inner flame that burns within you until Bob talks marriage. Don't respond to his caresses except shyly until you are sure that you have sold him the husband idea. Bob's line sounds to me as though he were a play boy, not a prospective fiance, but one never can tell.

I never knew a girl who got a diamond that would really cut glass, and a wedding ring, too, by that wildfire This necking stuff is dangerous for a girl. All the instincts of her ancestors warn her that if fire burns, at least the girl gets burned. Better [Turn to page 125]



I Gave Her the Benefit of the Doubt

They Said She Wasn't Good Enough to Wear My Frat Pin.

HE other day a young girl living in our apartment house tried to commit suicide. Beverly and I went to see her at the hospital after she had been slowly drawn out from under death's shadows. Her young face, once so gay and carefree, now so pitifully twisted with pain, lightened up at the warm friendliness that shone from ours.

Beverly dropped on her knees beside the bed and with tender hands smoothed the golden hair. The girl caught one of the hands and held it against her cheek.

"I won't be so foolish again," she whispered wanly, "but I just couldn't see any other way out."

Beverly smiled into the tear-blurred eyes. "We understand, dear," she said quietly, "and we are going to help you."

OH, IT is so dear of both of you," sobbed the girl. "Somehow I knew you would understand. I just couldn't stand it—the cruel insinuations, Mother's criticism and suspicious looks, the horrid talk—."

Beverly and I looked at each other. Understand? Ah, how much we did understand! And although this girl has nothing at all to do with the story I am going to tell, it was this incident that prompted the writing of it.

Again that word in all its coarse ugliness loomed up before me. Talk! A word that so often lies at the root of

much of the heartache in this world.

At college I had been a very popular fellow, but popularity often holds exacting chains. Football, basketball, and the filling of various school offices kept me before the public eye, but they almost completely emancipated me from the social whirl. True, I was invited everywhere but I was kept too busy to accept many invitations. And I was immune so far as girls were concerned. I took them to dances occasionally and to various school functions, but I steered clear of "sentiment" and "mush." No doubt most of them thought me slow and stupid, or so my chiding fraternity brothers assured me, but for the most part I found them good sports and ready to accept my easy comradeship.

One night after a meeting of the Student Council, I dropped in on a "Rah-Rah" dance held in the large gymnasium. I was tired and had not gone with the intention of dancing. But I liked to watch the swirling, dancing merry-go-round and drink in the carefree, happy atmos-

phere. For it was nearing the end of my senior year and I was beginning to realize just how much I loved the dear old U. I wormed my way into the "stag" line until I had a good view of the entire floor. Then suddenly I saw her.

I SHALL never forget it—the whirling forms, the low, seductive notes of the orchestra, and then suddenly for the barest fraction of a second the glow of two black eyes as they sparkled straight into mine through that tangled conglomeration of hazy forms. I felt those eyes penetrate a usually well-behaved organ and cause it to turn an unmistakable flipflop. I turned quickly and clutched a fellow "stag."

"Who is that girl over there—wait, there she is—in the red dress?"

"Where? Oh!" The pimply-faced sophomore grinned. "Why, that's Beverly Burleigh Don't tell me you don't know Beverly Burleigh?"

There was a hidden implication in the boys tone that both puzzled me and incited a desire to choke him into oblivion. I turned back to the dancers, however, and sought eagerly the two black eyes that had created such a disturbance. But I could not draw them back again to my own.

In her exotic red dress, Beverly Burleigh had looked startlingly like a darting, reckless flame. Indeed, the more I watched her threading her way in and out among the other dancers, the more I was reminded of a gay little fire sprite dancing somewhat defiantly toward the heart of the flames.

A "Rah-Rah" dance at any university is the most informal affair in the world. It matters little whether or not one has been introduced to the most beautiful girl on the floor, you are privileged to "cut in," and unless she is a bit of a snob she will reward your brazenness with a smile. Everybody enters into the spirit of democracy and good fellowship. I drew a deep breath and took the plunge.

Beverly tilted her black head back im-

pudently and smiled up at me. My heart turned another flip-flop.

"Of course you'll spoil it all," she drawled, "by handing me the old hackneyed line that you met me at 'openhouse' and you've been looking for me ever since, et cetera, et cetera."

I LAUGHED but said nothing as I adroitly guided her toward an entrance and cleverly whisked her into an adjoining reception-room quite before she was aware of my strategy. I drew two chairs close together and pushed her gently into one of them. Then, still silent, I left her for a moment only to return with magic swiftness bearing two glasses of punch.

Beverly grinned appreciatively, and quickly tasted the red liquid with the tip of her small tongue. She blinked,

then smiled back in indulgent amusement.



"Why shouldn't I know you?" I answered her, unconsciously repeating familiar words. "Doesn't every-body know Beverly Burleigh?"

I remember how startled she seemed, while a fleeting shadow flickered in her merry, black eyes. But instantly she laughed.

"And doesn't everybody know Ted Watson?" she

replied mockingly.

"And now," I told her, "we're introduced. Honestly, though, it comes to me right now that I've been missing a, lot this year. How come I never ran across you before?"

T IS—funny," Beverly agreed, and then she laughed again. "But you did!"

"No!" I was incredulous. "And at Open House!"

I stared at her in amazement. "The deuce I did." "And you said," went on Beverly gravely, "you were glad to meet me-

"Then we were-

She nodded, her eyes dancing. "Yes, we were properly introduced. You said, 'I'm always glad to meet freshmen, Miss Burleigh, and watch them grow up'.

"The devil I did!"

"And you said," Beverly lifted dark eyes sparkling with mischief, "you said, 'I hope you'll let me show you some good times.' Oh, you were quite a football hero, you know, and I was quite thrilled. I told everybody what you had said, and how perfectly wonderful I thought you were, and how good-looking, and-well, after that, you never even remembered me. I was heartbroken.

"Oh, say," I protested unhappily, my face burning,

"have a heart! Why, it couldn't-surely, you-one meets so many, I-

But at that particular moment someone interrupted us and snatched her away by right of prior claim. Her mocking little laugh floated back to me as I stood somewhat dazedly staring after her. And right there I realized that I would never be the same man again.

That night in my fraternity house, I made a confidant

of my roommate.

"Sam, I-say, I met a girl tonight. And say, she'swell, she's-

Sam Weightman dropped his overcoat. "My God! Has it come to this!" He sank limply on the bed. "When Ted Watson begins to stutter, I know that a good man's gone wrong. What'n the hell will the Senior Club, and the Student Council, and the Athletic Club, and a dozen more do now? You can't be twelve men and be in love at the same time. Well! Speak. Who is the dam-sel?

"Beverly Burleigh."

"Bey-!" Sam stood up in astonishment and stared at me. "Why, you-! Say, when did you say you met her?"

"Tonight, I think," I replied dreamily.
"Tonight. Oh! I see." Sam sank bacl again with evident relief. "At the dance?" Sam sank back on the bed

NODDED. Sam lit a cigarette and puffed vigor-"She is something of a knock-out," he agreed carelessly.

An implication in the words brought back with startling emphasis an unpleasant memory. I strode over to

"I want to know what you mean by that," I cried hotly.

"If you have anything nasty to say, for God's sake say it in the open.

Sam flushed, and I saw the genuine astonishment in his face. Although a little hotheaded, I was ever fair, and certainly not given to remarks like that.

"Cool down, you crazy—" he replied stiffly, "and never mind using that tone.'

I had the grace to feel ashamed. "Sorry, old man. I didn't mean just that. But, go on." Unconsciously I braced myself. "What is it I should know that I evidently do not know about Beverly Bur-leigh?"

"Well," Sam said, "she just isn't the girl for a quiet, settled chap like you, Ted. She's, well-she hasn't got any too wonderful reputation, that's all. When she entered the U last fall she was "rushed" by all the sororities. Everybody went crazy over her - lots money, you know, cute. Turn to page 112]



Wh

"What Price Beauty" is the title of the picture in which MYRNA LOY makes her first big hit.

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> Javonites in Jilm Land









Sails Alone

Life is Like the Sea. It Lashes Us Back and Forth, With a Fury We Are Never Able to Understand.

YOU'RE a sissy—a 'fraid cat," accused Laura Johnston.

"No, he's not a 'fraid cat, or a sissy," cried Caroline Southart. "Luke just don't know much about the sea. That's all!"

And that's my story from the time I was a small chap until—well, I wonder.

The death of my father, who had come from the inland to Rice Island to keep the village school; my mother's rescue of a sailor who was lost in a sea storm because there was no lighthouse; my resolve to maintain a light for the seamen—also to bring to Rice Island the light of the gospel; and, most of all, my love for Caroline Southart,—these are the highlights of my boyhood.

Olaf Sundberg also loved Carrie, and Olaf was of the sea—strong, daring, and handsome. And Olaf was my friend.

After my long years in the seminary, broken by the death of my mother, I returned to Rice Island as pastor of the little church, in the tower of which was the light I had longed for.

Could I—not of their kind—dare open up my heart to Carrie, whose gestures had not discouraged me, and risk my chances with those of Olaf—Olaf, of the sea? I prayed that something might tell me what to do.

And then the scene that answered my prayer. Carrie and Olaf walking along the moonlight beach; silence as he stopped and faced her, and then Carrie's giving herself

into his arms. That was enough proof that I had lost.

It was on her day to straighten up my cottage that I happened to peep into my study. To my surprise, Carrie was holding to her lips one of the pictures that stood on my desk. Was it Mother's, or was it mine? Perhaps Carrie did love me.

Part II.

THIS day I do not understand how I mastered my flaming urge to burst into that room and find out which picture Caroline Southart had kissed.

Of this one thing, at least, I am convinced. It was not my own strength of will power that finally triumphed.

I stepped back and knocked on the door; I wanted her to think that I had not seen her with the picture. I must face her, I told myself. I must begin to adjust myself to the heartbreaking scheme of things that Fate had written against my name.

"Carrie," I called. My voice sounded strange and forced. But I was determined to go in and play a part. "Yes, Luke," came the answer; "I'm just straighten-

ing things up."

"Here—here!" I began. "You've worked long and hard enough today, Carrie." My bravery of heart fled somewhat at sight of her standing in the gloaming of my study; my voice faltered over the next planned words. But I managed to go on. "It's time you were running home now—you're missing the sunset. I never saw the sea so violet-like," I finished, knowing I hadn't even noticed the water on my way from the shore.

"I—love to do little things about your—about houses," she said, looking away from me. Even in the half-light of the study I could see that some strange agitation possessed her; agitation that became contagious for me . . . "They're everything on land! They're like ships are on the sea—everything! Or—they ought to be, oughtn't they, Luke?" she asked.

Silence. Such silence as it was! I can shut my eyes now and hear the very stillness that came after Carrie's words. And then, when it seemed no longer bearable, she began swaying toward me. I say swaying, because that was what she seemed to be doing, through my half-

closed eyes.

LUKE—Luke," she blurted. Now, Carrie was only a few inches from me. Her lips were trembling over more words. What was she going to say? Surely something that was about to burst inside of her heart!

"We've been friends a long time, haven't we, Luke?"
"Yes, a long, long time, Carrie. I—that is—you, and—and Olaf have always been in my heart as my—my best friends, Carrie—"

"It's about Olaf, and—and me that I'm going to tell you, Luke. It's because you've always been my—our best friend that I'm telling you before anybody else."

I looked away to hide the hot tears that had come to my eyes. She must not see them. Carrie, in her happiness of love, must not see my tears.

"You-and Olaf are going to-"

"Yes, Luke, we're going to be married—" she finished for me.

Again that silence came between us which one can almost hear. Again it was Carrie who broke it.

"Luke, aren't you going to-to-kiss

me, and wish me-"

"Happiness!" I murmured, daring to hold my arms out to her. "Ah! Carrie I've always prayed for your happiness. Always, ever since you were a little girl; I've—I've wanted life to make you happy—I've—" Her soft fragrant weight against me choked all further speech. I could only stand there; only hold her; and remember whom she was going to be, and who I was. I could only shut my eyes to the temptation of her lovely uplifted lips, and touch her wet cheeks with a

fleeting kiss whose memory would

be deathless.

HE—ASKED me last night down on the beach, Luke," she said when I freed her. "That's why we didn't come by to see you. Olaf's going to sea soon again. He wants us to be married next week. He's got his master's papers now. Olaf's going to take me on his ship—"

"Carrie, it was your heritage to sail away some day on your ship. I've always known that—always," I told her, remembering how this knowledge had ever been a knife in my own heart. "And Olaf's the man. He—he's loved you ever since we all went barefooted on the beach—"

"Yes, he told me that last night. And, Luke, he said something else





Crazed with fear and self-loathing, I asked myself if, after all, I was not the worst kind of a man-a lying hypocrite.

—something about you. Olaf said he'd been wanting to ask me a long time. But, he—he figured you loved me, too. He wanted to give you the first chance——"

GOD bless him, Carrie," I said, feeling on the verge of breaking down. "He's so fine and true! Such a friend! I've always known, Carrie, that I was different from you all—always known the feeling seafaring folk have for my kind. If—if—it hadn't been for you and—Olaf, I couldn't have stood it here on the island, knowing I was only an outsider."

"Luke, Luke you musn't," she cut in, gripping my hands. "You're not an outsider. You—you're one of us. We—love you, Luke," she finished, a sob in her voice. Then came a flood of tears—tears that streamed down her cheeks unashamedly.

What could they mean?

Happiness brings tears to women's eyes, while love makes them cry. This was the only answer to Carrie's tears, I told myself, leading her to the door. We stood there only a moment together. Then she ran down the path without a word—a glorious white rose that disappeared into the purple dusk.

Wedding bells were ringing out over Rice Island while I waited up in my room, struggling for some

semblance of calm with which to perform the ceremony that would make my rose girl Olaf Sundberg's wife. Sweet and clear rang the bells in the name of love! I tried to find my happiness in their music from the knowledge that they were heralding the happiness of my two best friends. I tried to realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

But when a man loves as I loved Carrie, such happiness as one obtains from giving is a forlorn substitute for the cravings of a hungry heart. I will not try to say that I was not human enough up there in my room to wish it was my own wedding day. I did wish such a thing, for I could see all of the years stretching before me like vast empty corridors of time—sunless—starless!

SOMETIME later a wedding march drifted up to me from the church. I got up, steeling myself for the heartbreak drama that was imminent.

Carrie was coming up the aisle on the arm of old Captain Shearer, her cousin, as I faced the crowded little place of worship. When my eyes drank in her bridal loveliness, things began to swim before me. I could not recognize my people sitting way up in the front pews. Olaf Sundberg, a handsome blonde giant in his brand new blue suit, became dwarfed at my side as he waited for her to join him at the altar.

Carrie's eyes were on the floor as [Turn to page 137]

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Not Fair to the Woman

Maybe He Just Wasn't Built for the Game; Maybe, After All, He Was Lily-Livered and-

T WAS Kenny, grey-haired Kenny, king of copyreaders, who first called my attention to young Veddal. In the lull after the first edition had gone to press, Kenny leaned back in his chair and brought me up-to-date on staff news, as one entitled, by previous length of service, and a five-year stint of foreign correspondence, to the inmost of office secrets.

"Veddal," he said, "came just before the Old Man packed you off to Europe. His head and his heart often at desperate odds-and the devil to pay afterwards! The Old Man threatened to fire him time on end, but then you know the O. M. And the boy can write, or could if he once broke loose!"

Kenny hummed a little tune in a minor key. "What he'll do when the Old Man goes, I don't know. No one else would understand like he does.

I queried: "The Old Man?

Kenny stared.

"Didn't I tell you? Nerves gone to pot; the game's got him! Humph! I thought everybody had heard that news!"

The considerable flutter in our dovecote as to who would succeed the Old Man, was quickly over. On that day when our beloved chief set his house in order, and we, with one accord, kept the "night watch" with him, Barton, the owner of our Express, blew in, and with him a stocky, clean-shaven individual, who possessed the eyes of an emporer, the chin of a tyrant, and a twist to the corners of his mouth that suggested humor—of a kind.

We never found out who it was gave us away-suspicion, for awhile, rested on Tonson-but, at all events, this visit came along exactly with our little presentation to the Old Man. You could feel the atmosphere change.



It was charged with electricity. Quick as a flash, the Old Man saw danger, playing his last hand in behalf of the paper he loved. In a fiery little speech, he took loyalty as his text, and rang the changes on it . .

Kenny said, in my ear: "Wonder where young Veddal

He'll eat his heart out for missing this!

When the Old Man had made an end, Barton introduced our new chief. We knew, instinctively, at sight and sound of him, that never in our speech, still less in our hearts, could be bear the traditional and affectionate title of "the Old Man." As it happened, Kenny coined our favorite terms for him.

OOD gosh!" he said audibly. "We've caught a G real gorilla this time! Heaven help all sensitive souls! Look at his mouth and chin! He's a gorilla with the soul of a Nero!"

We broke up quickly then, standing around, however, in pessimistic conversation, repressed by the fact we were sharing the same air with Barton and his new chief. It was at this stage that the elevator clicked, and voung Veddal burst in upon us.

"Good gracious!" he cried, dashed and breathless.



"Am I too late? Is it all over?" There was some excitement welling up in him, though, and just then it overflowed. "But I bring tidings, gentlemen! Woe and desolation! Who d'ye suppose Barton's picked to take the dear Old Man's place?"

We tried frantically to shut him up, but he babbled on: "Garson Edwards, the old reprobate! He commanded my division in the war, and was as universally popular as a structure."

He got our signals then, and saw the reason for them. He went white—he was a family man, and things were tight in newspaperdom at the time—and called feebly for a cigarette. Later, when I learned that Veddal had had a nasty run-in with Edwards in his military days, and rather got the best of him, I wondered still more that something dramatic did not happen at this crisis. Barton and Edwards stopped talking, and Edwards went a dull red, but that was all. Kenny laughed at me afterwards for my fears.

"Nero has control of friend gorilla," he said. "The eyes leaped, and the mouth held in. Just wait, though, until Nero mounts the throne!"

ntil Nero mounts the throne!"

I have hinted that our journalistic world had fallen

upon hard times. But it was ordained that the real decline should set in shortly after Edwards assumed command. To give the devil his due, Edwards set his hand to the task with supreme courage, working tremendously himself, and insisting on the last ounce from his men.

A MAN should not have previously married a woman!" Veddal exploded, one evening when we were embarking on some mutual assignment. "He commits bigamy when he is wedded to a job like this!" He smiled ruefully. "Kiddie's birthday," he said. "Candles just ready to go on the cake. Three years old today—first birthday she really understands. We were rather planning a few doo-dads and things, the missus and I . . . Then the telephone and here I am!"

He began talking of conditions then, lamenting the fall of the axe on old Denby's neck. Denby had outworn his usefulness in the service of the paper. "The axe isn't back in the rack, either," said Veddal. "Can't blame Edwards particularly, I suppose. He's acting according to his rights, and general tradition. When things get screwed up as tight as this it's 'Put it across—

or out into the street you go! That's how it goes." It was characteristic of young Veddal that he buckled down under Edwards' regime like a man. And for a

time, while the axe rose and fell once or twice, no clash came between him and the managing editor. So much so, that I said to Kenny one day:

"Well, Nero has been on the throne some time!" He looked at me and grunted: "Ever heard of that Chinese refinement of torture-water, drop by drop?' Then he buried himself in a pile of copy, and began murderously attacking the latest infliction of our most ingenuous cub.

T WAS some days later that my eyes were opened to A Kenny's meaning. And the club was the one who pried my lids up. I found this hero-worshipper—for Veddal had been a good friend to him-slashing angrily at his desk-top with a pair of shears. I suggested to him, in passing, that the Room wasn't by any chance a wood-vard. He stared at me vacantly, then frothed over.

"It's a beastly shame!" he said, glad to vent himself aloud. "That old gorilla's sent him on an assignment that would be an insult to me!"

"Sent whom?"

"Mr. Veddal! He's got his knife into him, and he gives him all the dirtiest jobs.

For the sake of discipline, I abruptly bade him mind his own business, but he gave me food

for thought.

Those were "jumpy" days for us. To come up behind a man and speak unexpectedly was a mortal insult. We were afraid of our shadows. The tension was not lessened by the knowledge that rival staffs were being cut down. At lunch, in familiar haunts, we met some of the wastage of this ebb tide.

Others than young Veddal swallowed insults; but on him the wearing process began to tell. We knew, all of us, that the screws were being put upon him, and cowards that we were, we held our peace . .

I touched on it one day, blunderingly enough, I fear. Young

Veddal was sitting over some copy, staring vacantly

before him, most distressedly.
"The M.E.?" said Veldal, coming back from his distant country of thought. "No-I wasn't thinking of him, old man. Fact is, my-my missus has been under the weather. Doctor's got me kind of scared, I s'pose!" His smile struggled through. "There's the aftermath of specialists, too . . . For professional services rendered —you know what I mean!"

TRIED to hint at my own modest bank balance, but he shied like a nervous horse, and I didn't press the

It is the custom in our office for all the reportorial staff to take a hand in the routine and monotonous work of clipping and condensing the morning papers. always rather a family time for the Room; the Old Man kept strictly away. Imagine, then, the horror of the Room when our new chief blundered in upon this sacred hour! We were scandalized. Shrugging our shoulders,

we said it would pass. He would grow tired of such early morning alertness. Not he! He was at his best at that early hour, when the day and its doings were young, and he still had the errors of triumphs from the old freshly in mind.

He would make the rounds, distributing praise and blame with most indecent lack of reserve. grew not to mind the publicity of it, winking behind his back, and chuckling in the trail of his words—we who were hardened; but when he came to young Veddal's desk, invariably a hush fell upon the place—as though the Room were a living entity with quivering nerves, fearful of a brutal thrust in its most sensitive part. Young Veddal used to look up at the M.E. with that ready, boyish smile of his, and then the M.E. would just stare in silence at him for a moment or two, and pass on.

We didn't "get it" for the first few days, then Kenny. as usual, voiced our feelings.

"An exquisite refinement," he said. "Better the gorilla should charge its prey and have done!

Why Edwards changed his tactics at last, I do not know. Perhaps he misread the victim's smile; perhaps the tightening of the tension in our little world forced him into more open warfare.

I remember it as a sleety, bitter November day, one of those mornings when one swalbreakfast shiveringly. under artificial light, dons goloshes, and prays that, having once deposited them by his desk in the Room, the local world may choose to be drab and dull, and not call a man forth into the slush and mud of its streets.

BY ALL the decencies, the M.E. should have courted his own fireside and arrived late. Instead, he surprised the first sleepy office boy who entered shiveringly with a soggy bundle of morning newspapers. Edwards grabbed a copy or two, and buried himself in his sanctum, from which, presently, it seems, there came, first laughter, and then an explosion of wrath.

There were perhaps thirty of us in the Room when the M.E. emerged; editors, assistants, copy-readers, "makeup" men, reporters . . . the family pretty well assem-

bled. He went straight over to Tonson.
"Congratulations, Tonson!" he boomed. "I see the morning fellows have swallowed your bait-hook, line,

and sinker!

Now Tonson, of all men on the staff, was least popular. A smooth, suave fellow, with a cleft chin, and a had eye, he had toadied to the M.E. from the first. In the old days, the Old Man had called him a four-flusher; told him he'd not dirty his fingers firing him, but that if he were a man, he'd write his resignation. I forget the provocation, but O.M. knew as well as the rest of us, that Tonson went with the second Barton girl, and was "unfirable." Tonson was a whale on scoops, but his ways were peculiar, and he had a clever way of juggling the truth. It seemed that now he had set the morning paper johnnies on the wrong scent-in all apparent honesty and good comradeship-and calmly appropriated the real

The Managing Editor turned to young Veddal.

"You were to get a photograph of the Borniss kid if at all possible."

"I didn't find it-possible,

"But the Herald did. Why

"I felt it wasn't fair-"

"Wasn't what?"

"Fair to the woman, sir. If you'll let me explain-"

"Keep your explanations . . . you haven't the faintest conception, Veddal, of loyalty to your paper."

field of a police scandal for himself. It put the M.E. in

great good humor.

Good humor! We were staggered by it! The tide of praise rose and flooded the whole Room-or, more properly speaking, the Staff end of it, and we, who had been living in the shoals, and fearful enough of stranding, swam in it-poor fish!

HE M.E. had a good word for everyone. Even the L cub earned a grunting approval about some two-stick squib he had done, that doubtless set him dreaming

wildly.

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And then, suddenly, it struck us to think of young Veddal; he was over in the corner by the window, putting a finish on a favorite brand of pencil he affected. The tide of glory and good humor had washed all about him, and still he stood upon his shoal . . . I am convinced he exaggerated the point on his pencil, hoping the M.E. would go, and that he might unobtrusively take his place at his desk again. And I am convinced, too, that Edwards saw that very thing. He stood around, chaffing some of the men pleasantly, but with his emporer's eyes half on the corner by the window. Veddal could not go on sharpening his pencil forever . . . He had to move

Veddal's face was white as a sheet as he came forward . . . he reached the battery, faced it, went red and white, moved blindly on. "Veddal!"

He turned uncertainly, as if he might have imagined that quiet call.

"Veddal!" said the M.E. again, and with a twist to his lips. "What d'ye think this journalistic game is? Parlor croquet, where it's rude to jostle your neighbors?"

Young Veddal tried to stammer: "I don't think I know,

sir, just what you mean-

Edwards turned to us. "Any of you fellows notice the Herald's handling of that Borniss case, and ours?" Tonson said he had. We shot him a glance as bitter as our silence. The M.E. turned to young Veddal again.

M. R. BROWN tells me he districtly had a lift at all R. BROWN tells me he distinctly instructed you possible.

That steadied Veddal, we saw. He said simply: "I

didn't find it-possible, sir!

"But the Herald did. Was he there before or after you?" "No, sir, after me!" [Turn to page 84]

directly under the battery of the M.E.'s eyes. Instinctively the Room grew tense some things of the kids, too. She forgot I was . . We felt that today the weight of a silent stare would be unbearable. Young there.

I Sped Over the Desert Road at Night—Alone—

Feather in a Cyclone

Another Midnight Story

WAS rushing about, packing my car with paint, provisions, clothing, bedding, and what not, to take to my little house out on the Mojave Desert, one hundred and thirty miles distant. I had owned it for a long time. I adored it. It was quaint, attractive, and the fascinating lure of the desert was innoculated into every board and shingle, nook and cranny of it. Then, too, it was a good income proposition. Every year, from early fall to late spring, during the six months known as the tourist season, I rented it advantageously to city folk suffering from ennui, people who were worn and weary from trying to keep pace with business and social demands in the booming town.

In the midst of my activities, Myra Bland phoned. "Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed in her explosive way. "I'm giving a dinner party tonight, awfully informal,

but heaps of fun. You've got to come.

"But I can't. It's quite impossible. I'm about to start for the desert, car all packed with a quart of turpentine, my nightie, a gallon of house paint, manicure scissors, new broom, and other various varieties of domestic and feminine paraphernalia. If I start early, I'll get there before dark."

Wait and go tomorrow," insisted Myra.

"No," I declared emphatically. "I've got to get that place in shape to rent right away. No time to waste on your soup, salad, and frivolity.

BUT one day won't make a whit of difference," she commented impatiently. "You still have a few days of life ahead of you. If you live sixty years longer, which you certainly will, for you're peppy and vigorous, you have twenty-one thousand, nine hundred days, more or less, remaining in which to mop floors, paint woodwork, and annihilate dirt. No time? Nonsense! Time is inexhaustible. Time is eternal. Don't be silly. Come to my dinner. I'm having Felix Zandone, the noted engineer who built the famous Arapaham Dam.'

At this, I was interested. "No! Really!" I exclaimed. How did you manage it? I've heard he avoided social

functions as he would the plague."
"Yes—really!" replied Myra. "How'd I manage it?
Easy enough. He's an old schoolmate of Jack's. For a long time I've had my heart set on you and Felix getting acquainted. Well, are you coming?"

My hesitancy was short-lived. Felix Zandone was the

one man in the world I earnestly desired to meet. He was a thinker, a worker in broad fields, a power among men.

"Yes-I'll be there," I answered eagerly.

"Hurtah!" shouted Myra. "I knew you couldn't resist. Don't be late Six-thirty sharp. Doll up your

prettiest," she admonished. "Good-by." Slam-bang! "Well, I'm in for another adventure," I thought excitedly. I had supposed I was through with men, but here I was, expectant and happy over the prospect of another entanglement. However, I kept right on with my packing, for I had definitely decided to start on my trip immediately after the dinner.

It would be a rare experience to speed over the miles of road at night-alone! At that late hour there wouldn't be much travel and I'd have the world pretty much to myself. The freedom, the exhilaration, the starlight, the fragrance of fields, would be wonderful. Then, too, the daring and deviltry of it appealed to me; also the thought that at the end of the nocturnal journey, I'd find my blessed little desert-house, and rest, and peace.

*WICE a year I made this trip, always at the close of the season, for a brief joy-spell of my own, and to see that the place was properly barred and bolted for its months of hot emptiness, again at the beginning of the season to open it up, renovate furniture and woodwork, paint the floors, wash and iron curtains, replace bedding, and make the little house immaculate and attractive inside and out. I did most of the work myself. Redecorating, and putting everything into spic and span shape was a vacational delight. Teas and bridge parties held no lure, compared with holding communion with desert hours. I worked hard. I dug right in, fearlessly, gleefully. After all, work, real work, is a healthful outlet for superabundant energy and emotion. It is mental and moral salvation, for a woman especially. Prinking and preening, dancing and vamping, novel reading and bon-bon guzzling don't get one anywhere.

To be a widow, rather good-looking, if I do say it. with a lot of property to look after, is not all that it's cracked up to be. In the first place, widows are considered the legitimate prey for all gay male philanderers, and when said widows have attached to them, in addition to individuality and personal attractiveness, lands and houses of considerable value, they are persistently and

often violently pursued.

Men had so pestered me with propositions and proposals, which I intuitively knew were based entirely on selfish motives, that, unfortunately, I was inclined to suspect every trousered individual who breezed across my trail, of being bent on perfecting some diabolical scheme. Of course I knew there were nice men, but since my widowhood it had been my despicable luck to meet only the ratty fortune-hunters-or worse. Therefore, I was on the defensive as far as men were concerned.

Although Myra had assured me that her dinner would be informal, I knew from experience what her dinners



I knew I looked frowsy, but somehow I didn't care.

were like. Consequently, I put on my most gorgeous evening gown—orchid and gold—a gold wreath in my hair, gold slippers and gold-embroidered hose. Instead of my brocaded evening wrap, however, I slipped into my heavy motor coat. I put my warm sport suit, my tennis shoes and stockings, on the seat of my car where they'd be handy, intending after I left Myra's, to shed my dinner gown and get into my outing togs, for my dainty evening things were decidedly unsuited to midnight motoring on a desert road.

When the dinner was in full swing, Myra, at whose right I was seated, leaned over and whispered—

"You are marvelously beautiful tonight. You've certainly made a hit with my lion," glancing toward Zandone. "He hasn't looked at anything, or anyone else since you arrived."

My glance followed hers, and again, just as when I was introduced to him earlier in the evening, I experienced the most surprising up-to-the-minute sensations—vibrating, thrilling, painfully glorious. Looking into his eyes, hearing his voice, I felt as if I'd known him forever; that I'd continue knowing him to the end of time, continue liking him, continue believing in him. My thoughts flew back to the junk-heap of so-called men, and of blow-flies I'd examined and discarded. I was thankful I was free—free to accept what the gods now seemed to be offering.

"Now don't be stand-offish with him," admonished Myra, evidently recalling my propensity for snubbing. "You'd sure be a pair of aces."

Usually Myra's blunt remarks amused me, but in this instance I wished she'd keep still. I was floating on the crest of silver dream-clouds, and her frivolous observations annoyed me, and brought me out of the heights with a thud.

DO YOU know," she said, addressing the guests generally, and putting her hand affectionately on mine, "this girl insisted this morning when I invited her, that she couldn't come, wouldn't come, tonight, because she had planned to go to the desert to renovate her old shack, and hob-nob with lizards and desert rats. I had the time of my life convincing her that she could just as well go tomorrow—that we all needed her—wanted her—with us tonight."

I hadn't expected to tell anyone of my contemplated wild night ride, but at this point, in a spirit of mischief, spiced with bravado, I laughingly announced—

"But I'm not going tomorrow; I'm going tonight."
"Tonight!" everybody gasped simultaneously.

"Of course. Why not? The night ride will be perfectly splendid. I'm looking forward to the trip," I declared, in my merriest mood.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," [Turn to page 117]

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So I Phoned

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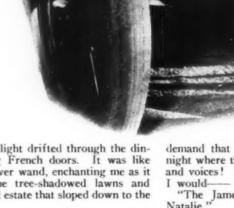
Get Away.

I Knew

It Was

Wrong

But___



NDIAN summer moonlight drifted through the dining-room's wide flung French doors. It was like the soft touch of a silver wand, enchanting me as it had already enchanted the tree-shadowed lawns and gardens of our Long Island estate that sloped down to the glittering Sound.

For the moment I quite forgot that I was the bride of the fifty-year-old man across the formal table. Once more I was Natalie Judson. Again the moonlight was calling me, calling to my twenty years. It seemed to say that I belonged out in its silver spaces where life was voung and free, and not in a gilded cage where a solemn butler served me with grandness; where a French maid watched my every move; where a suspicious husband entertained me at bridge and mah jong with elderly friends. All the suppression I had practiced for three months kindled sudden revolt inside of me. I would

demand that Edmund Hartridge take me out into the night where there was music, dancing, song, young faces and voices! I would make him unlock the gilded cage! I would—

"The Jamesons are coming in for bridge tonight,

My husband's words broke the spell moonlight had cast over me; smashed the rebellious determinations of my heart into bits. It was just as if the door had been half-opened to my gilded cage then snapped shut before I had a chance to escape.

"I'm sorry," I blurted, turning from the vision of silver night that had called me as in the days before my marriage of convenience.

"Sorry?" he questioned, his shrewd, lawyer eyes seeming to penetrate me. Edmund was ever on the alert to discover some convicting evidence as to my rebellion



against the scheme of life I accepted when I became his wife. One of the cleverest attorneys in New York, he had not married me blinded to the differences that exist between twenty and fifty years. He had taken the risk entailed by these known differences with cool calculation, secretly watchful for signs to prove that the differences were about to interfere with his schemes.

"Y-es," I returned. It was too early to make demands of Edmund Hartridge. A year, or so, and my chances with him might be more equal, I hoped. "You know they play abominable bridge. Anybody but the Jamesons at bridge

"We can make it mah jong, then. Jameson is an expert there," he cut in, in his calmly deliberate sort of way. Edmund was always the cool, confident lawyer, even at his dinner table. Often I secretly believed that he and Stevens, our butler, must have been brothers under the

skin because they were both so damnably cool and confident about everything they did and said.
"Mah jong's all wet," I said, lapsing into slang to ap-

pear casual.

"All wet," he mused, a knowing little smile on his lips. My slang always brought such a smile to his lips, and it always succeeded in annoying me, for he never criticized the slang. He merely let me know he tolerated it by the smile. "Well, my dear, just what is your fancy tonight? A motor ride, perhaps?

Motor ride, with old chattering Jameson in the tonneau, and his fat wife taking up more than her share of the seat, squashing me into a corner! Good Lord, no! I'd rather be a bridge martyr than that! Suddenly

revolt kindled in my heart again.

"Edmund, why not take us down to the Sound Club for a while? There is music, and dancing there. It would be fun over a highball or two," I said, speaking in an everyday sort of voice.

HE man in faultless dinner clothes then studied me shrewdly before he answered. I realized what was

"That place is always wild in the summer. You know, I said I never go there except in early spring. It's tolerable then. With the crowd of young-er-flappers, or whatever you wish to call them, home from college, it's like a mad Bedlam now. And, anyhow, I want to turn in very early this evening. I must be away early. Breakfast at eight. I forgot to tell you that I am going

to Chicago in the morning for an important conference. I made every possible effort to keep him from realizing the effect of this last statement on me. For, as he mentioned going to Chicago, it seemed as if once more my gilded cage had been unlocked. Edmund masked his own thoughts so completely that I appeared to be successful in my effort. However, I never could be sure.

"This is rather sudden, and unexpected, isn't it?" I asked, happily curious. The thought of being left home alone was like the anticipation of freedom to a prisoner.

"Yes, a conference over the Harrison case. Things have suddenly shifted to Chicago. I may be there a

few days, or a week," he answered.

A few days, or a week! Things began to swim around the room before my eyes as the silver moonlight seemed to flood through the French doors and fill the spaces. Now it was like a voice of temptation. And somewhere deep down in my young heart, I answered this temptation. A few days, or a week!

WE TOOK our dessert in silence, moving into the drawing-room for coffee later. There the Jamesons joined us, the thin old man beginning his senile chatter the moment he crossed the threshold, and his enormous wife magically reducing the vastness of the room by her waddling presence.

"Ah! She favors black tonight," rattled Jameson, taking in my midnight charmeuse as he patted my hand. Somehow his grazing old fingers and his cleverly phrased compliments always made me feel queer all over-I wanted to push him into a chair and run away!

As I said at the Hawkins dinner last week, a black gown is all the feminine strategy Natalie Hartridge need employ for any purpose she has in mind," he was saying. "A prince might easily throw his chances for a crown in the Thames when you wear black," he whispered, alluding to the fact that Wales had paid me quite a bit

of dancing attention during his Long Island visit.
"Shall it be mah jong?" Edmund asked from the

drawing-room.

Mah jong won the count, and we went out to the screened veranda. Time and time again, my glances and dreams wandered away from the game, drifting to the road that ran by our place like a white ribbon; to the cars that flashed by with humming tires; to the silvered water and the moving and anchored yachts and boats, their lights as glamorous as fire-flies in the night.

TOMORROW night! I will go down that road somewhere; somewhere there is youth; there is music; there is Life . . . freedom!" a voice thundered in my heart.

My first move toward the freedom that I craved was to give Marie the afternoon and night off. With Edmund on his way to Chicago, and out of sight, Marie was the last barrier between me and what I wanted. With her gone, the coast would be

clear.

She accepted the unexpected holiday with her French effusiveness. She was quite a person, that Marie! If I had not intuitively suspected she was in Edmund's secret employ to report everything about me, her charming, piquant friendliness would have easily camouflaged her espionage. But a woman cannot fool the woman who instinctively knows she is under surveillance. From my first few days at Edmund's country place, I had recognized Marie as my enemy, en

My plans were simple enough. I called Cynthia Glendon, who promised with great gusto to have two attractive Yale boys over at her house about six. We would go out to dinner and dance. Cynthia's enthusiasm was that of the girl who adores being in on something that's forbidden. She knew the party would have to be a "q.t." affair

for fear Edmund might learn of my going out. She devilishly promised to introduce me as Natalie Judson, saying I must leave my wedding ring and married voice at home.

I dressed for the party with a feeling of fire in my veins—soft, delicious, tingly sort of fire such as I used to feel before my marriage, only as Natalie Hartridge the fire was more fiery. It's always that way when something is forbidden!

Remembering old Jameson's chatter about my powers in black, I selected a brand new imported evening dress that my modiste had said (hoping to sell me the dress, of course) made me look like a graceful flame against ebony! She meant the black dress made my bronze hair more fiery looking.

"Maybe this will help me send Yale down for the count," I mused, snugging the dress down to my rather slim lines.

Dressed, I downed a high-ball, and went down to the veranda to wait for the time when I would step out of my gilded cage, and fly down the road to an adventure in freedom!

The Sound was aglow with sunset colors, and the countryside of rolling green, landscaped, and dotted by fine white houses, seemed softer and more glamorous in the tides of shifting lights and shades. With recurrent thrills I waited for the clock to strike five-thirty, and I would start eastward down that fascinating ribbon of a road to meet Cynthia, and the two Yale boys. The very thought was electrifying!

A clock chimed the half-hour. I went indoors. At the side door leading to my garage I paused long enough to draw a shimmering black mantilla around me. My hand on the knob, I stopped in the act of turning it, startled by a peal of the front door-bell. Setting the bottle of Scotch down on a nearby table, I took a step

toward the front door.
Suddenly I turned back, shrugging my shoulders. Wnoever was ringing the bell could not be of interest to me. No one would be calling that I cared to see. I passed into the garage and entered my coupe. There was a longer peal of the front door bell just before the motor purred into efficient life.

It was my intention to dash down the long sweep of driveway without so much as a look at the front veranda. But curiosity got the best of me. With a sound of suddenly applied brakes my coupe came to a quick stop. I called out to the strange young man on the porch in a voice deliberately luring:

"Are you looking for someone?"

"I—I beg your pardon," he answered, hurrying down the steps with the ease and grace of a perfectly muscled athlete. "My car's about to blow up by your gate—out of water," he explained.

For a tiny second I took my eyes off the hatless blonde giant. A big green racer was steaming away like a hot water geyser in Yellowstone Park. Also, in that fractionary period of time I reached a conclusion of importance. The white knickered, young man was going to constitute my evening's adventure, despite my date with Cyn and her two boy friends. It was the old story of a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush. This man was my idea of romantic adventure. The Yale boys might be flat tires!

CONSEQUENTLY, I took off my evening wrap and stepped out of the machine. The effect seemed magical. The man involuntarily whistled softly under his breath. I felt certain of success, after that.

"Come with me and I will show you the water," I said. "You will want a pail or something to carry it in. I don't know just . . ."

What About It?

Have you written to us? If you have read SMART SET regularly I know you'll agree that it is improving month by month.

You'd be surprised to know just what your letters mean to us. When you tell us the type of story you like, there's a record made of it. And soon you may find your ideas cropping out in many ways.

Of course we can't dance to everybody's fiddle, but there are times when we can take your suggestions and move mountains with them.

I'd like to know just how near it conforms with your idea of a magazine with the personal touch.

There are three prizes offered: first, \$25.00; second, \$10.00; third, \$5.00. I'll read your letter and then tell you what I think of it, even if it doesn't win a prize.

Contest closes October 15th; prizes will be awarded November 1st. The editors will be the judges.



A beaten silver pitcher. I filled it with water and shoved it into his hands.

"Too bad, it's so small! You'll have to make a dozen trips to fill your radiator," I said. Suddenly an idea struck me. I turned to the man. "Would it hurt to drive up to the garage here. There's a hose you could use and save a lot of trouble."

Inwardly I thought this would also save a lot of time for my own purpose. I didn't want to linger. I was rearing to go.

There was a roar like summer thunder coming up the driveway. And then the steaming car of the whiteknickered young man hove in sight.

When he leaned over to turn on the water spigot, a silver flask fell from his hip and to the ground near me. We both stared at the flask. Simultaneously we broke into a laugh. Suddenly I stopped laughing and reached

down for the silver container.
"It's spilling—it's spilling," I cried, kneeling to pick He was on his knees almost at the same time. I handed him the flask rightside up. Our fingers grazed each other in that moment. Little hammers began tap,

tap, tap in my wrists!
"Too bad," I sympathized, looking down at the thin stream of amber fluid coursing toward the garage drain. "The best Scotch I've hit this summer," returned the loose. Have to get it fixed tomorrow. No good without a top.

"No, it'll only run out of your pocket, and the cops may scent you for a bootlegger," I smiled.

"Do-you ever take a snort-I mean a drink?" he asked.

"I've just had a highball."

"Yes? You've got a start on me. I haven't touched a drop since the party at the Sound Club last night. Belong over there?" he asked. We did. But I didn't admit it, merely saying it

looked like a good club. I'd seen lots of the members motoring over. Regular fellows, I thought. Bet they were good fun. I would join later after becoming better acquainted in the neighborhood, I told him.

"Oh, stranger here, eh?" "From Westchester," I said.

A moment later we went into the house to mix a highball, utterly forgetful of the thirsty racer, still shooting out geysers of steam as the unchecked motor raced on. One shot apiece, and a party was on the way. We had

told each other our real names!
"Nobody home?" he asked, making a semi-circle gesture with his free arm. "Where's the mother and

His question went to my vanity [Turn to page 110]

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Mrs. J. L. M., Norfolk, Va.

HIM: "I once loved a girl, and she made a monkey out of me."

Her: "My! What a lasting impression some people make."

W. E. V., Memphis, Tenn.

PAT and Mike were visiting the zoo. They were standing in front of the kangaroo cage. "Mike, what is this animal?" asked Pat.

"Why, Pat, I'm surprised at your ignorance. Any school child in America could tell you what that animal is."

"Well, I don't know what it is; tell me."
"That is a kangaroo, a native of Australia."

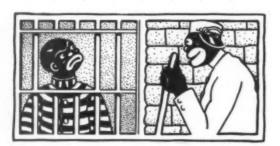
"Is that a native of Australia?...My God! My sister married one of them things."

M.A., Fontenac, Kan.

A NEGRO went into a bank to get a check cashed. He stood in line a long time. Just as he got to the window an inspector announced, "The bank is busted."

Negro—"What you all mean, the bank is busted?" Inspector—"Well, it is. It's busted. Didn't you ever hear of a bank being busted before?"

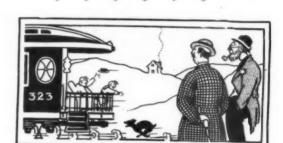
Negro-"Yassah, but ah nevah had one bust right in mah face befo'."



Miss L. M., Venice, Calif.

HOW come you's in jail again, Roosevelt?"
"Jes' a case o' mistaken idennity."

"Who did dev mistake you foh?"
"Didn't mistake me foh nobody. Ah mistook a pro'bition agent fo' a customah."



TOUNG WIFE: "The post offices are very careless

Same Wife: "Fred sent a postal from Philadelphia.

where he is staying on business, and the silly post office

Sympathetic Friend: "Yes, dear; why?"

Mrs. J. H. I., Knox City, Mo.

DOES he always chase it like that?"
"Every time."

"What's the big idea?"

Y sometimes, don't you think?

put an Atlantic City postmark on it."

"Couldn't tell ye. But what gits my goat is what the thunder he'd do with it if he ever ketched it."

S. E. P., Corinth, Miss.

A COWBOY, who had had more experience in dealing with cows than with women, married an Eastern woman. After spending a year with her on the ranch, he returned to the East for a visit.

"Where is your wife?" inquired one of his friends.
"Oh, yes. Why, that woman slipped on the ice last winter and fell, broke her leg, and I had to shoot her."

J. W., Ogden, Utah.

HE had been dining too well, and, hailing a taxi, he crawled in, after giving the driver his destination. It so happened that the opposite door had been left unlatched, and stumbling against it, the too far gone one fell outside again. He picked himself up with difficulty and accosted the driver.

"Thash pretty quick work," he said. "How mush do I owe you?"



SET Readers

W. E.,

New York City.

M.R. AND MRS. LOWENSTINE, from Aburg, decided to take a week's outing at Atlantic City. While making the rounds they came across an aviator who was giving exhibition flights. The old lew inquired the price of a flight for himself and wife.

"Fifteen dollars for ten minutes, or twenty-five dol-

lars for twenty-five minutes."

After considerable parleying the aviator said, "Tellyou what I'll do. I will take you up for absolutely nothing on the condition that whatever stunts that I do in the air, you will make no outcry of any sort. In the event that you scream or express any signs of fear, you are to pay me twenty-five dollars." The Jew readily agreed to this. It seemed as if the aviator never did such daring stunts-nose dives, tail spins, and loop the loop. The Jew was perfectly quiet. When the aviator landed he turned to the Jew, took the Jew's hand, and complimented him on his daring.

"Your trip will cost you absolutely nothing. Wasn't there any time during the trip that you felt like

screaming?

"Only one time," replied the Jew.

"And when was that?" asked the flyer.

"Dot vus ven Rebecca fell oudt."

M. E. H., San Antonio, Tex.

MAN ordered a tombstone for his deceased wife. A MAN ordered a composition to the words, On the stone was to be inscribed the words,

LORD, SHE WAS THINE.

The stonecutter did not have room to carve the last letter, which meant that the man was quite horrified when he went to his wife's grave and read, LORD, SHE WAS THIN.

D. W.,

Winston-Salem, N. C.

JUST after the return of two colored soldiers from France, they were standing on the corner talking about

"You know what I'se gonna do now? I'se gonna git me a white suit o' clothes, a white hat, white shoes, and white tie, and I'm gonna go 'mongst the white folks,' one of them bragged.

There was a lapse of time.

"You know what I'se gonna do? I'se gonna git me a black suit, a black hat, black shoes, and a black tie." the other one said.

"Say you is? An' what you gwina do?" "I'se gwine to yo' fun'ral, dat's all."



Salt Lake City, Utah.

'IMID WOMAN: "Look here, my man! You're a cheat, a rogue, a scoundrel, and a scamp, to boot. That parrot you sold me-do you remember it?"

Bold Man: "Yes, madam.

Ditto Woman: "Don't talk back. That parrot has never spoken a word since you sold it to me. I have been treated disgracefully—I shall put the matter in the hands of my lawyer and have you prosecuted. That parrot, I say, has not spoken a word-

Ditto Man: "But, madam, give the poor bird a chance."

Miss B. S., Dublin, Texas.

HREE-YEAR-OLD Billy was asked by his father THREE-YEAR-OLD Billy was asked by his father to step into a dark room to get a newspaper. Billy was afraid of the dark, so hesitated about going. "Billy," said his mother, "you know that you are not afraid to go into that room. Why, dear, God is in there."

Billy walked to the door and breathed out: "Say,

God, hand Daddy his paper.

Orillia, Ont.

EDITOR: "And is this your own joke?"
Writer: "Yes, I made it up myself."
Editor: "Well, you're older than you look."



O. M. H., Badger, Minn.

TRANGER: "Is this a healthful town?"

Citizen: "Why, I reckon it is. When I landed here, I was so weak that I couldn't walk across the room; I had to be lifted from my bed and carried. I couldn't

utter a word. I had only a few hairs on my head."
Stranger: "How wonderful! And how long have you lived in this town?"

Citizen: "I was born here."

I Was Tied to Mother's

ApronStrings

Into the Life of
Every Man Comes the
Urge, the Longing to Get Beyond the
Hills and See
What Lies Out There.

A PROBLEM STORY

THERE is nothing on earth to be compared with mother love. But nothing can compare with the torments of hell that a jealous mother's love can cause. For children can be loved too well.

That, I think, is what is wrong in my case. My mother loves me too well; loves me to the point of jealousy. She has done everything in her power to make me happy. But she cannot bear to have me go away from her. She won't let me live my own life. Mother wants me to be a success and wants to be the one to make me a success. She resents everything I do without her consent. She even wants to choose my companions for me.

And when I remonstrate with her, she will always say, "What I do for you is my duty, and I cannot neglect it "

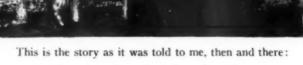
Why can't she realize that the duty of training children ceases when they reach maturity; that her only duty then is to advise.

I am a man a few years past the age of maturity. Yet, I am literally tied to my mother's apron-strings. I have been offered a fine position in a distant city and it holds a wonderful future. But Mother does not want me to take it, as I will have to be away from home.

I intend to accept the position, but Mother still pleads with me not to go.

What am I to do?

I put that question to a man I know. He did not answer my question. Instead he told me the story of his life. And a surprising story it was. It indirectly answered my question and moved me to a decision.



NTO the life of every man comes the urge, the longing to get beyond the hills of his surroundings and see what lies out beyond. Some men answer that urge; some do not.

I am one of the men who did not. Not because I did not want to answer the call beyond the hills; that longing is still in my heart. My story is of the man who stayed at home. My life is a longing with only a void before.

I have everything that ought to make a man happy, but God knows I'm not. For after all, it is not what we have that makes us happy, but what we enjoy. And there is nothing I can enjoy. There is only that longing for what might have been.

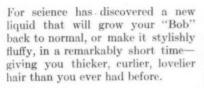
God knows I am not to blame for the invisible wreck of my life—invisible wreck because no one knows my inmost thoughts. No one would believe I am unhappy. No! Not even my mother, though she is to blame. Not even my wife knows.

I always loved my mother, and I do yet. My wife is dear to me, but not beloved. All because of the mother who would not understand her boy.

I know it would kill my mother to learn that she had failed in my ambitions. I am able to make her think she has succeeded. For the trouble with Mother was that she had ambitions of her own for my future life. She never stopped to think I might have ambitions; that I would want to live my own life. [Turn to page 127]

half usual time

Milady! If you are tired of your "bob," but hate to think of waiting an eternity for your hair to grow out again; or if your hair is thin and scraggly and you want the thick, fluffy "bob" that Fashion demands—here is the best news you've had in many a day!



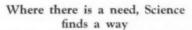
Sir! If your hair is coming out, getting thin in spots; if dandruff and itching scalp are making you uncomfortable and bringing you face to face with the thing that all men dread—baldness—then there's just as good news for you. Because this great discovery will positively stop falling hair, eradicate dandruff, itching scalp and—provided the roots of your hair are not totally dead—quickly bring your hair back to rich, luxuriant growth.

I am not guessing or theorizing. know whereof I speak. I have been experimenting with hair culture for many years. I have tried and tested every known hair stimulant and tonic recognized by science. And I say without reservation that this new discovery will do more to nourish the scalp, quicken the growth and beau-tify the hair than any previously known preparation.

From the very first day, when you be-

gin to spray your hair and massage your gin to spray your nair and massage your scalp with Hairgro, you will see and feel new "life," new vitality in your scalp and hair. Before you have finished the first bottle the difference will be apparent. Your hair will difference will be apparent. Your hair will soon become thick and fluffy, and much more becoming than you ever dreamed it could be. And if you have a "bob" to lengthen, you will find your hair extending down your back in an unbelievably short

These realts are guaranteed. I want that understood. For it is only by such a guarantee that I can show my unbounded faith in this remarkable discovery.



Hairgro is the most powerful hair growing product Science has ever known. It is made from a formula of my own, discovered after years of experiment. It is rich in hair nourishing elements. And the average human scalp gets far too little of these precious elements in these days of tight fitting hats and humid indoor atmosphere.

In addition to thickening the hair, Hairgro rids the scalp promptly of all dandruff; fluffs out dead and listless hair, and gives it wondrous light and sheen. And it is so easy to apply-just 5 minutes a day at

No matter how thin your hair may be— no matter how "straggly" or hope-less—I guarantee that Hairgro will make it grow twice as fast, rid the scalp of dandruff and give new life to your



McGowan's Hairgro is not offer al for sale through drug or department stores. For I insist that this product be shipped, freshly compounded, direct from the laboratory

to the user. The vital elements in this re-markable liquid evaporate rapidly when kept standing for any length of time. It would not be possible for it to retain its efficiency if it were to remain on retail shelves indefinitely.

Therefore, I shall distribute this wonderful product by parcel post only, shipping, in every instance, the same day the liquid is compounded.

At first, we contemplated selling Hairgro at \$5 a bottle—for it seemed easily worth that to any man or woman to make the hair thick and luxuriant, or to save four or five months in growing bobbed hair "back to normal." Even if your "bob" is as thin and scraggly as this-



or money back! But that price would restrict my discovery to a very limited market. As Hairgro is the greatest achievement of my laboratories, 1 am anxious for it to become universally known and used. So I have decided to retail the first 10,000 bottles at only enough to pay the cost of compounding, bottling and advertising—which I have figured down to just \$2.47 per bottle, plus a few cents postage.

There is no better time than now to start the use of Hairgro. In the late summer and fall, the productive glands in the human body are functioning at their fullest effi-ciency—and Nature will cooperate with Hairgro to the utmost in yielding the finest results for you.

Whether your hair is bobbed or long; if you want to control its length and add to its splendor; if you want to make the most of Woman's Crowning Glory by developing your hair to its most glorious possibilitiesdon't delay another minute.

Send no money-just mail the coupon

There is no formality for you to go through. I do not even ask that you send any money. Just fill out and mail the coupon. days the postman will bring your bottle—and then simply pay him my special laboratory price of \$2.47, plus a few cents postage. Don't put it off. Mail the coupon

M. J. McGowan, Chief Chemist

McGowan Laboratories 710 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

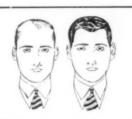
-----COUPON-----The McGowan Laboratories.

710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 104, Chicago, Ill.

710 W. Jackson Blyd., Dept. 104, Chickgo, and Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, at your expense, that Hairgro will make my hair thick and fluffy, free my scalp from dandruff and give new life to my hair. Please send me a bottle at once. I will pay the postman \$2.47 (plus postage) when it arrives. It is understood that the full purchase price will be refunded if I am not delighted with the results in every way.

ADDRESS ...

NOTE: If you are likely to be out when the postman comes you may remit \$2.60 and your Bottle of Hairgro will be sent postpaid.



MEN Stop falling hair

Falling hair is the forerunner of baldness. Stop it before your hair gets any thinner; eradicate dandruff, itching scalp and similar hair troubles with this marvelous new discovery. We don't promise the impossible. If the roots of your hair are dead nothing on earth will bring your hair back again; but if you are in the first stages of ballness it is not too late. HAIRGRO will stimulate growth and give your hair new life and vigor—or you get your money back.

Our SMART SET Girls

Which Has to Do With Our \$1,000 Cover—and the Birth of a New Idea

HOW do you like the little girl pictorial section to SMART SET girls on this month's cover? She is every month. Ruth Waddell, of Paterson, N. J. I think Henry Clive has again turned out a wonderful portrait, don't you? I don't have to tell you that Miss Waddell endorsed the judgment of the committee. She says: "It's like a dream come true!"

a dream come true for her. for Miss Harkins. and for some other girl who is being chosen at this very moment-

Enroll as a SM	MART SET Girl
Name	
Complete address	
When were you born?	
Typical American type?Spanish?	French?Other?
Please give: (a) Height (without shoes)	(b) Weight (lightly dressed)
	Color of hairBobbed?
Will your parents (or guardians) give their pe	rmission for Smart Set to use your picture if you
are chosen?	
Are you willing to cooperate with us to make t	his plan succeed?

will be disappointed. We have received literally hundreds of beautiful photographs of SMART SET girls, and I'm going to try and give more of them a chance to be known.

WE believe in our own readers and we're proud of them. We believe they are more beautiful than lots of the favorite movie stars of the country, and so I am going to turn over a four-page help us to carry it out?—THE EDITOR.

This means that we are not going to disappoint so many, and that we are going to give a full page in the gravure section every month to each of four That means forty-eight every year. It means that if you didn't happen to be chosen for one month you Her words set me to thinking. It is may be later, and that you may learn

> what kind of photographs are available.

IT means that we shall be building a great big class of SMART SET girls from

but there are hundreds of others who which the motion picture men may choose new stars. It means that we are going to do everything in our power to help you get the sort of publicity you want to have in the whole country.

> If yo : haven't sent us your photograph, do it now with the answers to the questions listed on this enrollment blank. And it may be that you will still win a place on the cover.

> Isn't this a good idea? Will you

AGENTS Mail The Coupon For This Chance To Make

Amazing New Agency Plan For Ambitious Men and Women Everywhere To Make Big Money In Easy Work

In the thirty years the World's Star Knitting Company has been organized, it has been my aim to offer our representatives a constantly bigger, broader and better money-making opportunity in every way. With my new agency plans, new products, new and improved systems for rendering better service to our representatives, and their customers, I delight in the fact, that today, the exclusive agency of the World's Star Knitting Company is without parallel in the chance to win immediate, permanent and lasting Financial success.

D. L. GALBRAITH. President

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D. L. GALBRAITH, President World's Star Knitting Company

I mean it! Mail the coupon below or write me today and I will send you an immediate cash opportunity to make big money. I will tell you how you can establish yourself at once in an amazingly profitable business of your own without the investment of one cent of capital, without previous training or experience. It's a permanent, profitable opportunity in which you can easily make \$5.00 to \$15.00 a day from the start and where your earnings will increase each and every week. I have a proposition for you so simple, easy, square and clean cut, that you are bound to make a tremendous success.

Position Your Town

Profits Waiting For You

Iwant you to represent the World's Star Knitting Company to take complete charge of exclusive tercomplete charge of exclusive territory and fill the enormous demand for
World's Star products. Over a period of
30 years World's Star Hoslery and Underwear has been sold direct from the mill
throughout the country. We are pioneers,
the first concern in America to sell direct
from the mill to home. The genuine
quality and amazingly low prices of World's
Star products have created a tremendus Star products have created a tremendous demand. I need representatives at once in every community to handle the big business.



The big Knitting Mills at Bay City behind you in this opportunity. In here are the batteries of hundreds of machines knitting the finest quality hosiery and underwear made in America. It was started 30 years ago, occupying one room with only a handful of people. Giving honest service, honest goods, and offering a rich opportunity to our representatives, we have been able to grow to our present mammoth size.

No Experience Necessarv

No matter what your experience has been, what kind of work you are doing now, how much you are making, how old you are, you are bound to succeed with this proposition. You can do as well as Commons, Mich, who boosted his earnings \$500 a month; or Stockwell, Ohio, who averages \$100 a week. No business offers you a more wonderful future or greater preschilities. You derful future or greater possibilities. You are your own boss. The work is pleasant, dignified, delightful, the kind you will enjoy. Hundreds of representatives have been with us for more than twenty years.

Everything Necessary

For this opportunity I do not ask you to invest a penny. If you write at once I will give you all the details of this great business and tell you how you can start immediately without capital, how complete sample outfits including full size irresistible sales-compelling samples of our line are given to workers. Complete instructions which tell how to begin and how to succeed—everything necessary to start all given without cost, to representatives.

Send No Money You owe it to yourself to have the details of this great proposition. Right now territory is open. Don't send a penny. Without obligation on your part, I'll send you complete particulars of the greatest agency plan ever organized—brand new plans—never before offered to agents. Don't wait and miss this opportunity. \$50 to \$90 a week is yours if you act now. Send your name and address—the coupon, a letter or postcard will bring all. Send NOW.

D. L. Galbraith, Pres.

World's Star Knitting Company 1560 Lake Street **Established 30 Years** Bay City, Mich.

Opportunity	Coupon
Mail To	day!
D. L. Galbraith, Pres	Co.

1560 Lake Street Bay City, Mich.

Send at once without obligation all particulars of your new plans—Free Sample and Exclusive territory offers.

Address _____

County ____State_.

The velvet pools of midnight Eyes

fascinate the imagination because of their luxuriant sweep of shadowy lashes.

Darken your lashes with WINX and your eyes will instantly take on the magnetic lustre that you have always envied. It requires but a second or two, yet your lashes stay dark and lovely for

WINX is a harmless waterproof iquid that neither runs nor smears. It is simple to apply and dries at once. Complete with dainty brush attached to the stopper of the bottle, 75c, U. S. and Canada.

To give distinction to the eye-brows, use WINXETTE (cake form). Simply trace it through the brows after powdering. Equipped with one-row brush and mirror, 50c. Black and brown.

WINX and WINXETTE, at drug and department stores, or by mail.

Mail 12c today for a generous sam-ple of WINX. Another 12c brings a sample of PERT, the 24-hour water-proof rouge.

ROSS COMPANY 249 West 17th St. New York







will cover hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that y u would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will supervour hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and listrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—

ANY ONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening tron—nothing takes it off. You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots.

Wonderful For Touching Up You can put it on just where needed. Can be sed over other dyes or where powdered hennas ave been used. Does not break the hair. **Does**

have been used. Does not break the hair. Does not interfere with permanent waving. Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Price \$2.50. C. O. D. \$2.60. In ordering please state color desired; order through your Department Store, Druggist, Beauty Parlor or direct from us. Accept no substitute for Wm. J. Brandt's Eau de Henna.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO. Dept. 93, 112 East 23rd St., New York

Men as well as women can use Eau de Honna to advantage



Not Fair to the Woman

[Continued from page 71]

The M.E. was purpling. "Then why

the___"
"I felt it wasn't fair_" "Wasn't what?

"Fair to the woman, sir. If you'll let me explain-

"Keep your explanations! Haven't you been long enough in journalism to know the meaning of orders—hey? And of getting what you go after?" He surveyed his victim coldly. "You haven't the fainthis victim coldly. "You haven't the faint-est conception, Veddal, of loyalty to your

Perhaps he saw how hard a hit that was at Veddal, of all men! But his next remark lost nothing for being in a more ordinary tone: "You're too lily-livered for this game, Veddal!"

OUR blocks down from the Express Poffice, a subterranean gas explosion blew the tops off two manholes, injured three pedestrians, and incommoded the rush traffic of the morning; in a select hotel, a visiting bank magnate inconsiderately blew out his brains on a Persian rug of the most expensive suite: word of both reached the C. E.'s desk almost simultaneously. The Room was instantly transformed; the monster demanded his daily menu, and here was red meat c.ose at hand. Dressing of routine matters must be had, too. One by one we donned our galoshes and went forth into the slush. Even young Veddal was snatched in an instant from the rack of Nero's inquisition.

The C. E. dispatched him with me to hunt up some eyewitness stories of the sportive manhole. Not until we returned with our copy, and for the moment were free and thrown together again, did he touch upon his bitterness. We stood at the window, watching the November sleet die on the grimy roofs of neighboring buildings.

"Old chap," he said, after a silence, "I wonder if the M. E.'s right in a way. Maybe I'm not built for this game!"

There was silence between us for a while: sleet blew wetly against the pane.
"You understand," he said, "here was the
Borniss woman. She'd been out at her work-the man was no good, of course she's well rid of him—only he—he took the little girl with him, you see. Turned ou the gas . . When I asked, she said she had a picture—somewhere. She started pulling things out of a drawer—some things of the kid's, too. She forgot was there. It broke her up, and I took the things from her, and put them back, and closed the drawer, and I came away!

And then he said, almost apologetically, as if I, too, might hold against him Ed-wards' accusation: "You see-my-my kiddie's just about her age!" He straight ened up: "They can fire me if they like!" His lip quivered. I knew how empty his defiance was; expenses had been piling up on him more than ever. I put his hand on my shoulder quickly, then left him to fight it out. A word of sympathy might have undone him. And then, I wasn't so sure of myself

Kenny signalled me as I entered late

one morning.
"Young Veddal's fired!" he said briefly. My glance shot to the victim's desk. It was vacant.

"Oh, not neck and crop," said Kenny "He'll be back and finish out the month. He's just run down to the hospital to see his missus. She collapsed last night-

that's what got the lad. He was heading out for some interview or other, and he forgot, after that, that the Johnnie in question existed. They hustled her to the hospital and operated—just in time, they said. Of course they always say that, but I gather it was a bit urgent!" He snorted, playing an innocent sheet of copy in Tonimmaculate chirography, with a

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paper-cutter.
"Made a fatal mistake-no, not the doc-"Made a tatal mistake—no, not the doctors; young Veddal's missus. She should have chosen something more fancy than a punctured appendix. It gave Nero a handle of sorts. 'An appendix' roars the old gorilla. 'What's an appendix? A tithe of the population lose theirs every year!' . . . I fancy he's offended she's doing so well. Nothing but death's door should make a mere reporter forget the should make a mere reporter forget the sacredness of an interview with Sir Ump-teen Bumblechook! I'll wager Nero's empress has an equipment of cast iron vitals ... must have, to stomach him, and not turn on it ... Gad! What have I done?"

WELL, the last day of grace arrived. It was after five o'clock. Young Veddal came in like a ghost, sat down, and pounded away on his favorite machine. You could always tell young Veddal's typing; it had an impulsive irregularity—first with two fingers, stiffly, then increasing until it seemed he got both hands jammed in the keys, and had to begin with his two-linger exercise again. We dared not look inger exercise again. We dared not look at him; but our thoughts were full of his irregular pounding, and of the passing of the familiar sound from the Room. He went over and laid the finished copy on the C. E.'s desk. Our eyes followed him, and when he turned, he caught us watching. He flushed, steadied himself, and

"Well, boys, that's my-last-copy-for the old Express!'

He steadied himself again with immense We turned away from the sight of his face. It was at this moment that Edwards appeared in the doorway and summoned Veddal to him. We found excuse of work, and waited. We put on our cuse of work, and waited. We put on our coats, lit our cigarettes, and still waited. One or two left . . . The building grew silent with the night . . . The night-watch took charge. And still we waited. Then young Veddal came out. He went to his desk unseeingly, sat for a vacant moment, then broke down and cried like a child. Kenny went to him

Kenny went to him . . . The news flashed round in no time. The M. E. had relented; Nero had rescinded his verdict, and young Veddal was to stay on . . . on a kind of sufferance. The quicksands were not to cover his head. He was reprieved.

EDWARDS is human, after all!" Veddal told Kenny, for Kenny afterwards confided to me. "I told him," said young Veddal; "I told him he could count on me—

for anything! And he said he knew I would play the game—if he gave me the chance. And I will, Kenny, I will!"

That was the only time I ever remember our crowd speaking of Edwards as the "Old Man." We went out to a coffeehouse near by, and drank his health in

Only Kenny was unconvinced. He went with us, but would not drink. He sat watching us with satirical eyes. "Conwatching us with satirical eyes. "Confounded blockheads!" he called us, in the privacy of my ear on the homeward way. "Have you never seen a cat play with a mouse

It will always be disputed ground in our office, how much credit is due to Ed-wards in this period of "nip and tuck." But the cold fact remains that while other great dailies were under sustained tension



To Those Unhappy Gray-Haired Women

whose mirrors reflect the tragedy of youth fading away-

Take 10 years, 20 years, away this way in three or four days—be alluring again

RAY HAIR!-you see it in your GRAY HAIR:—you see it all you shop windows as you pass along—

Only a gray or prematurely gray woman knows what this means.

But why suffer it? You, as tens of thousands of others have done, can turn back the calendar—can call back the lure and thrill of courtship days.

Won't you let me help you? It's so simple, so marvelously transforming—and costs you nothing to try. Just mail me coupon below.

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Nothing will make so wonderful a difference in your appearance as changing the color of your hair even as little as two or three shades. Artists agree this makes the greatest possible contrast in charm.

In this method you simply dampen a comb with a clear, colorless liquid—then run it through your hair. Developed by a woman scientist, it is called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

It scientifically acts, not to crudely "dye," but to restore the ORIGINAL color or shade to your hair.
If your hair is gray—it will go back to its youthful brown, black or golden.

If it is faded, lustreless, unattractive it will revert back years in minutes! Tests under the observation of world's scientists, in tens of thousands of cases have proved this to be true.

Send the coupon

Those results may seem incredible to you. So you are not asked to purchase this preparation.

Upon receipt of the coupon, a trial outfit will be sent you free. Then if you are still in doubt, you can test it on a sin-gle lock of your hair. Thus you'll know just what to expect before you use it through all of your hair.

What you find will be one of the real thrills of modern beauty science. Only your own eyes will fully reveal just what it can mean to you.

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But—everyone else does. That's the strange part of it all. Other people are first to note our own loss of youthful charm.

A change of two or three shades, from faded, bleached out tint to full natural color, make an almost unbelievable difference in one's looks.

This new way will do that for you, no use the hoy rat or a led your hair is—do it in the space of days.

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the pine-scented wind in your face as your broncho stretches away in a mad, breakneck gallop. Revel in great purple hills, and sunsets redder than blood. Lose yourself completely in the tremendousness, the courage, the despair, the joy, the passion, and romance of our gorgeous, highhearted West in these

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and stress (and at least one changed hands) the Express forged steadily ahead, and we have on our staff still one or two captures from rivals in those days, stars plucked out of their uncertain constella-tion to adorn ours. "Gallery play!" in tion to adorn ours. "Gallery play!" in Kenny's phrase. "Nero's getting swollen with victory!

If we did not readily subscribe to Kenny's opinion, bear in mind our new and comfortable feeling of security. We began to revise our estimate of the M. E. and in our prosperity we lorded it over rival staffs, and in our prosperity, too, we rather forgot young Veddal . . We have reproached ourselves since, bitterly enough, scarcely daring to think of the loneliness to which we, in the fatness of our days, condemned his starved and sensitive soul.

Though, in his pride, he gave us no sign. We knew, of course, that his wife was away; her general health demanded a "rest-cure" at a sanitarium. And the youngster was well cared for by some friends of hers, who had found room in their tiny apartment for her, and room in their strict economy for another mouth.

Veddal rented his own flat and took a room. It seemed a good arrangement when he heard it. It gave him absolute freedom in his work, too; the M. E. put up his salary a notch, and we congratulated ourselves that he had his feet on solid ground again.

And then, one day, as I was entering the lobby below, I ran across him. He did not see me. He was trying to light a cigarette, and making heavy weather of it. Finally he tossed the weed away and

came slowly out.
"Hello, Veddal!" I hailed him.

HE TURNED his eyes, unseeingly, toward mine, then nodded recognition. But in that unseeing moment of his, I had caught a glimpse of his soul. I think he suspected I was about to speak, to question him, for he nodded again, jerkily, and hur-

I went right up to Kenny and told him. He put down his blue pencil and looked at me.

"So you've seen it?" he asked ironically. "You've looked across the gulf?" I asked him what he meant.

"I've tried to bridge it," said Kenny briefly, "but he lumps me with the rest of those who have eyes and see not—"
He broke off. "Maybe I'm wrong, and
maybe he's retreated, himself, beyond the maybe he's retreated, himself, beyond the gulf—fearing our sympathy . . What's that? His—his missus? No, she's doing fine. And he's managing somehow to meet the bills. It's—it's the gorilla; it's Nero; it's the cat and the mouse again!"

I protested: "But Edwards raised his

salary!"

babe!" retorted Kenny. "Innocent "Raised his salary, did he? Just a tighter chain; he let's him see daylight ahead financially, and so spurs him to new strug-gle. Holds a carrot before a donkey and then increases his load." Kenny regarded

then increases his load." Kenny regarded the stubby end of his merciless pencil.
"You may imagine," said Kenny, "how the corners of his mouth would enjoy themselves as he said it. I saw it was useless. I came away abruptly." He added after a space: "Something's going to bust after a space: "Something's going to bust up soon, too! No man can stand what young Veddal's going through. And Veddal, least of all. His work is showing the strain. And yet, d'ye know, young Veddal could shine above any star in our little firmament—if he once let himself go!

"But, as the process goes on, he's growing more and more unsure in his touch. Soon, unless something happens, he'll be too weak to struggle. Nero's butterfly too weak to struggle. Nero's butter will be pinned hopelessly to the wall!"

And now, when I have to tell of how [Turn to page 88]



NEW HAIR in 30 Days Or Absolutely No Cost

Save Yourself From Baldness. Stop Falling Hair. Here is Your Contract—Grow New Hair in 30 Days Or This Trial Won't Cost You One Cent.

By ALOIS MERKE Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

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founded upon a very recent scientific discovery. I have found during many years of research and experience in the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are NOT dead. They are merely dormant-asleep!

It is an absolute waste of time - a shameful waste of money-to try to penetrate to these dormant roots with oils, massages and tonics, which merely treat the You

wouldn't expect to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark—you'd get at the roots.

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Not Fair to the Woman

[Continued from page 86]

Veddal came to write his masterpiece. I find myself growing unsure. Any who were in the Room that night will under-

I say night, though it was really just this side of six o'clock, for the January darkness had long since blanketed the city. It had been what the boys would call a "hectic" day—one of those days that one welcomes as a break from the dull routine that sometimes descends, holding us in a breathless and newsless "doldrums," but one of those days, too, that leaves a man half-fagged, half-intoxicated with the thrill of life, too tired to talk, too quivering with tense achievement to sleep.

A ND suddenly, about five o'clock, the whole thing seemed to collapse, and we with it. Life in its various thrills had been captured and put into ink on paper, that the home-going crowds might have their jaded appetites titillated. There would be a late edition for the newsboys to cry as the theatres came out, but it would be a rehash, with a few new headlines, and we who sat around the Room had no further part, lot, nor interest in it.

Everybody was smoking now; it was a natural time of relaxation, when a smoke had twice the savor. Into an atmosphere thick with fumes came the M. E., a clip-

ping in his hand.
"Where's Veddal?" he asked, the corners of his mouth twitching.

"Sent him to cover a two-alarm fire up-town!" the C. E. said, a little gleam of defiance in his eye, for Kenny's word had been spread about, and the Room had been

quick to jump to the colors again.

"Tell him to report to me," said the Chief. He looked about, then he said:
"I want Veddal to follow up the De Remy divorce case!" As if that was not enough fuel to the fire—for we knew the bitter ness of the case, and the nature of the De Remy woman's evidence, so far-he De Remy woman's evidence, so far—ne added in a voice quite audible throughout the Room: "Veddal's work's been falling off badly lately, Brown. I wish you'd speak to him seriously."

The C. E. swallowed a mechanical "Yes, sir!" Then bravely: "Veddal has the makings of a great writer!" "T've yet to see it," said the M. E., retiring trumphartly.

tiring triumphantly. We exchanged glares. Someone started We exchanged glares. Someone started a flippant remark—and then we knew that Veddal was amongst us. He must have come in very quietly. He looked at us, but we all felt he had not seen us. He set his hat carefully down on his desk. picked it up, and flicked some snow from it. His coat, its shoulders powdered with new-fallen snow, he kept on, the collar up. as if he were still cold in the stale, almost oppressive heat of the Room. He reached

OR a long time he sat before his ma-Chine. Then the familiar sound of his irregular tapping commenced; two fingers tap-tapping; many fingers crowding the type; congestion; two fingers again. smiled a little as we heard it. And then speedily, we forgot him. We stood up, yawned, moved for our hats and coats. "Coming?" I asked Kenny, passing by his deels

for some copy-paper.

his desk.

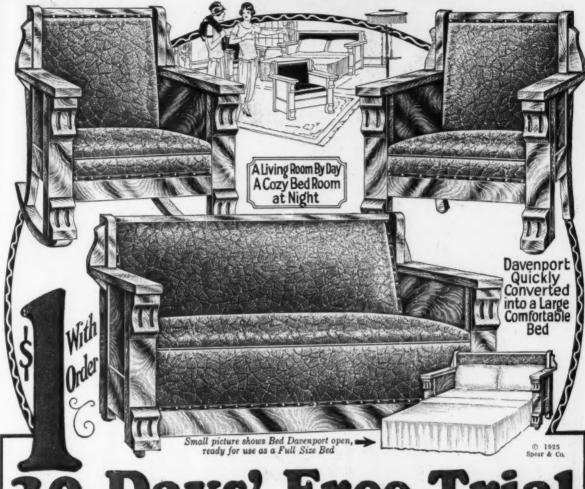
'Not yet," he said. "Listen!" I heard nothing save the drone of conversation; the shuffling of feet; the sound

of a typewriter's regular movement.

And then I got it! It was young Veddal, of course, who was typing, but the [Turn to page 90]







It will pay you to own this Double-Service, Bed Davenport Suite. By day it is a Comfortable Living Room Suite. By right it is easily transformed into a cozy bedroom. The Colonial design of these pieces is most attractive; you will be delighted with the high-quality upholstery. The superior materials and honest construction are assurance that this suite

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BAIRD-NORTH COMPANY, 758 Broad Street, Providence, R. I.

Not Fair to the Woman

[Continued from page 88]

familiar sound had gone; the machine no familiar sound had gone, the longer lapsed into its stammering; it moved terrifically, almost thunderously, its bell uttering frequent protest. Veddal's bell uttering frequent protest. Veddal's face, rising above the lifted collar was flushed; he was lost in his work as I had never seen him. He pulled the last sheet out, setting it with the others. At the sheaf of copy he stared, almost stupidly. Then he gathered the sheets together, walked with a singularly deliberate tread over to the C. E.'s desk, and deposited them. The C. E. spoke to him, but Veddal did not seem to hear. He

moved away.
"Veddal! Mr. Edwards wants you!"
We of the Room who remained, gathered in a little group silently, raising our brows to each other. In the silence we heard the C. E. exclaim: "Gad!" He heard the C. E. exclain: Gad: Field over at the two figures by the window. Then, eyes shining their triumph, he went in with the sheaf of Veddal's copy, to the M. E. We waited . . .

BY THE window Kenny, grey-haired young Veddal's shoulders, then stepped back a pace, repulsed by Veddal's protesting arm. Young Veddal almost ran from him, away from the window, back to his desk, and there began collecting such personal things as clutter the drawers of one's desk,

making a pile on the top.

It was not long before the C. E. emerged again, excited beyond our memory of a man inured to thrills. With him was Edwards, whose expression we were at a loss to guage. They went over to where young Veddal had finished fumbling in the drawers of his desk. Kenny, leaving his window-place, drew near, as did we all, discreetly.

"Veddal!" boomed the M. E., setting a hand on the lad's shoulders. "Congratulanand on the lad's shoulders. "Congratulations! By gad, sir, congratulations!" The M. E. was after all an editor, and he waved the sheaf of copy excitedly before Veddal's eyes. "That's the finest bit of writing I've seen in this office!"

Young Veddal didn't seem to see the proffered hand; the M. E. discreetly withdrew it. He flickered over the copy again.

drew it. He flickered over the copy again. "That place," he said, "where you tell of the kid waiting to save her kitten-great! You don't say if they found the poor little brat's body.

Kenny drew near, but Veddal rose and faced the M. E.

"They hadn't when I left, sir," he said.
He looked at his hat lying on the desk, put it on his head in a dazed way, re-

put it on his head in a dazed way, removed it, put it on again.
"Say! Is that the kid's picture you've got there? Good work! Double headlines, Brown, in the Final!"
"It is, sir," said young Veddal in an oddly-strained voice. "But you forget—I've resigned!" He put the picture in his nocket, and turned to go.

pocket, and turned to go.
"Don't be a fool, Veddal!" snapped the
M. E., running after him. "We must have the picture-

was at this point that Kenny controlled his paralysis. He followed after Edwards and forcibly stopped him. Young Veddal had fled, like Christian from the City of Destruction.

The M. E. shook himself free. He was red with rage at Kenny. Before he could articulate, Kenny launched his attack.

"You damn fool!" he said. He choked.

Then he took the thing at a leap. "damn fool! It's Veddal's own kid!"



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The Hidden City

[Continued from page 23]

Father told him. Then a moment of silence

Then I suppose there's a hotel or boarding house hereabouts. I'll be on my way.

Sorry I offended you, sir."
"You offended yourself," was Father's answer, "and your God, in speaking that which is not the truth. But there is neither hotel nor boarding house here-You say the business of the state will resay the business of the state will require you to remain in Martinsville for some time? Since God has sent you to our door, we shall not turn you away. Will you not consider this house your home?"

It was strange that Father should be constantly saying things that made Clyde To me, this invitation sound-Orsay stare. ed simple enough. Just as I understood why Father had denied him food, so now I understood why he had invited the stranger to become one of our household. But to Clyde, it seemed a puzzling con-trast—a man who had just accused him of lying was now offering him permanent

And so Clyde Orsay stayed, but he got nothing to eat at that meal. And my own food choked me, knowing, as I did, that a hungry man sat in the room.

For the first time, I doubted the wisdom and justice of the code by which I had been reared. Then, that night, because of this doubt, I did a terrible thing.
I disobeyed my father.

When my parents were asleep, I carried

food to Clyde Orsay.

Neither my parents, nor the parents of any of my friends in Martinsville ever forbade us, or ordered us, to do anything. It was part of that spirit of toleration upon which the village was built, that children were surrounded with such a strong atmosphere of love and respect that they did what was expected of their own free will.

HE HAD come a long way on foot with that heavy burden on his shoulders. Seven miles on a dirt road, then along that rough corduroy road built by settlers and kept in repair by each succeeding generation, then the swaying bridge slung from cables, and finally the steep, winding, rocky wagon-road up the mountainside to Martinsville.

Was he hungry after his journey? Was he chilled by the fog? Was he perhaps forlorn, being so far from his home? How would I feel if thrust among stran-

The clock struck the half-hour. Mother and Father must be asleep by this time. I had no plan at all when I shut myself into my room, but now one leaped into my brain full-formed.

I lit the candle, and inch by inch opened my door. All was still. Inch by inch I proceeded toward the pantry. A bowl of yellow apples, a square of johnny-cake, a patty of fresh butter, a glass of milk-

the tray was ready.

Softly I turned the knob of the guestroom door, and waited. Presently I heard the scraping of boots. Then Clyde

opened his door.

Standing there with the light streaming upon him from behind, he looked like a veritable giant, but a jovial one, caught unawares by the apparition he must have thought me to be. I feared he would speak, so I slipped past him while he blinked into the darkness, motioning him to shut the door.

You shouldn't have come," he said

with something like alarm. I interpreted his words in my own fashion. Sex-consciousness was foreign to my nature, and I had walked into his room quite as I would have done had Mary Fox been spending the night with us.

"I—I have brought thee—you—something to eat," I faltered, as if in apology "You little saint," he murmured, taking the tray from my hands.

'Hush. That is blasphemy!" I warned He smiled—and oh! what a lively, buoyant smile it was! I found my lips demurely reflecting the expression on his

OT if I know it," he laughed. "Some of those female saints 'd be honored to have a face like yours.'

"If thou—if you—do not stop," I told m, "I shall have to go." It was so hard to say "you" to him.

He started forward eagerly and seized my hand in his big warm fingers. "Don't go, please, little Eden," he begged. On my infrequent trips to Madison, the near-est town, I had seen people shake hands in greeting, and I thought, now, that Clyde Orsay was doing this with me, especially since he dropped my hand as impetuously as he had seized it.

"I mean—I think you had better go," he added. "Only tell me first, Eden. Are you really trying to look into my heart? want to know

"Would I feign my intentions to the

"Will you promise me not to be frightened at things you might find there? "And why would they frighten me?" I

wondered. I was returning to my room, pondering this problem, when I came face to face with Father. He, too, had a candle in his hand, but he was buttoned up in his great coat, having been out to the barns.

At a glance he saw that I was still in my day attire. "Art ill, Eden?"

My heart raced madly, but I would no

more have thought of lying to him than I would have thought of taking an oath. "I have just taken some food to our

guest. Generations of calm acceptance were crystalized in my father's general attitude on life, but I think he started when I said this. He tilted my chin upward,

looking deep into my eyes.
"Why didst thou do it, Daughter?" "I could not sleep, knowing a guest under our roof was hungry."

"Is it that thou didst not understand why I denied him?"

why I denied him?"
"I understood. Oh, I have sinned,
Father, haven't !?" I cried, tears choking
my voice. "Forgive me. I shall read the
Psalms twice tomorrow, in penance."

"Who knows if thou hast sinned, Eden?" he said sadly. "Only thy Maker—and thee, To forgive is not within my power. As for thy penance, Daughter, it rests with thee. If thou art certain thou hast sinned, repent. If not—"

EARILY he blew out his candle. Only WEARILY ne new out his canally the pallid flickering light from mine lighted the hall.

"But remember this, Eden. To shut thyself away from temptation is no great victory. One must face it squarely and boldly, but pass it by. Let it not be said that I had to send forth a stranger because my daughter lacked the strength to meet the dragon of Temptation."
By the hand, as he used to do when

was a child, Father led me to my room. "God keep thee this night, Eden.

"And thee, Father."

I got into my plain nightgown with all [Turn to page 94]



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USED to think a fellow was crazy to try a stunt like this. It seemed positively ridiculous to think that anyone could become popular by learning to dance. And what's more, I couldn't believe that learning to dance by mail was possible—especially in a case like mine where I didn't know one step from another!

So every time I saw an advertisement like this, I just laughed. And I took great delight in poking fun at some of my friends who were taking this new

"But it wasn't long before I saw that the joke was on me. Slowly my friends seemed to be drifting away from me. They were always 'going to a party' — always having a party'—always having barrels of fun'. I was left out of the fun. Even the girls with whom I used to be so chummy, began to pass

"Well, I'm only human after all. So, the next time I saw an ad of Mr. Murray's, the famous dancing authority, in a magazine I gave it a chance. I read zine I gave it a chance. I read it through and when I saw that I didn't have to buy anything
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months. I eagerly sent for Mr. Murray's complete course.

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the first page—and right there—before I was
really aware of what I was doing—I was actually doing one of the steps. In a few minutes I had mastered that step. It was so easy
—so fascinating that I could hardly believe
it. It was real fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions.

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thing about it is that I needed no music or partner. It seemed as if Mr. Murray himseemed as it Mr. Murray him-self were standing by my side gently directing, gently point-ing out the right way or the wrong way to dance. And be-fore I realized it, I was prac-tically through with the course. I could hardly wait for a chance to dance at a real 'affair'.

"My big chance came the following Saturday night. It was the annual class re-union dance. All my former classmates and their 'best' girls were present. Jeanne was my partner.

"The music started. I rose with a thrill. Jeanne was wonderfully light and easy to lead. We glided across the floor like professional dancers.

"The band played. I led Jeanne gracefully around the room, interpreting the dance like an expert, keeping perfect harmony with the music.

"The 'old gang' stared at us in amazement. They couldn't believe their eyes! The trans-

formation was too sudden for them. I laughed to myself and Jeanne's smile of understanding thrilled me.

When the music stopped we found ourwhen the must stopped we tolked one selves in the midst of a group of smilling, friendly, admiring faces. It was a complete triumph. And to think that just a few weeks before I couldn't dance a step!"

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The Hidden City

[Continued from page 92]

possible speed. The bed was cold. Body and soul, I felt tortured.

Had I really done anything very wicked? I must not be lenient because judgment was now in my own hands. Would the Lord in His Mercy punish me Himself for taking a few apples and a square of johnny-cake to a hungry man, even though he be of the world? I did not think so. Yet, to be sure, I prayed for diving guidance. divine guidance.

When, at last, the first green glimmer of dawn touched the hills with its faint radiance, I came to an important conclusion. My motives had been neither mean, selfish, nor founded on disrespect for my parents. I had not sinned, and accordingly I felt no call to penance.

If you know anything at all about Quakers, Hebrews, or Mennonites, no doubt the first fact you have heard about them is this:-that these three, of all people, cling most tenaciously and passionately ple, cling most tenaciously and passionately not only to their own religion but to their habits of daily life. I am sure that this is why, in Martinsville, such diverse folk as these were all able to live together for so many generations, not in a strange conglomeration, but in genuine harmony, each permitting the other perfect freedom, and demanding in return only perfect free-dom of belief for himself.

I was trying to explain this to Clyde Orsay the next day, while we stood wait-ing for Peter, our handy man, to harness the pony to my buggy.

After what Father had said to me about facing temptation, it did not surprise me, when the next morning, upon observing how gloriously the mist had cleared, he suggested that I drive our guest up to the foot of the old Indian trail.

HE State Commission of Roads and Highways had decided to tear up our curious corduroy road and make a proper macadam one, to put up a concrete bridge in place of our dearly loved cable arrange-ment, and then, as if that were not enough, to set up a fire observatory on the mountain over our heads, this last, provided the site should prove favorable.

The wonder was, Clyde said, that they had not done so long ago. An old trapper in Madison had told him that the Indian trail behind Martinsville, if reclaimed, would lead directly to the peak. And as he had been sent in advance to look over the ground and report on the possibility, he was eager to get to the trail as soon as possible.

I do not have to say, I suppose, that Father looked upon the state's project with disapproval, but it was not part of the town's desire for freedom to defy superior civil authority. He made his intention clear that he would help Clyde as far as

was possible.
"However," he said, "you must know that I intend to draught a petition which will seek to stop these activities. The government has left us in peace these many years. We do not want our bridge swept placed kindness. Let the money be used elsewhere.'

So, as we stood there watching Peter harness Cosmo, my pony, to the light buggy which would carry us easily over the steep roads, I tried to explain to him just why we did not want our village made accessible to automobiles. He listened carefully to the story of how a handful of Quakers (Friends, we call ourselves) had left Philadelphia before the Revolution seeking some such secluded spot as this; of how

[Turn to page 96]



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The Hidden City

[Continued from page 94]

a band of Hebrews, also seeking relief from persecution, had asked to join them; of how, later, when news of the success of this endeavor went forth, a group of unwanted Mennonites had sent a message begging for shelter.

Occasionally, through the years, there had drifted in a sprinkling of unknowns, sometimes dreamers caught by the spirit of the village, sometimes men who sent for the families from unknown parts, sometimes just a man and a woman seeking happiness

in their own way. "We have lived far from the greed of and the lust for possession mobiles will merely bring back all the greed from which our forefathers fled. People will come here to sell us things we do not need in order that they may make more money than they or their children can use in a lifetime. Or they will come here to buy things from us. We have nothing to sell, and we do not need their money,

"A sort of Noah's Ark, is that it?" laughed Clyde. "Where all the animals are stay-in ones, and nobody else may enter '

He was helping me into the cart. My hand rested lightly in his, but when he said this I snatched it away and took up the reins. He got in after me.

"Now you are poking fun at us," I retorted. "That is what all strangers do. And that is why we do not care if none ever come.

Would it be the same to you if I had never come?" he wanted to know.

Cosmo tossed his mane and started off at a fine trot. For a minute or two I busied myself with the reins, not knowing what to say. I could not tell when he was serious and when mocking, and I felt grateful to my bonnet for hiding my flushed cheeks. Would it have been the same, I wondered?

"I would be pleased to address you as 'thou'," I said at length, all unconscious of my own artlessness, "even though our acquaintance be short. That is, if thou wilt not laugh at me.

HOPE to tell you I won't!" he assured me fervently. This was the first time I heard this expression, and I could not help smiling, it sounded so blunt and quaint. Indeed the whole experience was proving strange and exciting, and in my heart I think I realized that it would not have been the same.

In spite of the mountainous character of the district, and our secluded location, the bench in the hillside upon which Martinsville rests is more like a plateau, having been long since cleared and leveled by our forefathers. As we drove along, peaceful scenes, golden in the September sunshine, unrolled before us like a carpet.

I pointed out to Clyde the utter absence of fences, although each family owned its own piece of ground. I called his attention to the barns and silos crammed with the fruit of the harvest, and to the plumes of curling smoke that issued from the chim-

neys, and signified as many happy houses. Only from the cottages where the Hebrews lived, no smoke rose that day, for it was Saturday, their Sabbath. They do not light their fires on Saturday, but leave their food in stone jugs buried in hot ashes to keep it warm. I caught a flash of old Abner Gordon standing at the window, in prayer shawl and skull cap, swaying to the cadence of his prayers.

Silence had fallen between us. Only the clap-clap of Cosmo's little hoofs, and an occasional cry of the harvesters, broke the stillness that hung like a golden haze over the ripening fields.

When we reached the Schoonmakker barn I saw little ten-year-old Minna, in her Mennonite cap and long skirts, run toward the house, her purpose undisguised.

"Many curious and shy eyes will peer at thee from behind curtains," I told him. His answer was quite irrelevant. He shifted a little closer. Our knees touched,

for the buggy was small compared to the size of its big burden. Our hands almost touched, too, and from Clyde's bronzed face, health and strength seemed to radiate as warmth radiates from the sun.

"Why did you bring me those yellow apples?" he demanded. "Because you are —Eden?"

"Were they not delicious?"

THE sweetest I ever tasted. Your parents were clever to name you Eden. little friend.

'Tis because they prayed for me so long. Then after ten years I came. I brought them closer to Paradise, they said. And so they called me Eden."

"You would bring any man closer to Paradise," he mused. "If only you knew!" "Knew what?"

Your loveliness."

Philippa Rhodes, sweeping out the Friend's Meeting House for the next day's services, dropped her broom at sight of us. When I looked back to wave at her, she was already hurrying toward the only store in Martinsville, to share the news with whosoever might be about.

Yet I doubt if the sensation Clyde Orsay caused in Martinsville were one tenth as disturbing as the tumult he created in my

My life, which had been one of ordered routine by which I could have told you any hour what would happen the next, now became a thing of palpitating mystery. Whereas nothing had ever happened before, with Clyde Orsay in the house, anything might.

And so much did!

He might come in from the road any moment. Or being in, he might go out at any moment. Then again he might tap at the window pane to startle me. His fingertips might brush mine. His keen eyes might leap with a strange fire when he looked at me, as if we were conspirators. But conspirators in what?

New dreams spun in my brain. And new fears came, too, for I could not forget that Clyde Orsay was a worldling.

There was hardly a day when our standards did not clash, hardly a day that was not fraught with pain for both of us, hardly a day when I did not flounce into my room in anger over the ridiculous things he said about my parents and the other parents in Martinsville.

MANY a crooked seam I ripped, because tears had blinded my eyes when I sewed it. Once I even mixed a pan of bread without leavening, and I did not know, until Mother observed, in the morning, that the dough had not risen.

She drew her arm across my shoulders. Anxious for a little relief from this ter-rible inner conflict, I nestled against her

as I had so often done in childhood.
"He is comely, and honest, and cheerful.
Daughter," she said, reading my thoughts Daughter," she said, reading my thoughts with startling accuracy. "But compose thyself. For remember that his ways are not thy ways; that love is greater than a [Turn to page 98] bronzed face

A Glass of Wine with the Borgias



HE youth hesitates, hand on glass. Will he obey the imperious look of command in the eyes of the beautiful Lucrezia—the magnet that has drawn him to this supper in the pontifical apartment? Will he yield to the ingratiating advances of Cæsar Borgia and partake of the proffered cup? Or will he be warned before it is too late by the sinister glance shot from the cruel eyes of the old Pontiff as he coldly calculates the destruction of the young gallant?

To comply or refuse is equally hazardous. If he decline the poisoned draught, will he escape the knife of the hired assassin even

now lurking in the shadows of the papal palace?
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The Hidden City

[Continued from page 96]

youthful eyes." How definite, and yet kind! "My parents are not tyrants," I protested to Clyde in vexation. "They do not force me to do things against my will. And if that is thy real opinion thou art lacking in discernment.

Then it's funny that you or the other young folks in town never do the smallest thing against your parents' wishes."

That is because we have been brought up in love and understanding, and do not wish to hurt our parents. I would rather sacrifice my greatest desire than wound them by gratifying it."

"Well—it's not fair just the same," he said, as if that settled the matter, "for them to expect all you, in this generation, to follow in the path they cut out for you before you were born.

"Suppose I am content to do so?"
"Are you really?" he challenged.

HAVING always taken for granted that our kind of life was synonymous with happiness, I had naturally never stopped to ask myself this question. The fact that I should hesitate even for a second maddened me.

"Of course I am!" I protested vehe-

We had been out walking, and just before we reached our low, rambling, brown house, Clyde spoke again.

"Eden, did you ever dance?"
"No, indeed," I assured him, shocked-

"If just once you would know the thrill of gliding out with a perfect partner to the throbbing rhythm of music! If just once you lifted your voice to sing some foolish song about sunshine and love, for the mere joy of living! Then you would know what I mean."

"The joy of living is within me," I retorted. "And I do not have to sing or dance to express it."

The next time Clyde brought up the subject, we were sitting on a great rock that jutted from the mountain side. Below us grazed Ezra Levi's sheep, spread over the placid fields like tufts on a giant quilt. Still further below, in the valley, the town of Madison with its pointed churches, its red-roofed station, and automobiles rushing hither and thither after the manner of frightened ants. "Eden," he began abruptly, "don't you

"Eden," he began abruptly, "don't you ever feel like cutting loose?" "Cutting loose?" I puzzled over the "don't you

expression.

He explained what it meant.

OH, BUT I have been away," 1 said.
"Whenever Father goes to the bank in
Madison, he takes me. And I have been
to the Friends' School in Bellemead, thirty BUT I have been away," I said. miles down the valley.

"I meant farther than that, to a big

"What would I do in a big city? Cower before those terrible automobiles? I will

"It's a wonder some of 'em don't clear out, though," he added.

I told him about Humility Fenwick; and Peter Gardner studying medicine in Phila-delphia; and Orva Martin, who played the organ in a great moving picture house in

New York.
"They have brought great relief into their homes by going away," I said. "I do not see how they steeled their hearts to do it."

I was to learn soon enough that it required no great steeling of the heart to It was the result of untransgress. governed impulses, and lack of strength to resist.

Clyde Orsay had planted a seed in my

thoughts. It was not his fault that the seed fell on fertile ground. I do not want to blame him. He would not deliberately have hurt the tiniest curl on my head. Convinced that my parents were keeping me behind prison bars, he was swept only by the sincere though mistaken desire to liberate me.

An assistant came, bringing Clyde's automobile with him, but as it was quite impossible to drive across the swaying cable bridge, he had to leave it on the other side

of the stream,
"Well?" demanded Clyde, when, at his invitation, I came down to look at it. "How does it measure up to your little toy horse?"

"I would rather have Cosmo," I said.

"He neighs and snorts when he sees me, and noses my palm for a lump of sugar.

Will an automobile do that?"
"Almost, Look here." He "Almost. Look here." He reached inside this scarlet, spindle-shaped thing and touched a button. Instantly it began to hum, very softly with a faint throbbing, like a creature waiting for the order to

"There. How's that? Human, isn't it? Come for a ride with me, Eden, won't you? Let's race the sunset. It's almost gone, but we can catch it."

Already he had seized my elbow and was guiding me toward the quivering machine.

I shrank away.
"I cannot!" I gasped. "Eden, why are you afraid of me?"
"Oh, Clyde! I am not afraid of thee.
ut I must not go"

But I must not go. "Don't you want to go?"

A GAIN that challenge. Did I want to go? The little scarlet machine fascinated me.

"Then you are afraid-of your father,"

he put in bitterly.
"If I wanted to go, Father would leave the matter to my own conscience," I said.

"Then what does your conscience say?" I did not answer. A hurt silence fell between us. With his smudged face, he seemed no more than a disappointed little boy. A lump rose in my throat. I did not want to hurt him. Neither could I bear to hurt my dear parents.

go," Clyde accused. "You're hesitating because you want to "Only you don't

"I could show thee that I am not afraid," I mused aloud, as if in self-justification of the course I was about to choose

He crushed my hands between his grimy The blood surged into my face. felt elated, like an ethereal creature floating on the cloud that was all but gone. was swept by some force greater than myself, some force greater than tradition, greater than generations of training.

"And my parents will not punish me either! But I cannot go now." "Tonight?"

The barrier was swept away. "Tonight!" Supper was a dreadful meal. My cheeks burned. I could not eat. I was thankful that we said silent grace, nobody being moved to words. I could not have trusted myself to pronounce the "Amen."

Now indeed were Clyde and I con-spirators, for I did not mean to tell my parents of this escapade until after my return. How soon Deception makes dupes of us!

By some miracle it was the night for the monthly meeting of Elders, and immediately after the meal, Mother and Father went off to the Meeting House.

That left the way clear. Clyde had al-[Turn to page 100]

"I Have Made Me a Mat

T WAS for a woman—the Lily, but would his bravery save her. Would she reward him with a burning kiss of love, or would the enemy's sword first pierce her heart-then his? Death stared him in the face, but love urged him on. Would the gray dawn find them side by side on his mat of men, desolate, cold, dead?

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The Hidden City

Continued from page 98]

grove behind the old tannery. As if a demon were driving me, I put on a fresh cap and new kerchief. With bonnet dangling from my arm and cloak trailing after me I sped toward our trysting place.

As Clyde did not wish to use his pocket torch, he declared there was only one way for him to guide me down the dark hill. He slipped his arm about my waist!

I was consumed by two fires, the fire of guilt, and the fire of anticipation. I suppose I was mad, to let him do it.

He begged me not to put on my bonnet, and to take off my cap.

"I want to see your curls," he whispered. "Oh, I know they're curls, and brown like a cup of hot coffee after a day's work.

"It is not meet to uncover thy head in the presence of God," I protested. "And God is everywhere."

BUT I was just a leaf caught by the gust of his desire, and before we started he himself removed the offending cap, while his fingers, perforce, brushed my I know I clung to his muscular arm foolishly imagining that I would fly off into space if I did not hold him. To my own surprise that fear disappeared shortly leaving only a sharp sense of delight

tinged with an element of danger.

The instant we rolled out on to a level road, Clyde's arm stole about me again. Ever so slightly, I strained away. Walking on the dark road, it had been different. Here, sitting close to him, shyness overtook me.

"Enjoying it, little friend?" he asked. My heart beat louder than the engine, clap-clapping like Cosmo's little hoofs. I breathed, nestling against his glorious. shoulder.

I cannot describe very accurately the scene which burst upon me. I have only a jumbled impression of great noise, and many colors, and music mingled with shrill voices, and men and girls of my own age whirling swiftly about the floor.

Perhaps only a hundred had gathered in the room that night. I would have testified to ten thousand. I felt overwhelmed by the numbers, for never had I seen so many people together before. Frantically, I people together before. clung to Clyde, my only friend in this vast assemblage.

Then out of the maze, the details began to take shape. Music-rhythm-

"Why are these men and girls embracing each other in such a public place?" I asked in perplexity.

Clyde squeezed my hand reassuringly. "Embracing? Why—that's dancing, you innocent Quaker child!"

"Dancing?" The truth burst over me. "Oh, Clyde—why did you bring me here?"

"I'm going to teach you how to dance!"
People were greeting Clyde. He explained to me that he had visited this place before.

"I won't stay!" I blazed. would go for a ride, and you have brought me to this disgraceful place."
"Disgraceful? This is Karnak Country Club. All the first families of the

county

I thought. Clyde must be mistaken, Would the women of the first families go about in public almost nude? They could not be wearing very much underclothing, either. Their gowns clung so to their bodies. And they did not seem to mind it very much that their male partners had their hands sprawled all over their naked backs.

If this was dancing, I would never, never yield to it. But even before my thought was completed, I felt myself

ready gone, to wait for me in the pine sway into Clyde's arms, and he was telling me to curl my arm about his neck. "I cannot dance!"

"Just walk to the music. Walk," he rged. "Follow me, and when I turn, irn with me. We're off!" urged. turn with me.

I was too dizzy to know what was hap-Every moment swirling couples threatened to crash into us. Only my utter confidence in Clyde carried me about that floor. And again, to my surprise I suffered a change. Gradually my body relaxed. The tom-tom beat of the music awoke within me forgotten instincts. The light and laughter, and Clyde's tender attentions. intoxicated me.

I found that by pressing closer to my partner I could anticipate his steps. Through this bodily contact we seemed to communicate with each other readily. So I let him hold me closer, and all thought of Martinsville vanished from my conscious-

During that intermission, Clyde introduced me to many of these people whom white faces and red lips, or red cheeks and white noses. I myself felt flushed, but I wondered if I looked as queer as these

I think a dozen men asked me for a dance. One thought any "line was right snappy." I did not know what he meant and did not care. How could I dance with anyone but Clyde? The mere thought shamed me.

It seemed that I had been dancing forever when finally a laughing voice behind me said, "I beg your pardon," and I felt a

strange man's touch on my arm.

I was terrified. "Oh, Clyde! Clyde!" I whispered, tears choking my voice, Clyde brushed the man away.

"If you've got brains, Carleton," ne said, "use 'em.

Then he led me out to the vine-covered porch, and pushing my cap back, he smoothed my hair with swift feverish strokes that broke something tense within me. "Did you believe I would let harm come to you? Would any man do that to the girl he loves?"

He crushed me against him. It was breath-taking, but sweet. Then, when he kissed me full on the lips and I did not shrink from him, peace stole over my

T IS strange how Love reveals itself. A moment before, I could not have told what it was. Now I did not doubt that I loved Clyde. And he loved me, and had

kissed me, and so we were betrothed.

I felt curiously tired. I wanted to go home. Clyde carried me to the little red automobile, whispering dear foolish things in my ear, and stowing me away in the seat like some precious, fragile possession. The ride home is a blurred vision. I

hardly think I knew we were going home. We were just two snarkling stars rushing forward in the firmament.

We had to walk almost two miles un from the other side of the bridge. I leaned heavily on Clyde, and half the time my feet scarcely touched the road. Dreamy, delicious sensations enveloped me.

The house was dark. I went first, convinced that I could open the door more quietly as I knew its peculiarities. Of course we had no locks or keys. Clyde stood behind me.

The instant we stepped into the living room, a beam of light shot across the Father stood in the kitchen doorfloor. way, lamp raised high, his eyes piercing the shadows until they rested on Clyde and me.

(To Be Continued)

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Marcel Your Hair at Home with this **MARVELOUS** WAVING CAP

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Of course this is much more than the average girl would or could pay, but it coats most girls from \$11 to \$3\$ a week to keep their bobbed hair in perfect condition. Bend about this marvelous Waving Cap, which will put an end to all such expense and keep your hair always beautifully marcelled.

HOLLYWOOD is responsible for this idea, which has brought beautiful hair to thousands of women.

Motion picture stars were among the first to succumb to the craze for bobbed hair. Soon they found the "cost of upkeep" simply amazing. Betty Compson figured her expense for hair dressing and marcelling at about \$15 a week. Estelle Taylor's was about the same.

An ingenious inventor heard of their troubles and it set him to thinking. If these film stars, who were fabulously rich, found it a burden to keep their "bobs" marcelled, what about the millions of girls and women in moderate circumstances who were just as

anxious to keep in style? Couldn't something be done to relieve them of the burden?

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above will tell you how the Waving Cap
works. An elastic headband holds five rubworks. An elastic headband holds five rub-berized strands in place. The hair, after being slightly moistened with a delightful curling fluid, is puffed out with the fingers or an orange stick, the elastic strands holding the hair in little waves. As the hair dries in this position the waves become "set," and when the Waving Cap is removed after 15 minutes you have as pretty a marcel as you ever saw. And at a cost of about one cent!

Eliminates Expense of Marcelling

Think what a saving this means. With this inexpensive but efficient Waving Outfit you

can be independent of the beauty par lor and save all the money that would ordinarily go towards keeping your hair marcelled. Instead of spending \$1 to \$1.50, plus the usual tip, every week or two you can marcel wave your hair at home practically without any cost and in a few minutes' time!

But even more important than the saving of money is the benefit to your hair.

Any specialist will tell you that constant marcelling with artificial heat is most in-jurious. In fact, some go so far as to say that many bobbed-haired girls of the present day will lose their hair entirely within a few years if they continue the scalp-baking,

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Shortly after you discard the harsh, artificial heat method of marcelling and adopt this safe natural way, you'll begin to see the difference in your hair. Split ends and unruly strands will vanish. Soon you will notice that the Waving Cap is training your hair and making it much easier to keep it waved.

You can put the waves in the same place each time you put in a fresh marcel, and the intervals between marcels will soon be getting longer and longer.

And the Curling Fluid that goes with the McGowan Waving Outfit is most beneficial to the hair, too. It not only accentuates the curl, but also acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, promoting rich, luxurious growth. It is absolutely neutral and is guaranteed not to stain the hair or affect its color in any way.

For Any Style of "Bob"

It makes no difference what style of "bob" you prefer—Wavy Shingle, Ina Claire, Lee, Natural Curling Shingle—it makes no difference what kind of hair you have—soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short this new waving device is guaranteed to give you just the kind of marcel you wantand do it in 15 minutes' time!

You can put in the waves any way you pre-fer—running from front to back, as shown in the illustrations, or running from side to side. It is the easiest thing in the world to

arrange the Waving Cap so it will give you just the kind of marcel you want.

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If you are familiar with the price of other marcelling devices you would expect this one to cost at least \$5 or \$10. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price, because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his ingenious invention, so he has put the price within reach of all—\$2.87 for the entire outfit. This includes a large sized bottle of his Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Waving Cap.

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You don't even have to pay for this wonderful waving outfit in advance; nor do you have to risk a cent. All you do is sign and mail the coupon. In a few days your postman will bring your Waving Cap and Curing Liquid and then you pay him \$2.87, plus a few cents postage. You'll be delighted the first time you try your new-found beauty aid, but your greatest joy will come after you have used it a few times and begin to see your hair getting trained the way you find it most becoming.

most becoming.

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Chicago

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Address

Note: If you expect to be out when the post-man calls, enclose \$3 with your order and the McGowan Curling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

XUM



Exploding the Bunk!

[Continued from page 45]

narrowest, most impossible spot in the whole stretch of that miserable thread of a road, the only road, she knew, that we

"What's wrong?" inquired Mack.
"Cooling system out of commission,"
unhesitatingly responded that hard-boiled chauffeur without batting an eyelash.
"So?" returned Mack. "Too bad."

gave me a kick as he scuffed his feet about. I agreed eloquently with a return kick That make of car made a strong point in their advertising of the infrequency of repairs and the impossibility of serious breakdowns. I had never in my somewhat extensive acquaintance with that exclusive brand, heard of such a thing as the cooling system quitting, as the chauffeur declared it had. But it was plainly a point upon which we could not question the gentleman's honor by turning on the juice and starting her off, especially as the sweet young thing stood by, corroborating all he said and incidentally blocking the way both to the juice and to the cooling system.

"There's nothing to do," she sighed, "but wait till they can send out from town to tow us in." She knew it was a cinch my roadster could never do the job, not on

that grade.

A WFULLY sorry we can't help out on that," I volunteered. "But we'll be glad to send a towing outfit to pick you up. We'll back up, hunt a spot to turn around and strike the road down on the other side. Would you care to come in our car? be something of a squeeze and not very comfortable, but perhaps you'd rather put up with that than wait around here." I hated to ask her, but I didn't see how I could decently do less.
"Oh, I'd love to!" she cooed. "But I

can't leave Jack. Poor thing! He's dis-located his knee and is suffering so! If you would . . . would you take him in-stead of me?"

Jack produced the injured member. since suspected that he was like the fellow I once had known who could dislocate his knees at will and who, I also happened to know, had done remarkably well collecting accident damages for those knees till more than one of his claims chanced unluckily to turn up with the same insur-ance company. Of course I don't know, but I've since suspected Jack of having trick knees. That suspicion, however, did not occur to me at the moment. Even if it had, we should have had to take their word for the knee just as we had for the cooling system.

"It's swelling every minute," she kept cooing on. "If you could only take him back with you! He's suffering so dreadfully, and time means so much to him! Poor Jack!" She looked up at me with her best babe-like, beatific smile, as she added bravely, "I shouldn't mind at all

added bravely, staving alone!"

There were several words I longed to say to the lady, but I choked them down. Mack looked at me and I looked at him. Then we did the only thing possible under We carried poor Jack the circumstances. and his confounded knee over to my roadster and set him tenderly down in the seat in which but a moment before I had had visions of traveling back to town myself. At the gentle insistence of the lady we also carried quantities of cushions from the limousine to prop up the knee, so opportunely dislocated.

When we had finished, all was as the lady had wickedly plotted it should be. Jack and his cushions occupied every inch

of available space except Mack's seat. There was clearly no room left in that roadster in which I could ship a sweet young thing back to town so that I might remain safely alone to stand guard over the precious limousine. Mack had to get back to the studio. There was no way out of that. So the sweet young thing and I were left to watch the limousine together!

I ground my teeth. Mack whispered in ear, "Fear not, little one! Heaven will protect the wurking gurl!"

My sense of proprieties will not permit me to repeat more of my reply than the soulful words, "Help! And send it quick!"

He waved to us cheerily, that chauffeur did, while Mack proceeded to demonstrate what my roadster would do in reverse on a stiff grade. They were off. Then, indeed, as that favorite writer, Ethel Dell, might put it, "My heart beat madly in my breast!"

I wondered what degree of stardom the lady would demand for herself in return for letting me off from court and a breach of promise suit or worse. I determined not to be stabbed in the back, as it were. I faced about, trying in vain to still my pounding heart. Instantly I realized I had been none too quick in saving myself from an unprotected attack in that direction. She was coming right after me. Or, to

use the more romantic words with which E. D. might describe the lady's approach, "She floated toward me with her arms outstretched!" She managed to attach herself to my

neck, and once attached she hung on. proved beyond question her ability to hang on in spite of dreadful odds. And I certainly made those odds the dreadful-est I could invent. But, unluckily for me, the lady had some two or three inches the ad-vantage of me in the matter of height. And the while she hung on, apparently determined not to lose a second of precious time, she began to say all those things

. Not without reason had I feared for worst!

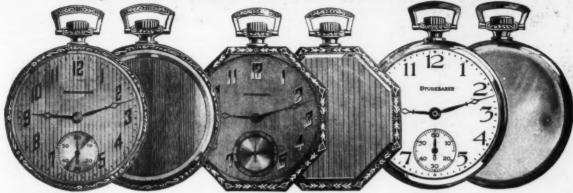
Then, just as she reached the grand finale of her declaration, a joyful sound broke the evening stillness. With a yell broke the evening stillness. With a yell of triumph I disentangled myself from my clinging vine and flung her from me, mercifully toward the upper side of the road instead of over the edge of it as she deserved. With an agility which would have done credit to Douglas Fairbanks at his best, I cleared that limousine and ran to greet the newcomers who were just chugging up the hill. As they were none other than three of my own outfit bent upon certain phases of the same work on which Mack and I had set forth, I was able to cut short the discomfort of waiting for the lady by leaving one of them to watch that infernal limousine while she and I backed down the hill to town with the other two!

BUT not even in the wild relief of my deliverance did I lose my presence of mind. "What time is it?" I shouted at my rescuers before they came to a full stop. "Make a note of it!" I commanded with I commanded with a meaning look in the direction of the sweet young thing as I again cleared the limousine and tore madly up the hill, "I'll catch Mack as he rounds the first curve above and call across to him that they've come," I caroled back with another wicked, wise look at the lady.

She achieved a smile. By the time I returned she had put two and two together. On the way to town she remarked she was

[Turn to page 104]

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Exploding the Bunk!

[Continued from page 102]

leaving for the East and wondered if she hunter to know every director in the busicould get a reservation on the next day's ness by sight! tnain.

one of my assistants encouragingly. "There certainly isn't," I agreed cor-

So that was that.

Not long after the limousine episode I had occasion to travel eastward myself. Right cheerily I set forth upon my journey, finding special cause for self congratulation in the fact that there were no familiar faces in my car and I was thus left free to be voluntarily companionable at such times as I sought the club car rather than forced to be involuntarily hospitable at all hours in my own seat. The manager of our company had suggested in no uncertain words that I rated a drawing-room. But the two fares from Pacific to Atlantic required by our thrifty railroads for such space together with the Pullman charge itself make an awful hole in a roll of yellow backs. So I had mod-estly declined the honor and mercifully limited my expenses to a lower.

HAD my first dinner with an old friend, whom I had run across in the club car. He had been in the theatrical and picture business all his life and had put in many years choosing casts-entire casts, every thing from the trained flea on through the extras, who make up the mobs, to the leading woman. He knew everybody and his life's history, from the most insignificant would-be extra to Mary Pickford I was therefore not surprised herself. when he began over an after-dinner cigar to tell me all about a girl he had pointed

out in the diner.
"Poor kid!" he remarked. "She's cerroof kid: he remarked. She's certainly worn a path, beating it round from one studio to another. No looks, not a type, green as grass! The sooner she wakes up to herself and goes back to home and mother, the better for her! Funny thing to run across her here..." And he continued on through all the particulars of the girl's family and her home, details not another man in the business would have known but which my friend with his visible index memory seemed to have on tap concerning every person who had ever applied for a job with a moving nicture concern.

It was late when I finally tramped my way through a mile or so of green curtains to my own particular pair. There it was, a neat figure seven, car—what irony that it should have been so named!—car Mephistopheles.

FROM the rich fullness of the chorus which resounded up and down the aisle I judged that none of my fellow passengers were suffering from insomnia. ter, I had observed, was performing the usual rites upon my neighbors' shoes in company with a fellow porter one car back. My modesty, therefore, permitted me to divest myself in comfort of collar, tie and such other articles of clothing as are most conveniently taken broad expanse of a deserted Pullman aisle. I chucked them into my berth and had got as far as my shoes before I pulled my curtains well apart. Then, as I essayed to seat myself upon the edge of lower seven, car Mephistopheles, the better to yank off my eleven E's, I became painfully conscious that I was not the only occupant of that berth. I fumbled about for my pocket flash light. And when I turned it on, I faced that girl my friend had pointed out in the diner . . . Trust every job

There was fright in the youngster's eyes. "There's nothing like trying," replied Whether from the suddenness of the unexpected light full in her face, or from a tardy realization of what she believed she had let herself in for, I do not pretend to know. But frightened she was, every

inch of her baby face.
"Don't you dare move or make a sound!" No villain in the bloodiest melodrama ever breathed greater intensity into those words than did I as I whispered them into her Nor did any villain in the direst extremity ever display greater dexterity than I during the next three or four hour-like seconds while I donned my wearing apparel, including collar and tie, which I had but so recently and lightly tossed aside. After a reconnoitering look to reassure myself that the end of the shoe shining was not yet, I once more parted the curtains of lower seven and wielded my flash light. Having ascertained the location of the young lady's shoulders, I grabbed them firmly and none too gently hauled her up into a sitting position.

"You get out of here, you little fool, and be quick about it, too!" I hissed into her ear. I'll stand at the end of the aisle and watch you do it. You needn't try coming back, either, for I'm taking a drawing-room and I'll keep the door locked the rest of the way!" Stationing myself in a strategic position commanding an unobstructed view of that which I desired to observe and also cutting off any unheralded return of the industrious wielder of the blacking brush, I watched her creep back to her own green curtains.

BUT I took no chance on going un-chaperoned the rest of that trip, not even behind the locked doors of a drawingroom. Without delay, while the porter was making up my newly acquired quarters, I sought out my friend, opening not more than half a dozen wrong curtains before I hit upon his. Assuring him it was an urgent emergency, I escorted the bewildered man with his possessions back to my drawing-room. Safely within its privacy I told him what had happened.

In his determination to save the girl from her foolish self my friend produced her father's name and address from his mental file and wired the unfortunate parent to meet us. During the hour or so next day that the gentleman traveled with us we managed to convince him that the movies could continue to operate without his daughter and to get him to take her safely back under his paternal wing. Whether the poor man has since succeeded in keeping her there, I have never heard. But I have had the comfort at any rate of never seeing her again around our lot or any other moving picture place . . . nor in a Pullman.

These may sound like extreme cases. But they are nothing more than samples of what is forever happening to me. Or. to put it more exactly, they are modest examples of what the sweet young things

examples of what the sweet young things are continually trying to maneuver me into having happen to me. As one of my fellow-sufferers expresses it, "The half has never yet been told!"

For the sake of those who revel in statistics and to whom no fact is convincing unless bolstered up with overpowering figures, I wish I had kept count of the number of sweet young things who of the number of sweet young things who have gazed at me with soulful eyes and, with their hand clasped upon their breasts, have breathed the words, "Only give me a chance! I'll work for you, as no one else has ever worked."

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The Man Who Eats Garlic

and tells his friends it's peppermint candy can never get away with it.

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THE half animated fellow who pretends he's a ball of fire and pep is kidding nobody but himself. Somebody will call his bluff and make him prove it.

Strength, animation, pep and vitality can't be smeared over you like a coat of varnish. It comes from a strong, virile, red blooded body that bubbles over with it.

STRENGTH HOLDS THE WORLD

Some lazy individual may try to tell you of men who made a success of life and still had a weak body. Yes, I've heard of blind men who did it. But oh boy! What they would have done if they had their eye-sight.

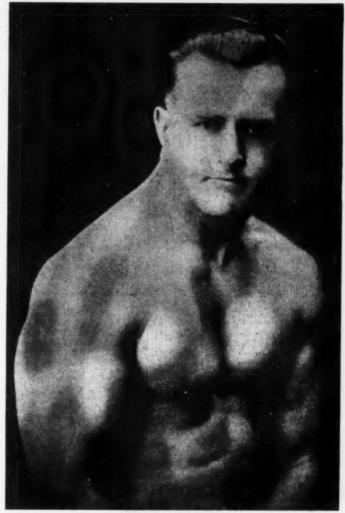
What's the use of wasting words. Everyone knows that the big, strong robust fellow who is brimming over with life and vitality has the world by the tail. And he has the power to

Do you want this strength? Do you want this vital power? Do you want social and business success? Of course you do. Well, listen to me and I'll show you how to get it.

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Just for a starter. I'm going to put one full inch of solid muscle on your arms in the next 30 days. Yes, and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's nothing. From then on, you can tell your friends to watch you step. I'll build out your shoulders. I'll broaden your back. I'll deepen your chest.



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The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building", "Science of Wrestling", "Here's Health", "Secrets of Strength", etc.

I'll literally pack muscle up and down your stomach and over your arms and legs, and meantime I'm working on those inner muscles around your vital organs. Your whole body will be on fire. You'll have spring to your step and a flash to your eye. You'll feel the old pep shooting up and down your old spine. You'll call the bluff of everyone. You'll be a real HE man and you can prove it.

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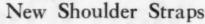
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[Continued from page 35]

words were a paean of praise of the girl who was enshrined in his heart. She was everything good and sweet and lovely and, like a queen, she "could do no wrong."
"I'm afraid I've bored you," he said

apologetically.

"No," I said truthfully, "you haven't. I've been fearfully interested. Got a picture of her?

He produced one in a little leather ame from the top left pocket of his worn tunic, the one, you know, that's over the heart. He handed it to me and struck a match. It was a snapshot—funny how a snapshot will be treasured in preference to many a studio portrait—of a slim, slightly blonde girl with a pretty, appealing face which peeped out from under a large floppy white hat. "My wife," he said softly, more to himself than to me, and his

voice held the lingering notes of a caress.
"She's, she's very pretty," I said. It sounded dead.

PRETTY!" he said quietly. "She's more than that. She's the most wonderful girl in the world!" And he clasped his knees in his hands and gazed away out over the

silent gubba, dreaming his dreams. Of a sudden I was jealous of Bill. envied him this great love that was in his life and of what awaited him when "this bloody war is over." I felt sorry for myself and of what I had missed. Then I realized why Bill had been so

afraid when he first went under fire. was not that he was afraid for himself, or that he was a coward. It was the thought of her back home . . . Yet when I handed him back the picture I could not repress a sigh. I was homesick, I gues

After that night Bill talked to me a lot about Gladys. I came to know the girl through him. The mental picture I

had of her was vivid.

Our frantic chase after an elusive enemy eventually brought us back to a temporary base camp where there was a post office. To the small tent which served as postal headquarters, Bill and I repaired at the earliest opportunity. There was no mail for me, as usual. For Bill there was one letter. The pleased look on his face told me it was from her. But he was disappointed that there was only one.

"Are you sure there's no more for me?" he asked the Indian clerk again, who, used to similar questions, replied with a sympa-thetic smile: "No, Effendi."

He ripped open the flap of the envelope in his hand and read silently for a few minutes. Then a gesture of annoyance which was quickly succeeded by a smile. "Jim," he said, "Gladys is the most adorable girl in the world, but she has no idea of the value of money. know, have only my pay. I send her every cent I can, but she does not seem to un-

derstand. Poor kid!"
"Bill," I said hesitatingly, not quite knowing how he would take it, "I have

some money. Any—"

He laid a silencing hand on my arm.
"Thanks, old man, but that wouldn't help.

"Sahib Bill," said I suddenly, jerking him out of his thoughts, "you and I are pretty thick. We've shared much together and I've come to know Gladys pretty well, too. I can see her as—as a sort of sister. I've grown fond of her, Bill, and I want to make her a present. I've a check book in my bedding bag. I'm going to write out one to your order for a hundred quid and-"Jim!"

106

But I know it hurt him to have to take money, even from a pal. . Bill was that kind

I don't know when it was that I first realized I was falling in love with Bill's wife. That's crudely put, I suppose, but I'm not versed in the story telling art, and maybe I haven't said just what I wanted What happened was this: to sav.

One night as I lay between my blankets under the stars, I fell to thinking-as I always did at night when I was not on patrol or in immediate danger—of Gladys. I had heard so much about her that she was a living personality to me, and in my thoughts I could see her as plainly as though I had known her for years. hold imaginary conversations with her. Always in my thoughts Bill was present, too. But one night I discovered that for a long time in my dreams of Gladys, Bill was nowhere around.

My own feelings, though, enabled me to guess more fully what Bill's thoughts were every time he went into action. And I tried whenever possible to take patrols and sorties which would have been his, I could not bear to think of the grief that would be hers if Bill "went West."

But that blow the girl had to bear. The colonel ordered an officer and ten men to go out on a reconnaisance patrol. was the one picked. It didn't sound like a particularly hazardous job, and so neither of us was worried. But the next morning we heard the sounds of firing many miles to the north of us, and that evening Bill came crawling into camp on all-fours. He was almost dead then. But he had come back to report. His men had been killed. He had miraculously escaped, himself-miraculously escaped!

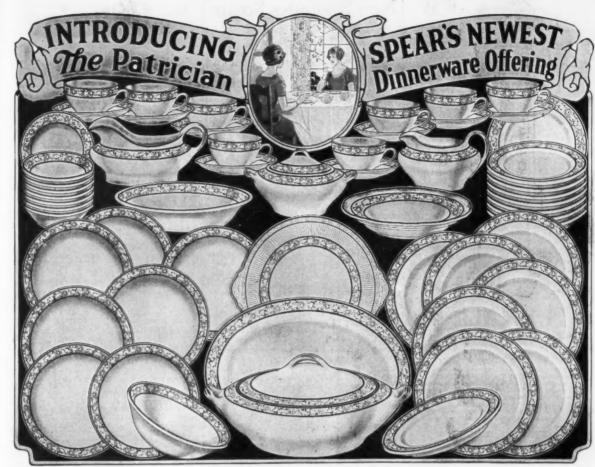
The M. O. did what he could for him. But Bill was done. There was no hope. I was with him when he died. His head was pillowed on my knee as he breathed his last. A few minutes before his life left him, he opened his lips and spoke feebly, forcing that brave old smile of his all the while. "I'm blotted, Jim. Done. There'll be no going home for me—now.
The 'bloody war is over' for me. But
there's her, Jim. Gladys. I've—I've—"
his voice was weak and scarcely audible. "I've some insurance; a couple of thousand quid. She is the beneficiary. See that she gets it all. And when you get to England, look her up and look out for her a bit, Jim. It's hard for a girl alone." He stopped and I knew he was fighting for breath. "The most wonderful girl in tor breath. "The most wonderful girl in the world, Jim," he began suddenly. "It's hard to 'go out' this way and not to be able to see her. But you'll see her, Jim. Tell her I was thinking of her to the last." Tell her that. And tell her I love her—his hand found and clasped mine. "Loc out for her, Jim, for my sake. I—"

HE CEASED. There was a sudden stiffening of his body. His head fell forward limply. Bill was dead . . . There is one good thing about war as

I knew it. There is little time to mourn one's grief. Next morning at dawn we were attacked. And I got mine. It would have been an easy one except that I was weak because of the ravages of continuous fever. I was shipped back to the hos-pital in Dar-es-Salaam, where I nearly

But you can't kill a weed. I pulled through and was invalided home to England and there-

Well, all the way home on the hospital ship I was thinking of Gladys, only I was [Turn to page 108]



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New Shoulder Straps [Continued from page 106]

thinking of her in a different way. Now. in a way, she was my charge, and more than ever she was Bill's wife. I was glad at the prospect of seeing her, but my pleasure was marred by the sorrow in her

heart at the loss of Bill.

She was very gracious and sweet and sad and lovely-looking in her deep black sad and lovely-looking in her deep black dress when we met, and she was all that I had imagined her, and more. Truly, as Bill had said, she was "the most wonderful girl in the world." She was very brave, too, but when she spoke of Bill her voice broke and tears blinded her eves

eyes.

And so, seated in a dim corner of the lounge of my hotel, I talked to Gladys of Bill and how he had told me of her and how she was in his thoughts up to the end, and much more which I have forgotten. And she drew comfort from

my words.

"But there is insurance," I cried, pleased that I had this news to give.
"Bill told me. I have the name of the company. I'll look them up at once. In the meantime—" I dug down in my pocket and extracted a few bills-"take these for your immediate needs."

"Oh, no!" she protested proudly.

"As a loan," I added. "You can pay me back when you get the insurance money." But I had to force her to accept them. Mere girl that she was and up against it, she balked at being the recipient of any kind of charity.

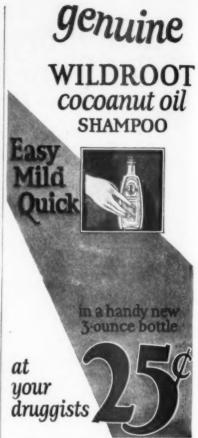
"I'll get the whole matter cleared up tomorrow," I told her later as we said good-night and I helped her into a taxi and gave the driver the address, a cheap street in Putney.

A ND then I went to bed—but not to sleep. My thoughts were troubled by the vision of the little girl in black, the sweet said little creature whom I longed to take in my arms and comfort, and tell my love, and who was Bill's wife.

First thing the following morning I made my way to the offices of the insurance company where Bill was supposed to be insured. What I learned caused little beads of perspiration to break out on my forehead. Bill had insured himself in 1914 just about the time he had been married, but for some reason he had made no more than the initial payment. His policy had lapsed long before, and letters sent to him, they told me, had brought no reply. Gladys was penniless!

crept out of the building bewildered, feeling much like a whipped dog. I was to see Gladys that afternoon. What would I tell her?

Like a caged creature I paced the streets. thousand times I pictured myself breaking my news to Gladys, and the picture was not a pleasant one. I cursed war, the war, as I had never cursed it before. That did no good. Gladys needed before. That did no good. Gladys needed help. She needed the two thousand pounds she had been led to believe by me that she would receive. And I wondered why God, who is all powerful and all seeing and merciful, had not taken me instead of Bill. But I had been left. And it was up to me to help Gladys because of a word given a friend. I turned various schemes over in my mind . . . One brilliant one presented itself. I wondered why it had not occurred to me at once. I rushed to Cox's, where I have always kept an account, and where I have always deposited whatever money I have not needed. I knew my balance there ought to be a good one. The question was, did AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. 725 Chicago I have two thousands pounds to my name.







The teller of whom I made my inquiry handed me a small slip of paper. was scribbled the magic figures £2,350.7.6! Two thousand three hundred and fifty pounds, seven shillings, and sixpence! I drew out two thousand and hastened back to the hotel, where Gladys was waiting for me.

As Bill had said, she knew nothing about money or finances. She accepted without question my trumped up story that the insurance company had handed me the money for her! She was patheti-cally grateful and pleased. "Oh, Jim," she said, "I'm so fortunate in having you to lean on." She was so trusting and appealing that it was all I could do not to

sweep her into my arms.

Two thousand pounds seemed like a lot of money to Gladys. She began spending it carelessly, not realizing that all was going out and nothing coming in. She was a child, an irresponsible baby. I tried to make her see, but she could not under-stand, not until about six months later, when I had been discharged from the army as permanently unfit and had obtained a position in London. Then one day she came to me almost in tears to tell me the bank had told her that she had only a thousand pounds left. "At that rate," she concluded dolefully, "in less than six months I'll have nothing again. I'll have to try to work. Oh, Jim, I know I could never hold down any job. I've tried al-ready and failed, failed dismally."

POOR baby! She was such a helpless Some women are like that. She could no more earn a living for her-self than she could fly.

I smiled sympathetically. "Don't worry,"
I said, suppressing a "dear" which sprang
to my lips. "I think I'll be able to fix things up for you. Suppose you give me the thousand you still have left. I think the thousand you still have left. I think I can invest it for you profitably; invest it and re-invest it till you have an independent income."

She smiled happily, trustingly, through her tears. "Oh, Jim, if you only would! I'm really such a little idiot."

She handed the money over to me the next day. Since then she has been fairly well-to-do. Her income is not a large one, but it is big enough for her to live on in moderate comfort. It is exactly the same amount as I have for myself. It is my own earnings cut in half. Every week I hand Gladys half the sum I receive myself from my job. Only she does not suspect I'm doing anything like that. If I can help it she never will. She thinks that through fortunate investments of her thousand pounds she is independent. And she's grateful. She's so grateful that I know she would marry me tomorrow if I were to ask her. Which is my own I were to ask her. Wh private and particular hell.

I love her with all my heart I love her.

and soul and body.

Eight long years have drifted by and because we both revere a memory, we have been close to each other. She has seemed so unattainable.

But somehow she has grown into a woman. She is wiser and older now—and last evening as we walken together she turned to me with a strange mastery which has come to her and said:

"Jim, don't you think we love each other enough to make it together? It isn't

just gratitude, Jim. I love you."

She hesitated a moment then—for she had caught me off guard and I was staring at her like an idiot-before she continued:

"I know you like a book, Jim."

And I lay awake all night wondering how it could all be—and just how well she has been able to read my mind.

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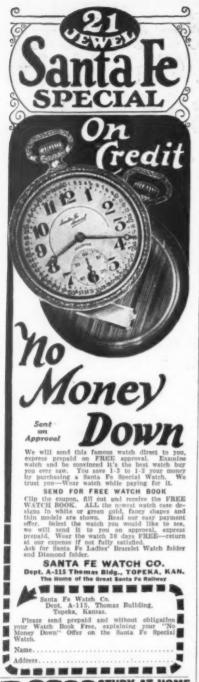
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STUDY AT HOME

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS



Always Wild

[Continued from page 77]

He thought I was like another drink. single! I was glad I did not have on a wedding ring to disprove him.

"They've gone to the city for the night," I answered glibly. "I'm all alone until

"Gee! You're wonderful in black.
Ought to go in the movies," he blurted, handing me a second mixture and lifting

handing me a second mixture and litting his own glass in the gesture of a toast.

"To a party?" he suggested.

"You bet—tonight!" I answered reck-lessly. "We'll use your car—"

"You'll go out with me? Will you, Natalie?" he begged, breaking down another heavier by using my first name. Seother barrier by using my first name. Se-cretly I was glad. I liked him. There was something about his wide shoulders and good looks that cast a spell over me-such a spell as I had never been under before.

YOU'LL take me to the Seaview Casino for dinner?" I asked, my hands against his shoulders.

And the dance!" he replied gaily. And so I phoned Cyn that I couldn't get away. I know it was wrong, but— 181

His racer lurched out of the driveway with an angry snort.

It was all as near to sheer madness, perhaps, as I ever wanted to be. He dared to drive with one hand, the speed needle hitting fifty. Finding no sensation, except that of thrill in our reckless flight I moved closer so that his free arm could encircle me. I had craved fire . . . and life! I was now conflagration itself!

After dinner at the Seaview Casino, we danced.

Later, we sought the club veranda. The fresh sweet air of the summer night filled my lungs, vitalizing me anew. Shadows at the far end of the porch invited—beckoned. We drifted through the dark. At last, I turned to Don reluctantly and asked the time.

"You want to leave me—now?" he asked, letting my hand go.
For answer I thrust my arms through

his, the sudden pressure of my fingers against his bared wrist denying his question, even as I said we must go.
"It's two o'clock. You're sure your dad

won't be home

"He's in Chica-New York," I corrected my memory functioning somehow. 'Don't worry.'

Westward we sped to whatever finalé might lie at the end of a mad ride. Subconsciously I recognized the great house, looming white before my eyes. He maneuvered the open gates, exerting a driver's sixth sense of distance in skimming by the granite pillars.

T the door I found a key, somewhere A T the door I toung a key, sometimed deep in the one pocket of my mantilla. We went into the house. I was alarmed that he had followed, and more so when he shut the door. We were alone, alone in promising shadows! His arms drew me through the dark. I yielded against him. In the sweet seduction of that sec-ond, I might have remained deaf to the trumpeting of Judgment Day. But I felt something searing my closed eyes, as if a silent flash of lightning had suddenly burned away blindness.

It was stark, frightful, unspoken drama for a tense moment-drama such as only can be enacted when a fifty-year-old husband finds his bride of two months in the arms of a strange young man.

Like a young animal at bay, I faced Edmund, drawing the shimmering cape tightly as if to shield myself from impending attack. Don Kelland broke the terrible silence:

"I-I'm sorry, sir, that I kept your daughter out so late. The er-dance was a whizz. Everybody stayed later than-

A strange look came into Edmund's eyes after Don Kelland had referred to me as his daughter. It was blazing in them now as he cut the man's speech short.
"Sorry?" he queried. "Well—" Ed-

mund paused before going on, seeming to know that the suspense was terrifying me-"it's only three o'clock. Not so bad for Natalie. She's an owl, you see. But—" here his voice became hard and frozen-like—"what I want to know is who in hell are you, and how can you explain being with my daughter? I've never seen you around. Don't know your face-nameor anything else .

"My name's Kelland."
"Humph! That doesn't mean anything to me," snapped Edmund, his eyes half on me and half on Don. I saw the latter's lips sort of twitching as if he were experimenting with words. I tried to give him warning by a look, not to say any-thing more. But my husband prevented

this by his searching glances.
"Let me explain, sir—" pleaded Don.
Again I tried to flash a warning. Unsuccessful, my heart sank into my shoes. Don would tell about our chance meeting and party, thinking that it would explain our evening to the man he believed was my father, but such an explanation would Somehow, I realized Edbe disastrous. mund was only posing as my father to learn all he could. I turned, seized by the impulse to confess the truth of things before he exacted such a confession from Kelland. But my husband gave me a look that cowed me.

ATALIE, get us some cracked ice and a couple of highball glasses. Mr. Kelland and I may as well be comfortable there in the library while he—er—explains his acquaintance with you," he commanded, waving me toward the rear of the house.

I was so nervous I could hardly crack the ice and place it in glasses without spilling ice all over the pantry floor. When I finally arranged things on a tray and started for the library, my husband's voice and what he was saying made me stop dead still in my tracks.

So-you met her a month or so ago without a proper introduction and—and this sort of thing, these meetings and parties, have been going on right along—"

"But, Mr. Hartridge, you—you don't understand, sir. I—I am fond of Natalie. She-that is, she cares, too!"

A penetrating silence followed—silence that throttled me with hysterical fright. I stood in the dim hallway, trembling like a leaf, certain that at the sound of my husband's voice the tray would crash out of my hands and that my wobbly knees would bend beneath me.

"Carrying on a love affair, eh? Well,

you damn, young whippersnapper..."
I did not hear the rest of Edmund's roaring words. The tray crashed to the floor, and I crumpled in a heap, sodden with fear that had stripped me of consciousness.

Michael After Afte

Bright summer sunlight was streaming through the wide windows, almost blinding I looked around, dazedly recognizing my surroundings, and Marie was at my bedside. My memory tried to function back to its last conscious moment. it could only stumble backwards, losing itself in the vagueness of confused re-



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membrances. I looked up despairingly to

Marie, begging an explanation.
"What—what happened, Marie?"
"You fainted, Madame," she answered laconically.

"But before that, There was a young man and Mr. Hartridge in the library—" "They are both gone long ago, Madame."

"Gone! Gone where?" I asked, rising in bed.

"Mr. Hartridge left for Chicago this morning. The other man left after you fainted," was all she vouchsafed.

I slumped back against my pillow, my mind twisting and turning over the inci-dents of the past night. I had gone down the road to find adventure . . . romance . . . Life! I had found Don Kelland; music! Then my husband masquerading as my father at the end of it all; then, blankness!

Suddenly the truth came to me. Ed-mund Hartridge had long suspected my desire to rush back down the roads marriage had barred. He could not go around with such a suspicion burning in his heart. He had to prove it one way, or another. He had proved his suspicions were right. Now, he had gone away on his business to Chicago knowing the worst.

What would he say when he came back? It took a week of time to answer this During these days I harrassing question. free of the temptations that had once lured me down the road of adventure. Somehow, the fear of Edmund's appearance that night had instilled, re-mained with me. When he finally came mained with me. When he finally came home he must have got a satisfactory report from Marie, and believed me cured, for he confessed the truth—truth that burned into the very core of me like acid for days and days.

HE said he had employed Don Kelland to play a rôle just to see if I would fulfill his suspicions. At first I was furiously certain I would go right out behind my husband's back and make him pay for his trickery. But upon remembering the last misadventure, fear came to me that I could never trust myself to play with a man. The hired faker, too. The next one might be a hired faker, too. Then it was that I realized Edmund Hartridge's cunning. He had made me afraid of his sex-afraid to listen to temptation.

Spring had once more blown its magic breath across the northern sweep of Long Beach where my memory of the dénouement of a midsummer night's madness had suppressed any desire on my part to adventure behind Edmund's back, we attended the Easter dance at the Sound

100 *

I was dancing with an old friend of Edmund's (he always seemed to pick his old friends for my partners!) when at sight of a tall, broad-shouldered young man whirling a very pretty woman, past, I made a little gasping noise. The next moment the man had turned his good-looking face my way. Then it was that certainty came to my suspicions.

I snapped my glance away from Don Kelland as if I were looking at a snake. He must have understood my move, for out of the corner of my eyes I saw the smile of recognition fade from his face. "The cad!" I said under my breath. "I

suppose he's here luring more married women into traps. I've got a mind to

warn that girl, whoever she is—"
The music stopped and we wandered through the maze of dancers toward our table. Edmund had disappeared for the table. Edmund had disappeared for the time being. It was my chance. I excused myself, determined to find the girl I had

111



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seen Kelland dancing with. I found them in the half-dark of a veranda overlooking the moonlit Sound. Kelland was holding her hand, most likely going through the same rôle he had played with me. At the sound of my footsteps he turned, facing I did not stop, but continued toward him, my eyes searching his for the signs of shame and embarrassment that I failed

to find.
"Mrs. Hartridge, I believe," he was say-

do

"Mr. Kelland, I answered, ignoring his hand. This seemed to take him aback, but, with a bow toward both myself and the pretty woman at his side, he said:

ELSIE, I would like you to know my friend, Mrs. Hartridge. Mrs. Hart-

ridge this is my wife-

His words were like a bombshell. However, I managed to exchange salutations with her, the shadows of the veranda covering my momentary surprise at the unexpected turn of things. Before we had time to say more than a few trite words the music began inside. A man came up and claimed Mrs. Kelland. As they went indoors I turned to Don, impatient to know the truth:

"I cut you inside on the dance floor,"

I began.

"Yes, you did," he interrupted, "and may I ask why? Was it because of my popping into your life last summer got you into so much trouble?"
"Popping into my life!" I exclaimed

"You-you call such a deliberate visit and

plot as yours 'popping into' a girl's life?'
"Deliberate? Why—I only happened along there by your house purely by accident. My wife was away at the time. Frankly, I was looking for a little adventure—and—and you were most alluring in black, Natalie. Of course, I really understood the situation. One gets to know about such things after a while. I knew all the time you were married; knew you were playing; knew you just wanted a little adventure—"

"Don Kelland, do you mean to say my husband didn't hire you to trap me?" cried, taken back by this new discovery of another sort of male curning, for Don had sensed the truth about me in some uncanny man's way about such things.
"Good Lord, no! Do I look like a-

chap who'd—"
"No, but my husband said he hired you to trick me," I countered.

A long, low whistle came from Don Kelland. His blonde eye broke khitted, and he shook his head as if he had suddenly solved something in his mind.

"I see. Your husband said that to scare you—to fool you—and to save his own He didn't want me to know that I had actually lured his wife from home for an evening's fun—".
"But you made believe to him that you thought I was his daughter—"

"That was my little trick, Natalie, and worked. If I had let Hartridge know I knew you to be his wife, he would have exploded. No old man wants to admit that a young chap can snatch his pretty young wife away. It was your hubby's vanity that I had to cater to there. He swallowed my story because it was the easiest thing to do. He chose to believe I thought you his daughter because he knew you had told me you were his daughter.

Of course I saw . . . and what's more, my discovery only served to make me realize more and more the cunning of the male mind, young or old. And, because of this realization, I have continued to be cagy about courting romantic adventure.

The Benefit of the Doubt

[Continued from page 60]

peppy, and not a bit "uppish." But I What, indeed, but the quickly developing guess it must have gone pretty much to embryo of a nasty reputation. Yet this Anyhow, there began to be a her head. lot of talk-

"What has she done?" I broke in. Sam twisted miserably. "How should know! How should anybody know. She's slick, all right—you know the kind. Well, for instance, one night," he chuckled "—this is a good one—one night, she and Freddy Larimer went frog huntiing in the Peterson woods. For the zoology lab, they said. Sure enough they came in around midnight with a bucketful of frogs. Maybe we didn't kid Freddy! And of course everybody said-

"Talk!" I could control myself no longer. I thrust my fist under the nose of my best friend, forgetting I ever had a best friend, forgetting everything in a sudden, fierce desire to protect the honor of two black eyes. "Talk!" I repeated vehemently. "That's just it. Talk! A vehemently. "That's just it. Talk! A little mud slung here and a little mud slung there. And who can combat spreading criticism and malicious gossip? Not a spiteful and jealous hands ready and eager to wrap an imaginary veil around her every act. Talk—bah! It's dirty, sticky mud."

Sam gasped, but said nothing. No doubt he was remembering how fiercely Ted Watson could fight for his principles and wishing heartily that this was a problem that might be brought out in the open and fairly attacked from all sides. However, a man in love is blind to all sides but his

"A catty word!" I jerked out; "an insinuating eyebrow.

university prides itself on its high standards of fair play!"

After that, relations between Sam and myself were more or less constrained. I saw more and more of Beverly and less of my fraternity brothers. A fraternity is exceedingly proud of its high "dating" standards, and they were quick to show their disapproval, for my persistent perusal of Beverly Burleigh aroused a great deal of curious comment.

BEVERLY was so sweet and friendly with me that I was heartsick and furious at the injustice of it all. Curiously enough, my code of love-making contained a rare mixture of old-fashioned ideals. never even tried to kiss her. One night, I deliberately sought an isolated road and stopped my car abruptly. It was a beautiful night-a big, April moon flooding all nature around us with a soft radiance. Tenderly I drew Beverly into my arms. She trembled a little, but as I bent down to kiss her lips, she suddenly drew away. My blood was racing at her nearness, but something about that withdrawal flooded me with a joy far greater than I would have drained from her lips just then. It was as if a hidden tension had snapped. My heart sang exultantly, for had not my faith been justified? I caught her to me then and, laughing at her weak protests, kissed her again and again.

One night about a week later, I rushed out of my fraternity house, jumped into my roadster, savagely shifted gears with much shrieking and rasping, and, heedless And then what? of speed laws, drove furiously through



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the crooked streets of the picturesque university town out on to the main highway Somehow it had been circulated through the fraternity that I intended letting Beverly Burleigh wear my fraternity pin, and what was more, it would mean a genuine engagement. Whereupon, my so-called brothers" had taken it upon themselves to call me "on the carpet" in fraternity meeting. What passed between us cannot be recorded here, but I handed them a final ultimatum.

"Either you will leave my affairs alone," I hurled at them, "or you can go to hell and take my pin with you!" They had all stared at me, just as Sam

had stared, in dumb amazement. I guess I was a bit different from the girl-shy, reasonable fellow they had all admired and respected.

OW, get this straight, Ted Watson," the president of the Chapter had told the sternly. "You are one of our best men, me sternly. "You are one of our best men, and we will not listen to that sort of talk from you. But understand this: if you pin an Alph pin on a girl whose character is not altogether above reproach, you are lowering the standards of the highest standing fraternity on the campus. And in view of the broadcasted reports about her, it

makes us unpleasantly conspicuous." Talk! Poisonous, tainted talk. I knew her to be the sweetest, finest little girl in the world! It was about the warmest night that spring. I drove along absorbed in my thoughts. The truth of the matter was that I had not yet asked Beverly to wear my pin. Once I had approached the subject, but she had cleverly thrown me off the track. This puzzled me a little. Somehow I knew she loved me, and yet she held me off at arm's length most of the time. I felt that until we reached some sort of an understanding, I had no right to ask her give up her other dates. But I suffered torments of jealousy when I knew she was with someone else.

The road stretched before me in a long, snaky blue, due to the fringe of heavy woods on both sides of the road. I discovered, finally, that I was several miles out of town, and turned the car into a little by-road preparatory to turning around. In spite of my anger my ing around. In spite of my anger, my heart was just a little sore and resentful. For it is true of human nature that no matter how deep one's love, sooner or later implanted seeds of suspicion will bear

MY headlights indicated that I had probably turned into a road which led to some hunter's shack, as it was well-traveled. some hunter's shack, as it was well-traveled. Suddenly, I heard a muffled cry come from the darkness ahead. At the same instant a figure came tearing down the road in a break-neck run. The lights of the car were directly upon her, I saw that it was a girl in "knickers." As she came closer. with the glare of the headlights full upon her, I recognized her with a sickening It was Beverly.

Without a single glance at me, she flung herself into the car and caught my arm "Oh, please, please-take me to town," she cried, sobbing wildly.

My quick glance took her in. Her hair was wild and disheveled, and her silk blouse was torn almost into shreds, huge splotches covering its front. She reeked Without a of cigarette smoke and liquor. of cigarette smoke and liquor. Without a word, I turned the car and shot forward recklessly. I felt sick and nauseated. This, then, was the girl I had championed. God! No wonder they had laughed at me. Very likely she, too, had been laughing at me all the time up her sleeve. This was the girl I had thought so sweet and pure—out on a drunken control of the short of the state of the short of the state of the short of the state of the short of th "spree" on a non-date night. She sat, huddled in a small gasping heap in the corner This coupon is valuable. If not used, hand to a friend.



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"Making it! What do you mean? Surely you didn't make that sown."
"Yes. I designed it and I made it. Otherwise I couldn't afford to have it."
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"Why! I didn't know you could design and make gowns."

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of the seat. But I knew that by this time she had recognized me.

Grimly I kept my eyes glued to the road, but when the lights of the town came in sight, I pulled up by the side of the road and stopped. The extreme seriousness of the situation came suddenly to my mind.

"Better brace up," I said coldly, "and fix yourself up a bit." I pulled a handkerchief from my pocket and handed it to her. She accepted the handkerchief mutely, and turned a face full of misery toward me.

My eyes dropped to the torn blouse. I could not meet the dumb pleading in her face. "We'll go over by the House and I'll give you a heavy sweater to slip over

She glanced down at the blouse and shook her head. "It's nice of you," she said dully, "but I'm in Dutch anyhow, and I might as well face them the way I am and get it over with."
"Oh, come now," I remonstrated,

I remonstrated, "there's no use making matters worse. I'll go with you and tell them you were in an accident—or something," I added

She threw me a queer look. "No," said; "no use dragging you into it. should have had better sense. Ma Marion I would go! Well—" she shrugged her shoulders, "here I am." But her shaking voice betrayed her.

I clenched my hands, and with an effort forced back a wave of tenderness. Snatches of gossip began to buzz in my ears, ruthlessly tearing aside all my carefully cherished ideals and blinding me with a fierce resentment. I caught her shaking body in my arms, and at the touch of its palpitating softness, I lost all sense of chivalry.

ACAR whizzed by, the throb of its motor a reminder that we were on the main highway. Shaken, I loosened my tight grip, and she sank back on my arm, her eyes closed, her breath coming in quivering gasps.

The drive to town was made in painful silence. Stealing a glance at her, I saw that she sat erect, her black eyes staring fixedly in front, her face set and white. A sense of shame filtered through my resentment. After all, if she had stumbled into trouble, I had found her running away. She had turned to me for help. Something of my old sense of fair play came over me and swept away my anger, leaving only heartache and remorse. I drew up in front of my frat-house and stopped.

"I'm sorry, Bev," I told her humbly. "I acted like a cad. Please let me run in and get that sweater for you." She did not answer. I turned and ran into the house, but when I returned a few seconds later, she was gone. I knew it was useless to follow her, as her sorority house was only a step around the corner. I stood there for a long time, shaken and sick at heart.

The remaining few weeks of school were not easy ones. Beverly's sudden departure from the university excited the My part in her latest eswildest gossip. capade was not known, and I had remained silent, realizing the uselessness of any other step. However, Beverly's mysterious and sudden appearance at midnight on a night when dates were strictly forbidden, her general state of collapse, and the find-ing of her "date," Clark Howell, in a drunken stupor five miles out of the city in a lone cabin-all this was common talk. Not even Sam dared to approach me on the subject.

One day, in desperation, I sought out Marion Blaine, Beverly's former roommate. I knew that even in the face of open criticism, Marion had remained obdurate in her defense of Beverly.

'None of us ever understood her, Ted," Marion told me with tears in her eyes. "There always was an intangible barrier around her I could never penetrate. Some-how, she always seemed to me like a bird let out of a cage and intoxicated with freedom."

"But that's absurd," I protested. "Isn't she the step-daughter of mobile manufacturer?"

"Yes," Marion answered, puzzled, "her parents must be enormously wealthy, but you never heard her mention the fact. That's why lots of us, even in the face of the things they said about her, couldn't help loving her. She was so genuinely real." She laid her hand on my arm earnestly.

"I can't help but believe, Ted, that there is something about her past or home life that would clear up a lot of things if we only knew. She was so reticent and acted so queerly when her family was mentioned."

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mentioned."
I smiled. "But wealthy step-fathers aren't usually barbarians, are they?"
"I don't know," Marion sighed; "I wish did not have to leave school, you know, Ted. The school authorities were willing to give her another chance. But someto give her another chance. But something must have happened, for her definite spirit seemed suddenly crushed."

I flushed, but faced her squarely. "Did

"Yes," replied Marion, "she told me all about it, Ted, and although you hurt her deeply, she felt that she could not blame

"I've felt like a beast," I groaned.
"She cares for you," she told me quietly,
"and I believe she needed a lesson like
that. I only wish," she clenched her
hands fiercely, "I only wish she could
have met you before some of those insipid fools that she ran around with tarnished her name with their untruthful remarks and insinuations."
"You mean—" I drew a deep breath.

I MEAN," replied Marion slowly, "that some boys sow their wild oats at the expense of a girl's reputation. I know that Bev was as straight as a string, but she was impetuous and headstrong. I could was impetuous and headstrong. I could not tell her a thing. Always she would say the same thing: 'Let 'em talk! J won't let any prying gossips spoil my good time. I'm happy—I'm happier than I've ever been in all my life. I like to break rules. I want to be free! And then she would slip off and do some daring stunt that inevitably gave people the wrong impression. And as for her affairs with men -well, what boy with a polished opinion of himself will likely admit that he has been fooled. Do you see, Ted Watson?"

I rose and pressed her hand. "You are a real friend, Marion," I told her, "and I do see."

do see."

I did not attempt to write to Beverly I dug into my school work with feverish zest. Some of the hollowness underneath my eyes began to disappear and I felt hap-pier than I had for a long time. I had made a determined resolution to go to her and bring about an understanding between

Beverly lived in an adjoining state. I reached Chicago in the early dusk of a June evening. I was so eager to see her that I did not telephone, but left my luggage at a convenient hotel and drove im-

mediately to her home.

I was quite unprepared for the over-powering magnificence of the Worth estate. I stared at it gloomily from behind the wheel of my faithful little car. It loomed before me, clearly outlined in the June twilight, impressive in its grandeur.

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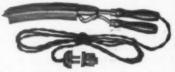
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I climbed the steps hesitantly, feeling very young and foolish. It came to me that callers here did not present selves in this abrupt and unheralded man-I fumbled for my card and was about to ring the bell, when the door opened suddenly upon two people, a man and a woman. They stood there for the and a woman. They stood there for the barest fraction of a second, staring at me with hostile eyes. Instinctively, I guessed that this was the "mysterious family" of forebodings. Marion's

Mrs. Worth was tall and fair, and there was nothing at all about her suggestive of her daughter. Her cold, suspicious eyes had little of the Gypsy-like warmth of

Beverly's own.

WAS the first to break the awkward silence. "I am sure you must be Beverly's A silence. "I am sure you must be bevome mother," I said frankly, holding out my hand. "I am Theodore Watson, and perhaps when I explain that I have driven many miles today to see your daughter, you will forgive this abrupt call. No

doubt she has a previous engagement."

Mrs. Worth smiled queerly. "No," she replied, "she has not." doubt she has a previous "No," she Mrs. Worth smiled queerly. "No," she replied, "she has not." She turned, a little replied, "she has he her husband. "You defiantly I thought, to her husband. will please go on, Chester, and pay my regrets to the Meredichs. Tell them I am ill, dead—anything.

You have come from the university?"

she asked, turning to me.
"Yes," I answered. My thoughts flew to Beverly. Where was she? What was she doing? Why must I go through all these preliminaries?

"Then will you not tell me," this rather unfriendly and unusual lady said finally, that all those dreadful things they said

of my daughter were not true?"
"Believe me, Mrs. Worth," I answered her quickly, "I know they were not."

"I have guessed that you are in love with my little girl," she said softly. "Am

"I care so much for her," I replied carnestly, "that I do not see how I am going to have the nerve to ask her to give up all this."

give up all this."
"Oh, yes! Yes! I can assure you she cares little for any of it." I was startled at the vehemence of her voice. Suddenly

she began to speak rapidly.

"I know you are anxious to see her, but first I must tell you a story. I must tell because it concerns your happiness and my daughter's. I cannot have your future clouded by shadows, and Beverly would never tell you. I have not been a good mother, but nothing would drag from her lips this story which is, after all, the keynote of her whole character."

SHE sighed, and I sensed something of the effort this was costing her. "Mrs. Worth, I-

She motioned my protest aside. "After all, it is the old story of a young girl, myself, brought up in moderate circum-stances and cast too early into the sea of I was young, extremely so, intensely romantic and-two men loved me. One was Beverly's father and the other was-Chester Worth. Jerry Burleigh was, I think, the most lovable and the hand-somest man I have ever met." She turned her eyes away, but not before I had caught a wet flash of vivid memory reflected in their sudden brightness.

"He was dark, with glowing eyes that shone with animation and love of life. He was an artist, and endowed with a fierce love for all things beautiful, and an untamed spirit that lived always in the creation of its wild imaginings. It was re-flected in his life. With one sweep of his magnetic personality, he could paint glowing colors upon the heartstrings, and with another he could blot them into spots of ugliness."

"I loved Jerry with all the intensity of my young heart. Chester Worth too commonplace and colorless, although greatly favored by my parents and even then recognized as a coming figure of

great power.
"I married Jerry of course, and within six months he was breaking my heart with his unfaithfulness. It was his nature that he could not linger long in the quiet and peace of home; he must dip into the reds and the purples and dangerous blues. was killed in a raid on a roadhouse-just a month before Beverly was born.

"I lived in a nightmare of agony after that. Bitterness choked all the youth and sweetness from my soul. When Beverly was born I hated her. Yes," as I gave an imperceptible start, "she was the image of her father, and born under the shadows and torments of jealousy and heartbreak. As she grew older she realized something of this, and it built up a wall between us, devoid of all understanding. Sometimes I loved her with a wild devotion, but never

"Chester Worth renewed his attentions when Beverly was eight," she hurried on, "and I married him, partly because I felt it mattered little what I did or did not do, and partly because I felt the need of a solid and stable foundation. And he did love me, but alas! It was Beverly who bore the brunt of this constant see-

sawing of wills.

"Oh, I grew to hate him for that, but I knew that he, too, suffered. Beverly bore it all with amazing fortitude, but hers was not a happy childhood. She sensed the pain the words brought me, and young as she was, her efforts to sup-press her naturally mischievous and spontaneous nature was pitiful to see.

A H, WHEN her stepfather finally in-sisted that, at eighteen, she be sent away to college to 'see whether or not she can take care of herself,' I was afraid. She had never known the natural companionship of youth and I knew the newly discovered freedom would go to her head like wine. I saw disastrous results coming from years of rigid suppression."

She rose, and gathering the wrap about er shoulders, shivered slightly. "I think her shoulders, shivered slightly. that is all. But do you understand now? Beverly has told me a little of her life at school. She was gloriously happy, and anxious to make friends. Consequently, in her eagerness to be a 'good sport' she was often rash and indiscreet. When at first people began to misinterpret her actions. she was sorely hurt, then bewildered, and finally defiant. Youth is very sensitive and quick to fling a mocking handful of impudent defiance in the faces of gossipers. Thoughtless gossip is behind many mis-

I found her in the garden. Her back was toward me, her head on the back of a low chair. A brilliant moon softened the rather pretentious architectural setting, transforming it into a garden that breathed a potent spell of love and youth. I stepped behind her and enveloped her face in my hands. She caught my arms, drew them to her, and slipped into them naturally and contentedly, just as if she had been waiting and had known I would come.

"It was all talk, Ted," she told me after a while. "I was very foolish and silly,

a while. "I was very but the things they said..."

"Are a closed chapter," I finished, and "But from now beautifully. "But from now beautifully." kissed her emphatically. "But from now on, young lady, your chapters must be absolutely new, and your wildness practiced on me.

"Oh, I'll be good," said the girl who is now my wife, demurely. She raised eyes from which the dancing lights would ever play. "I've had my fling."



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A Feather in a Cyclone

[Continued from page 73]

said Myra. "Think of the hold-ups. Why, every night somebody is robbed and mur-dered or kidnapped. The crime wave is at its height. A fine chance you'd have with bandits."

"Surely you are joking?" asked Zandone.
"Joking? Not a bit of it," I answered,
"But you might have engine trouble, a flat tire—anything might happen. It wouldn't be safe," he insisted, his anxiety plainly evident.

"Well, if anything goes wrong with the car," I said, matter-of-factly, "I can curl up on the seat and go to sleep until morning.

THEY argued and they begged. They said all sorts of things to scare me out of the notion of going.

When I said good-night to Zandone, I congratulated myself that he was really worried about me. I was immensely pleased. Myra's husband escorted me to my car, and made a few more upsetting remarks that did not contribute to my peace of mind.

Out of range of the street lights, I stopped the car and slipped into my outing togs-no use to go home, several miles out

of my way, just to change.

Afar on the friendly road, with stars overhead, a crisp breeze blowing, and the lilting notes of night birds coming from verdant fields, I forgot all the premonitions and prophesies of my alarmist friends, and sped on contentedly over mile after mile of winding road, through orange groves, vast vineyards, sleeping towns-on and on until I came to the edge of the desert, which, barren and grey, naked and shivering, seemed to slip away from the fertile land of living things, into a sepul-chre of darkness and beating winds and mysteries. The transition was like passing from one world into another.

I plunged into a maddened, relentless, I plunged into a maddened, relentless, beating sandstorm. I had experienced sandstorms before, but only in the day-time—never at night. The wind was terrific, heaving up sharp particles of sand and granite that knived against the closed windows of my car like a fusillade of barbed bullets. The entire landscape seemed to leap aloft with maniacal fury. The air was filled with fluing earth and The air was filled with flying earth, and the menacing blackness of night.

No more could I see the stars. My headlights, powerful as they were, could not pierce the gloom. If it had not been for the deep wheel ruts, which made it impossible for the car to get off the road, I would have been hopelessly lost. I made no effort to guide, just let the wheels follow the ruts, which was the only sane thing to do under the circumstances.

CRAWLING slowly, as if feeling its way, the car, quiveringly hesitated, as if undecided which way to go, made a sharp turn to the left. I knew we, my car and I, had come to a fork in the road, and that the car had automatically chosen its own path. Where it was taking me, I hadn't the slightest idea. I let it go of its own volition. Almost immediately the wind stopped beating against the glass. What was the meaning of it? I shut off the service connect the door and peered out. What was the meaning of it? I shut off the engine, opened the door and peered out. I could distinguish nothing in the darkness. I seeemd to be in an oasis of calm, yet nearby I could hear the unabated roaring and shrieking of the wind. It was mysterious, uncanny.

I stepped to the ground. I reached out, my hands coming in contact with rough siding. To my amazement I found I was



ot a miracle issproof!"

"Yes but I don't yet quite understand!"

"Oh! of course you don't, Peggy old dear—you're like Jack. He couldn't understand why any woman wanted to be lovelier than nature made her. But after I used Kissproof . . . the thrill I got when he saw me, convinced me that this new trio (Kissproof Rouge, Lipstick and Powder) had wrought a radiant transformation. I was lovelier! My dream had come true! I fairly glowed with the joy of living. It was as simple as that!"

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on the sheltered side of a building. "A bouse," I thought. At last, safety and protection. No doubt the occupants would give me a bed, and in the morning when the storm was over, and the sun was up, I could finish my journey. Aided by my pocket flash, I groped my way round the weather-beaten shack until I reached a door, which, to my dismay, dangled loosely from its hinges, and shuddered with every gust like a drunken thing.

I raised my hand to knock-then hesitated. "What if this was the retreat of bootleggers—or robbers? The idea sent icy chills scampering through my anatomy. However, I was exhausted and unnerved, and felt an unnatural tendency toward hysteria. I decided anything-even quick murder—would be preferable to starting

out again in the storm. And so I knocked, first timidly, then igorously. There was no response. I vigorously. waited-shivering both from cold and fear. On this side of the shack there was no protection. The wind shrieked, beating me, biting me, knifing me. Convinced no one inside the shack, there was slowly and cautiously shoved open the door. It squeaked dismally and menacdoor. ingly on its rusty hinges. With my lash I noted the meager furnishings of the one room, a chair, an empty box or two, a few cracked dishes, some magazine illustrations pinned on the walls, and in one corner two crude bunks, one above the other, on the order of berths in a

I CREPT back to the car and took some blankets out of the little trunk I always carry with me on these trips. Propelled by a mighty gust as I neared the door, I was literally blown into the shack.

I tried to lock the door, but there was no lock. I barricaded it as best I could with chair and boxes. A terrific gust of wind struck the window, crashing the pane. Paralyzed with fear, I dropped my It went out. I heard it roll dully flash. over the board floor. As soon as I regained my wits and power of motion, I crawled round in the inky blackness trying to find it. It must have gone through one of the gaping cracks in the floor. realized I was doomed to several hours of darkness.

I thought of snakes and lizards and desert rats, and wondered if they too might not have sought shelter from the storm. My imagination went on a debauch, until all the hideous demons of this world and the other, seemed about to attack me. My hat fell off. I heard it thump softly on the floor. I wrapped myself in my blankets, which, all this time I'd clutched tightly under one arm, and clambered into the upper berth. The ancient dust from the ragged straw mattress sickened, and nearly choked me as I settled into it.

I couldn't sleep. I was obsessed with horrible forebodings. I heard a noise like a rat gnawing wood, and once-twice three times—things with flying feet scampered across me. The darkness was impenetrable. The wind became more and more boisterous. Again and again the little house quivered as if about to collapse. I judged it was near midnight. The hours of waiting until dawn trailed before me, a procession of gruesome deadly terror.

Suddenly, above the uproar of the storm, I heard loud knocking. If I was paralyzed before, I was petrified now. I couldn't have moved or spoken if I'd wanted to. The knocking on the door continued, impatient, demanding. Then it continued, impatient, definitional flew open, pushed by unseen hands. My poor little barricade was as ineffective or a feather in a cyclone. Boxes and as a feather in a cyclone. Boxes and chair went clattering and thudding across E. M. DAVIS CO. Dept. 7634 CHICAGO the room and lodged against the opposite

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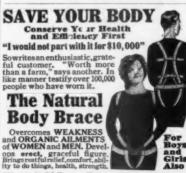
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and inrushing sand.

Instantly the door was closed by unseen hands. In the brief silence between storm ragings, I heard deep breathing. shuffling of footsteps circling the room. He-I knew it was a man-was carefully

"What if he should discover me?
What sort of a creature was he?" I wondered, as I lay like a stone, scarce daring to breathe. He might be an escaped luna-He might be a hundred kinds of a dreadful creature.

MY MIND was keenly alive. It compelled my body to action to the extent of pulling the blankets up over my mouth to deaden any sound of breathing. It seemed though, that he must surely hear my heart, as it thump-thumped against my ribs.

Closer and closer came his shuffling feet closer and closer came his shuffing teet
—then he stopped—so near me I felt his
breath on my forehead. His hand slid
along the edge of my bunk. I expected
every instant he'd reach inside as he
blindly investigated. I was about to give
vent to a hysterical scream, for my endurance was at an end, when, to my infinite relief, I heard him tumble into the

I knew, for I heard him snore.

With greatest caution I rolled to the edge of the bunk, but with my every movement the old dry boa. ds creaked and

groaned.

The snoring then stopped. Was he awake? Terror gripped me. Then the comforting thought came to me that he would probably attribute the noise I'd made to the wind. Anyway, I decided, to clamber down would be taking a fearful risk. He might grab me. Then and there I gave up the idea of trying to get away, snuggled down in my blankets, trusting to luck that he would leave in the morning without seeing me, up under the eaves, deep in my black coffin-like bed. "But my car! He would discover that —and then—" Hopelessness engulfed me. I

must have lost consciousness. It was dawn when I came to and opened my eyes. Had it all been a frightful dream? No—I was huddled in that dirty bunk, and inside the old shack with me was-what?

I PEERED over the edge down into the room. A man—his back toward me, was standing in the center, looking at my hat where it had lodged in a corner, apparently wondering how on earth the feminine contraption got there. He was in full evening dress, and there was something familiar about his figure-quite different from the uncouth villain I had visioned in the night.

"Oh—oh!" I gasped.
Startled, he whirled and looked into my eyes. It was Zandone.
"YOU!" he exclaimed in amazement.
"YOU!" I cried in astonishment.

I knew I looked frowsy, but somehow

I didn't care. I was so relieved.
"Thank God, you're safe," he said, coming close and smiling gratefully, as if a tremendous burden and anxiety had been lifted from his broad shoulders. was desperately troubled after you left last night. I tried to follow you, but I lost you, as well as myself, in the storm." He held out his arms. "Come, let me help you down."

Gladly I jumped into them, blankets and all.

He held me close as the warm earth holds the roots of a budding tree, while a glorious desert sunrise drifted sheaves gold through the broken window pane. This was the beginning of happiness—our happiness. Myra proudly takes all the credit, but I insist that the desert sandstorm blew us into matrimony.





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Do You Wish to Keep the Man You Love?

[Continued from page 37]

is a kind of orgy of physical emotions going on in every community. And at twenty-two or three, if a girl is still unmarried, she is almost worn out as far as the possibility of really being able to love is concerned.

BUT supposing that she has come through the manhandling and the pawing and the mauling and the kissing, with some ideals left, and has succeeded in winning a nice man, how is she going to keep him?

I made an aphorism once which said that a fool could win the love of a man, but that it required a woman of resources to keep it; for men, you see, have their sensory nerves deadened, as well as the girls. They have been going through the same burning up of nervous force with all the caresses, and, as they are more difficult to hold at any time, the chances are ten to one that any modern, much-kissed maiden can retain their affection.

Now I will tell you the psychological reason for this:

There are certain primitive instincts man which make him subconsciously desire that the woman he loves should be only for him, and pure. He is quite unaware of this; it is all subconscious, and he may even aver and believe that he prefers the modern knock-about. But his subconscious mind has placed her—this cheapened creature-upon the plane of the 'light o' love," so that with the first

weariness, and nothing of the other subconscious instincts, or respect, honor, and duty, having been aroused by her, she loses him. He meant to be faithful—he really did. Susie has not been able to arouse any of his soul.

It may be very hard on Susie—who may be really in love with him, having been a sweet girl perhaps, who went along with the tide like her friends.

They were all using up the most divine gift the Gods gave them—the capacity to love and to inspire love.

This is written for the modern maiden. who now loves and wants happiness. She will lose the man for a certainty if she goes on as she was, and lets his subconscious mind still hold her as one of the bunch.

But she can keep him if she begins arousing new interest in him by showing him another side of herself; letting him see that she has higher ideals than he believed, and can be an inspiration to him. and a real mate. The very surprise of it will re-light his hunting instinct, and the difficulty she will find in playing the new part may be of excitement and pleasure to herself.

mei Yat GO

Be as fascinating as you can, but let your sweetheart feel that he has won something worth having-and that he, too. must keep up to the mark to retain what he now has learned to respect.

This is the only way.

Want to Keep Him?

Was this talk startling to you? I read it over three times. It is a frank handling of a real, vital subject. And next month there will be another talk which will take your breath away - but you mustn't miss it. - THE EDITOR.

Too Dumb and Scary

[Continued from page 53]

I was wrong to go to Mrs. Moffat's. was wrong to stay on in Liberty Hill after the show broke up and Newt went on. But I wanted a week. Just one week to rest before the wedding, I'd promised You see, I had given in. Newt Newt. was right. I was too dumb and scary to go on alone.

And there, in Mrs. Moffat's golden oak dining-room that first evening, I wished I had gone right on with Newt. I've eaten alone in delicatessens and quick lunches lots of times, but that was nothing to this, They shut me out. Mrs. Moffat had been favorably impressed by my dark dress and paleness, perhaps. I didn't rouge enough, Newt always said. Mrs. Moffat hadn't recognized me either as Lily Carpenter or as Lila Rose, when she rented me the room. But the table found me out. There was a seller of vacuum cleaners. His reddened seller of vacuum cleaners. His reddened face shone under the lights from the amber chandeliers, I remember. He had seen Rose and Forrest's Melody Duet at the He had seen Palace. He called me Miss Rose with a mean sort of politeness. He even brought up some of those wise cracks of Newts, the milder ones.

But Mrs. Alice Meacham Gill froze him, and me, too. Mrs. Alice Meacham Gill still taught music once a week in the gray school where I had been a fair-haired She called me "Miss Valley child. Carpenter" with a smile that was nastier than the vacuum cleaner seller's politeness.

Mrs. Moffat, in the kitchen, didn't know anything about all this. She stopped me on my way out of the dining-room.

"We play cards on Monday nights, dearie," she said, rolling her damp arms up in her apron. "Won't you join us?" I made some sort of an excuse, and went

on. But in the dimly lighted hall someone else stopped me. He was tall and dressed in black, I saw, but young.

It was you, Edwin Amberson,-the one I'm writing this story for. Anyone may read it, of course, but I'm hoping that you will. It will tell you things you must have wondered about, and explain things that must have hurt you. I'm calling you Edwin Amberson, you see, because that is not your name. I'm writing about a town called Liberty Hill, but you will know I'm writing about a town what town it is I mean.

"I do not play, either, being in the church," you said to me that first night. "Perhaps you will walk with me?

I WAS not Lily Carpenter to you that first night, I know. Nor Lila Rose. Not any woman at all, I think. Just someone shut out, not from the grace of God, but from Mrs. Moffat's table. And you'll always be for those who are shut out, won't you, Edwin?

Behind your stiffness and your pulpit voice there was something kind, and I felt it. It cost you something to stop me there



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and stammer those few words, I know that now.

We walked. The night was cool after the steam of Mrs. Moffat's table, do you remember? The darkness seemed kind after the hateful light from those amber chandeliers. I ought to be able to say now that I felt in you at once what I was going to feel later. I wish I could say now that you gave me, even there in that smelly hallway, the feeling of McKinley Avenue. Quiet and peace, and the feeling of nothing ever again to be "scary" of, is what I

But I am slow to see things, as everyone says, even Newt. I was too slow to see what must have been there for me to see, even that first night. We walked on without talking for a long time. Better to have gone on with Newt, I was thinking. Better not to have hoped-to have hoped for what? To have hoped for what? What had Liberty Hill for Lily Carpenter? Or what had Liberty Hill for Lila Rose?

BUT you were trying to talk. I had always been shy with men; it was part of my scariness. "If you'd only devil the men down in front a little, baby," Newt would say. But I couldn't.

But now I saw that you were more shy, and it helped me. I was able to make you talk. I was able to make you tell me things in that short walk, more things I thinks in that short wark, more things at think than you had told anyone for a long time. You were, in a way, as shut out from the Moffat table as I was. You were, weren't you, a little scary, too? You hadn't walked, close this way, with a woman, or talked, freely this way, to a woman in a long time, had you, Edwin?

This was your first charge, the Baptist hurch in Liberty Hill, you told me. You'd been here but three months. And it was hard for you. You didn't tell me that, but I saw.

We turned into McKinley Avenue, and there, under the second arc light, where McKinley Avenue meets Burroughs Street, you stopped.

"It's the new place they're building for e," you said. You picked up some stray the with a proud and careful air. "The chips with a proud and careful air. "The plaster's in. We're waiting for it to dry. It goes slowly, of course, with only the Building Committee to work on it evenings."

It was of yellow lumber. It had staring black holes for windows. There was a little box-like porch and a narrow walk. My hands came up to my throat as if they could stop the aching that set in there, and the little house blurred because of the tears in my eyes. I've told you that I am dumb, Edwin,—and that was what that little house, and McKinley Avenue, and "Hill people" being kind, could do to me.

IT'S wonderful," I said. That's all I could say. I never can talk when I'm feeling things, and when you're not feeling things, what is there to say? When I was sure that the tears wouldn't show I looked at you. Your face was in the shadow, but the arc light was shining on mine. You looked at me for a long time, letting your chips fall slowly. And you seemed satisfied with what I had said. You told me afterward, Edwin, that it was then you discovered that I was beau-

tiful. No one else has ever told me that. I think I was more "dumb" than ever the two weeks that came after that, Edwin. I don't remember everything now. I only remember that I had meant to leave Mrs. Moffat's and Liberty Hill the next morning, and that I did not leave. Looking back. I can see that there must have been glistening of eyes and whisperings behind doors in that boarding house. Looking back, I remember the hush that would fall

[Turn to page 123] 121



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Too Dumb and Scary

[Continued from page 121]

upon the table when we would come in, always a little late.

We spent hours in the little house on We spent hours in the little house on McKinley Avenue, you and I. Daytimes it was empty of workmen. The smell of plaster, the smell of pine, and the smell of fresh, black soil brought in from the woods for that hard little grass plot they're all part of that two weeks for me,

You talked a lot to me, and the pulpit voice was gone. You didn't seem to mind my being quiet. You told me about east facing windows, and rows and rows of hollyhocks-

"I like them, too," I might say shyly. You told me the house would be painted

ite. Did I think white curtains— White curtains, with ruffles," I thought.

THERE'S nothing more that will hurt me, much, and you, too, Edwin—if you read this. Those next few days, Edwin, they were like nothing of Heaven that you can were they? They were like nothing of that pulpit voice, were they? They were like nothing of that hell I saw on your face the night I came upon you and Mrs. Moffat talking,

came upon you and Mrs. Moffat talking, and was gone before you knew.
"But it's impossible," Mrs. Moffat was saying that night. "It's impossible. Lily's a Valley girl. When you've lived longer in Liberty Hill you'll see. The Valley and the Hill don't mix, Reverend Amberson. We've thought—we've shut our We've been sorry-

"Now I don't say that Lily isn't a nice girl, and a good girl," she said. "But you're the minister. I thought I'd tell you what the women at the Guild meeting were saying last night. It's as I always saytry to be a mother to my people—You'll remember all this, Edwin.

only telling it to show you that I heard.
And I'll tell you the last thing I heard,
too, Edwin. You stood up and your
shadow fell on the screen and I saw your

"Lily—Lily is to be my wife," you said.
So you'll see I had to go, Edwin. When
you tapped at my door a little later and
I told you I had a headache I was lying on the floor, Edwin, and holding on to the metal fancy work on my bed just as I had held to the iron bars of old Sol Petersen's fence that first night in Liberty Hill. But soon after that I found I could get up, and take off those white things, and put them back in the bottom of my trunk. I remembered the train Newt had taken. It was an early morning train. I'd go to Newt, I remember thinking. Newt was my people. You were Hill, Edwin. I was

Valley.

The Valley can't hurt you now, Edwin. What there is about me of footlights, and cheap pink tights, and of Newt, can't hurt you now. Newt and I were married on his farm a week after that. I wore the white kid slippers. And if you looked for me you couldn't find me, Edwin, for Newt's come is not Forest.

name is not Forrest.

Who Knows?

[Continued from page 40]

were a kill-joy and a meddlesome old maid toward a shipmate with a new command sailing the sea of Romance with a charm-ing passenger, but I knew the Coast and its people, and was honestly fond of Cap-tain Yon, and wanted to be his friend. He certainly needed someone to look after him, but the Señorita was doing that. It was his ship, but you might have thought it was her private yacht.

She caught the idea that I objected to the whole affair, and treated me with a sort of quizzical coquetry that had a touch

of malicious triumph in it.

"Do I make you jealous that El Capitan gives me so much of his time, si?" she asked me one night when she caught me frowning over the rail.

She cooed the question in such a tone and with a softening of her eyes, that, if I had been inclined to take her up she would played me off against Captain Yon.

"We raised the purple misted Guatemalian volcanoes one evening just after sunset. The Señorita was in her most daring mood, and the Captain went on deck daring mood, and the Captam went on dead with her after dinner like a poodle on a leash. I was disgusted and went up on the bridge to have a look about. Señor Jaurez treated me with a distant politeness, and didn't seem overjoyed at my company.

ASTHE sudden tropic darkness dropped, I made mention of the fact that we were standing pretty close inshore for the strong tide that was running, but he only shrugged his shoulders and flashed his white teeth at me in a smile, the politeness

of which failed to cover its contempt.
"I went back to find the Captain and the Señorita sitting against the main hatch holding hands and counting the stars, so I turned away in disgust and went below.

"I don't know how long I slept, but it

must have been some time. It was the engines that woke me. The screw was whizzing to its utmost, the vibrations shaking the whole ship. It pounded like a fevered pulse. I sprang to the port-hole and looked out. The water was slipping past as though we were cutting through waving silk, throwing up a ragged seam of foam. Then something else caught my The unmistakable dull boom of breakers.

"My heart stood still. Every ghastly wreck that strewed the West Coast rose in my mind. How could we have been swept off our course with the sea like glass? What did it mean? The dull, angry roar was unmistakable.

"My cabin was on the inside. To gain the deck I had to pass through the saloon-My entrance broke up a beautiful tableau. The Señorita was seated in one of the big chairs, the Captain perched on the wide arm, his blonde head pressed against her midnight hair, his mouth close to her ear as she leaned back against his shoulder with closed eyes and pouting lips. "'Yon!' I shouted.

"He started to his feet in confusion. The Señorita shot a glance at me as wicked as a stiletto thrust.

'Get on deck!' I cried.

"She linked her arm about his in a snaky gesture, and slipped her fingers into his hand caressingly. I seized the other and started for the stairs.

'Listen, man, listen!' I commanded. "His eyes widened as his ears caught the roar, deeper and nearer than when I awoke.

"'Breakers!' he gasped in a frightened

"Who's on the bridge?" I demanded. "'José,' he half whispered, then a quick light leaped into his eyes and he shot past me for the stairs.



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"We leaped on deck. Directly over the bow the pounding surf-sounded. ran forward we caught the white line of foam straight ahead of us. Bow on we were plunging into it as if into the open mouth of a ravenous beast whose flashing teeth only waited to close up its prey.
"'José, José!' the Captain shouted as he

rounded the wheel house, but there was no

I MADE for the house. The door was locked. In the dim light I caught the flash of teeth in a devil's grin as the quartermaster held her straight on the course. As I shot my fist through the glass, we struck, the engines full speed ahead. I heard the sand crunch and furrow under her keel as if it were a steam plow. She shivered, stuck, nosed ahead farther, all but the ghastly throbbing of the engines.

"I came through the jagged glass and caught one of the hombres on the jaw. The other's knife struck my buckle, and as it turned I felt the edge slip past me as if someone had drawn a red hot wire across my stomach. Before he had time to strike again I stiffened him with a kick. But when I stepped back on deck it was

all over.

"As I made my way aft the throbbing of the engines ceased. Settled to port, the surf breaking amidships, and lathering the bow with the soapy foam of the high tide! Every ounce of steam, every revolution of the screw they could squeeze out of her, had sent us plowing into Guatemalian territory higher than any ship had ever been

driven, except by a tidal wave.
"I found the Captain clinging to the rail, staring with startled eyes at the velvet line of the jungle breaking the star strewn sky scarcely two hundreds yards away. Here and there lights flickered ashore like fire-flies. Then the whistle gave a quick toot, and a second later we heard the splash of many feet in the water. Before we could recover the companion way rattled down, and, scrambling on deck, like monkeys, came the barefooted, jean-clad soldiery of Guatemala, led by the Commandante, gorgeous in gold braid and many buttons.

'The Captain only stared at him. Then a shadow darkened the salon door, and the Señorita stood there, with Señor Jaurez

beside her.

'Gracias. Señor Captain,' she said. "Tis better you land me at Ocos for then I make twelve hours to the plantation by it. Commandante, you will find my baggage forward in cases marked for Salvador!"

The Captain woke to life and sprang at her, but the Commandante's pistol barrel stretched him senseless on the deck. The Señorita, assisted by Jaurez, stepped gracefully over him, flinging a wicked glance over her shoulder as she made for the companionway.

THE Señorita is a beautiful patriot, si?" said the Commandante as I lifted

"The Señorita is a damned snake," I replied, in English, however, as I dragged the limp form into the salon.

. .

The Captain frowned, as he paused, look ing at the shore.
"Is that all?" I asked.
"Isn't it enough?" he retorted.

"But what became of the Captain?" I

persisted.

"What becomes of any man who loses ship that way? They confiscated the cargo and left him his vessel. There she is and there she stays. I crossed over Guatemala and made my way to Panama by the East Coast. On my next trip down, all the information I got concerning my old friend Yon was, 'Quein sabe!'"



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The "Petting" Verdict

First Prize Letter

[Continued from page 57]

admitted he is very proud of you and has given up all other girls at your request. That within itself is almost proof that his love is budding, but you are freezing it out. He feels as though you are afraid to trust him.

If men are real he-men, they like to be trusted by the weaker sex. If you handle Bob tactfully, he will in a short time be all you desire.

If you love him the way you say you do, I don't see how you can be so icy toward him. Read anyone's life-story and

you will find that when love came, it was expressed by no little amount of kissing; what's more, the arm's-length distance was shortened by a mile.

Your way of trying to win Bob might have won Bob's grandfather, but not Bob, in this day and time.

If you show Bob you love him and trust him, and allow him the privilege of holding you in his arms, you can soon tell whether he is worth wasting your time on. You may decide to save yourself for a Prince Charming who will come some day; you know things which sometimes seem farthest away are closest. Don't worry over your age, for the very happiest of marriages are made in maturer years.

Bob's assertion about going elsewhere is not unnatural. Take a married couple, for instance. If either has lost his desire for affection, the other will shortly be looking elsewhere, no matter how wrong it is.

Bob understands your morals, and how you feel about "petting," and I'll bet down deep in his heart appreciates your attitude in that respect.

Most men respect the high ideals of girls. Also, men never like easy conquest; they always want what they can't get.

they always want what they can't get.

And you certainly are not easy conquest,
and Bob won't ever forget it, either.

My last conclusion is this: he gave up
all other girls for you. Isn't that the
proof his love is in the budding?

Win it before it is too late, but tread

cautiously.

Yours truly, MRS. J. R. M.

Sarcoxie, Mo.

Second Prize Letter

[Continued from page 57]

miss a few joy rides and road-house dinners, kid, than find yourself discarded for a less pretty girl. Every girl wants fun and dance dates and theater seats, but the response to that hungry-eyed passion that you saw in Bob is too big a price to pay.

If a hope chest and vines over a bungalow porch are part of your dreams, girlie, don't act like your heart's desire was to kick in the line of a gay revue. Men like the chorus dollies for playmates, but not for wives. Crawl into your barrel with that rough stuff if you want to see the love light in your sweetie's eyes. You can't have everything. Don't try to get a thrilling sheik and a lovely husband with the same bait.

No, be yourself, Betty, and don't let Bob kid you into thinking that he can call the tune unless he tunes in with a proposal first. Believe me, if I were you, I'd tell him where he got off at! Don't worry! Lots of fellows will fall hard for your line, if this one doesn't.

Yours for true happiness M, E. K.

Cleveland, O. [See page 126 for others]



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Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in four months!

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She used Wallace reducing records to play off this huge excess of weight, and this is what she has to say of Wallace's method.

lace's method.

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The "Petting" Verdict

Third Prize Letter

Dear Betty:

"Shall I I have read your little story, offer I am not going to any solution to what are called Petting Parties; there is none. Since the beginning of time men and women have been a puzzle to one another. This case of puzzle to one another. This case of Betty's, however, is one altogether differ-ent, and should not be classed with every

ordinary one.

Betty, by maintaining her self-respect, has won the admiration of Bob, a fine chap. By not allowing hugging and kissing, she has upheld the principle that "the upattainable is always the desirable," and unattainable is always the desirable, consequently Bob has come and come again. This bud of admiration is vainly trying to open and bloom into the flower of Love, and instead of Betty's giving it the nourishment needed at this time in the form of an occasional hug and kiss, she allows this sweet bud to die. Can Bob be condemned for loving? He has tried to please Betty in the earlier stages, with thowers, candy, good times, et cetera. Now when he loves this girl she refuses to show her affection for him. Does she think the piece of tin placed on her finger in wedlock will make his love stronger, and her more sure of her catch?

We girls are handicapped and cannot express our love for a fellow, no matter how strong it is, until he makes the necessary advances, but when the proper time comes, as in this case, and the fellow says he loves you and just wants a bit of affection in return, why should we not give vent to our feelings as well as he?

All men, we know, are possessed of a fiery passionate nature, and when anyone tries to quench their thirst for love with a mere sweet word, which is all well and good in its place, but not at this time, she

will find she is harming her own self.
No, girls, I do not regard a kiss as a going, but when I meet the fellow whom I think loves me and the relationship of the state of the that I love, I will be willing to gamble with a kiss and hug in a final attempt to win him. Am I right or wrong? Yours very truly,

R. H.

New York City.

Fourth Prize Letter

Dear Betty:

Cheer up, Betty! You are neither a fool nor a martyr, but a very fortunate girl. For petting and necking are doomed! They have been over advertised. Any man knows the flavor of rouge and the delights of kiss-proof lipstick, mixed with stale tobacco and cheap gin. man worth his salt is fed up with that sort of thing. Once to caress a pretty girl was a novelty that piqued masculine curiosity. Nowadays, after dozens of adventures in feminine response that have either been obtained with ease or actually forced upon him, any man worth knowing

finds that sort of thing very dull.

Men are the same creatures they have always been. They still have the instincts of those ancestors who gave them the gift of life. Like their early forebears, they love the chase and desire to capture elusive game. At first, the flapper with bells on her garters, her silver flask, and her cigarette between her too red lips caught the fancy of the adolescent youth. Young men have little judgment, but as they mature and develop into successful citizens, able to support wives, they be-come dissatisfied with over ripe fruit that falls too easily into their mouths. Strong men are not content with lips whose honey has all been gathered by earlier admirers. They want something different, something more lovely, a more fragrant flower than the wildflower of yesterday's petting party that is wilting from careless handling.

Now is the time for Betty and her type to enhance their feminine charms by fascinating elusiveness. They can capture men's hearts on the rebound by displaying the same charms that their grandmothers wove about their grandfathers. The rose-The rosebud is still the national flower that yields the biggest income to florists. and prairie wildflower is too cheap, too easily grown, to be in demand.

Do not waste time worrying about the

following a girl gets by making herself cheap, Betty. Men want to be able to distinguish their wives and mothers from chorus girls and declassée women on the streets. Manners and fashions change with each generation, but instincts still persist, and men will ever enjoy the wooing of elusive and lovely maidens who make the chase sufficiently difficult to be worth the donning of hunting clothes and the purchase of ammunition.

Look about you, Betty, and pick out the girls who have recently been married to desirable men. Very few won them by displaying dimpled knees or offering painted lips. Men flock about these girls, but they rarely marry them and, when

they do, a divorce is soon announced.

No, the old, old line of "How wonderful you are, John!" murmured softly by a maiden who has been captured after a long and troublesome chase, has led more men to the altar than petting will ever catch. M. K. W.

Cleveland, O.

Prize Winners for the June Letters of Criticism

First Prize - \$25.00

Henry Janes, Orillia, Ont., Canada.

Second Prize \$10.00

Elizabeth J. Brown, Indiana, Penna.

Third Prize-\$5.00

Mrs. Grayce Norton, Dallas, Tex.

Have you written yours? Page 76 will tell you all about this contest.



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Apron Strings

[Continued from page 80]

Why, she even discouraged the ambitions I had in my boyhood. How well do I remember the scoldings I would get when I indulged in my favorite hobby! I had an ardent desire to become a chemist, from the time I was ten years old. As a result I was always experimenting, which was the despair of Mother. At that time, she had the idea that I was destined to become a musician. That was the most absurd idea she ever had, and she ought to have seen it was futile. But it was six years before she gave up hope and decided I should follow in Father's footsteps and become a banker.

All the time, I planned to become a chemist. Through my high school and college years I arranged my courses of study with this ambition in mind.

When I got home from college, after my graduation, Mother began to discuss her ambitions. And she did not even bother to discuss them with me.

I was fêted with parties, and always at those affairs I was the subject of Mother's conversation. She never tired of telling her plans for my future to the boys and girls. But I certainly got tired of hearing her. All of the people I knew were mostly boyhood friends and they knew my ambition was to become a chemist.

I can forgive Mother for her interest in my career, but I can never forgive her for meddling with the affairs of my heart. Mother even had her ambitions of finding me a suitable mate to journey through life with. Her choice fell to little Mabel Hays who had been my sweetheart during high school days.

I never really had any sentimental feel-ing for Mabel, and don't believe she would ever have suffered any if she had not become my wife.

It was one night after a party from which Mabel and I were coming home. We had stopped at Mabel's gate and we both stood there as we had been wont to do in the old days. Before saying goodnight I put my arms around Mabel and kissed her. She suddenly threw her arms around my neck and asked if I still loved her. This had been an old trick of her's, and I replied as I always had before, never realizing what the reply really meant to Mabel.

WHY, Mabel," I said, "you know I love you like the old friend you are." And from that time on Mabel began to

take me seriously.

I don't believe Mabel would ever have fallen in love with me if it had not been for Mother. I know I never thought of her as my wife. But it wasn't long before everybody regarded Mabel and me as engaged.

Since leaving college I had been working at the bank for Father. But I decided to step out for myself in the career I had chosen. Consequently, I obtained a posi-tion as chief chemist in a sugar mill. At first. Mother was indignant, but when she found I was bound to follow my own path she let me accept the position, which was at a factory in a town not far from where we lived. But Mother did not give up her ambitions, as I was to learn later.

I was greatly excited over my prospects, for at last I was going to do what I had always longed to do. I would look beyond the hills at life. Only a few miles separated me from home, but I was engaged in what I planned to be my life work. I had journeyed beyond the first hill, and I meant to follow the trend of my longing-to journey far from my native land. I can never hope to explain that strange

127



Dear Girls

Ask me for this Shampoo

By Edna Wallace Hopper

THIS offers to all girls and women a new-type shampoo. Accept this test, because I ask you to. It will change all your ideas on hair.

This is how I found it: The greatest experts in the world now seek my favor. For 40 years I have been a famous beauty. And now, at a grandmother's age, I typify perennial youth. The thousands who see me daily on the stage wonder at my youthful

Now I am placing all these beauty helps at every woman's call. All toilet counters supply them in my name. As a result, countless women now follow my advice.

So experts all present me their superlative creations and ask me to adopt them. I get the best of new discoveries in this way.

Last year some experts sent me a new-type shampoo. They said, "We have spent over 50 years in studying shampoos. We have made and tested 250 kinds. The kind we send you is the ultimate result. It combines the best 20 ingredients we have found for the hair and scalp. And it has two new factors which give the hair a glint-a wondrous added beauty.'

I tried the shampoo. The quick results amazed me. My hair attained new glory. Then I asked the makers to send samples to 1,000 women to gain their opinion. There came to me, as the result, an overwhelming demand for more.

So I am convinced that every woman needs this glorious shampoo. I have added it to my line. All toilet counters supply it under the name Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo.

Let me show you what it does. See what new beauty comes at once to the hair. I will mail you a sample bottle and my Beauty Book if you send the coupon. Do this for your own sake.

A Free	Shampoo
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	Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.			8)4(6-8	38
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longing. All I know is that I wanted to go somewhere, anywhere. The desire to travel seems to be a trajt of human nature.

My new position was not very impor-tant but it held wonderful opportunities. It was during the first years of the World War and many tempting offers were made to chemists. Among them were the offers from tropical sugar refineries. Here, at last, was the chance I was looking for, to satisfy that strange longing in my heart to go some place. And I made up my mind to accept the first good offer that came my way.

WHEN I went home on a vacation I announced my intentions. Of course, Mother expressed a good many reasons why I should not do any such thing. I secretly vowed that nothing would stop me, never thinking Mother would stop at nothing to keep me home.

Mother could not understand why I wanted to go away, and neither could any of my friends. Even Elmer North, my best friend, could not understand.

Returning to my work, after my vaca-tion, I was in the midst of the preparations for the coming campaign, when the factory would begin operations for making sugar. It was not long after my return when I was given a number of assistants. And it was at this time that I first met Margeret Monreal. Margeret, or Marguerita, as I always love to call her, was the daughter of a factory superintendent. She and her father had just lately come to the States from Cuba. Marguerita's mother had died some years before, and Marguerita had inherited the mother's Spanish beauty. Consequently, she was a very interesting woman to me.

Marguerita Monreal came to the factory

as my assistant in the chemistry labora-tory office. And it wasn't long before we were good friends. Many were the happy hours we spent together. Our interest in hours we spent together. Our interest in each other was mutual. For the first time I had found someone who understood my desire to get beyond the hills. In fact, Marguerita felt the same urge as I.

I will never forget how we used to walk home together. We were required to work long hours during the period the factory was in operation. So when went home, after work, daylight would be just melting into darkness and the first dim stars sparkling forth. We would wa!k around lakes, through fields, and over fences. Hand in hand Marguerita and I would walk slowly homeward, both con-tented with life as it was.

Marguerita often asked me to stay to supper, and I often stayed. After supper she and her father and I would sit in the parlor and visit. Our conversation was parlor and visit. Our conversation was most always in Spanish, because, as Marguerita said, "Spanish is a beautiful language. Besides," she would say to me,
"you must not forget the Spanish you learned at college, for if you accept a position in the tropics you will need your knowledge of that language."

I had often told her of my desire to go to the tropics and she was very inter-ested and enthusiastic over all I would tell I can see her now as she would sit listening to my cherished ambitions. Her velvet black eyes looking into mine, her soft smiling lips always ready to answer to tell me something of the romantic tropics that held such a fascination for me, and where she had lived so long.

Throughout our association, our relations kept growing from mere platonic friendship to love. our love in words. We never expressed That was not necessary, such was the harmony of our mutual understanding. A word or a look from Marguerita expressed more than the most ORIENT EXCHANGE, Dept. S-1, 98 Park Place, New York eloquent speech. And the pressure of her

hand in mine thrilled me more than could the most passionate caress

Once only did I ever kiss Marguerita. That kiss still sears my soul. It was a kiss of farewell, a kiss that to me was doom. And I had hoped that first kiss would turn life to paradise, but it has turned to gall.

As the end of the factory's period of operation approached, I heard that Marguerita's father had accepted an offer from a Cuban cane-sugar mill and was to leave directly after the local plant shut That very day Mr. Monreal came to me with a proposition that I made haste to accept. He wanted me to go to Cuba with him. I was glad of the chance to go on such a trip and delighted at the thought of being with Marguerita, who of course would go with her father.

That night I wrote a letter home telling y parents of Mr. Monreal's proposition, which I had accepted. Of course, Mother sent me a letter filled with protest. And dreaded going home for a visit before leaving for Cuba. I was tempted to stay but when Marguerita told me of her intended trip, to see a girl whom she knew in my town I changed my mind and decided to make a farewell trip home.

So when I started for home Marguerita accompanied me. When we got off the train her friend was at the station to meet her. As no one knew I was coming, there wasn't anybody to meet me, and Marguerita's friend insisted on taking me home in her car.

wanted Mother to meet Marguerita, so I asked the girls to stop a few mo-ments at my home. That was the first time Mother had ever heard of Marguerita, and from the first she did not like her. She often told me that Marguerita was not one of our set, and for no other reason than that, she did not like her.

The day after I got home, Mother began to voice her protests against my trip to Cuba. But I was resolute and would not listen to her. Nevertheless, she was per-sistent and also wise. She saw that Marguerita was one reason why I wanted to

go to Cuba.

As for Marguerita, she became real popular during the short time she was in town. Consequently, she was invited to all the social affairs about town, and I were together at most of the affairs.

course, Mabel Hays was always at Of those parties and, fool that I was, I thought Mabel must have got over her sentimental feeling for me, during the I had been away.

Mother saw that those rumors reached Marguerita's ears, and pointed out to her that I must really love Mabel—that if it were not for my foolish desire to go to Cuba, Mabel and I would have been mar-What was poor Married long before. guerita to think when she had every reason to believe that I loved Mabel?

Mother managed to enlist Margue-rita's sympathy. And, therefore, Marguerita tried to persuade me not to go to Cuba. That was a hard blow to me, because I thought she had lost interest in me and did not want me to go for that reason.

I would have gone, in spite of all that was done to stop me, if it had not been for the last card Mother played. As I can never be sure whether Mother truly played that card by accident, I am always damned by the torturing idea that it was planned-deliberately planned-and carried out in spite of the risk involved.

It was the day Marguerita went home to prepare for the trip to Cuba. her to the train in my car. We rode to the depot in silence. And in silence we stood on the station platform while the

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train came to a stop. Marguerita turned to say good-by; she held out her hand, and I took it in both of mine.
"Good-by," she said; "I hope I have con-

vinced you that it is best you do not go to

I only shook my head and, pressing her hand in both of mine, was about to tell her just why I wanted to go to Cuba. Suddenly a hand gripped my arm and, turning, I found my Father at my side. His face was white as ivory and he was trentlier like a left.

trembling like a leaf.

 $M_{\text{``Come quick}\,!}^{Y}$ God, boy!" he cried hoarsely. Mother has just been hurt in an accident."

I stood rooted to the ground. Margue-rita cried out to me to hurry and go.

"You won't be able to go to Cuba now," she said, a note of gladness in her voice. Good-by! The feeling of horror swept suddenly into almost a panic. Not panic over the news of my Mother's accident. Panic over the realization that I could not go to Cuba! Panic over the thought of never seeing Marguerita again! I would never look into the velvet blackness of those eyes; never see the smile of those tender lips; never look at the beloved figure again. I bent suddenly and swept her into a swift embrace, pressed my cheek against the soft rose of her's. A quick half-fearful kiss, and she was gone. Father was dragging me toward the car.

Those long weeks after Mother's accident are only a hazy memory. It was hell to live through those long days. I was indifferent to everything about me. Everybody thought that it was because of my mother's condition that I was so peculiar of late. For Mother was in a second liar of late. For Mother was in a serious condition for a long time.

How the accident had happened no one ever knew. Mother had gone out alone with Father's car, and a few hours later the car was found in a ditch a couple of miles from town and Mother was under-

heath the car, unconscious. As a result of that accident, Mother is an invalid today. For weeks, in her delirium, the only one who could quiet her was little Mabel Hays, who came to stay at our house during

Mother's illness.

It became evident to me that due to Mother's illness, I would be unable to return to my work as chemist. This filled me with dread. Here I had lost my love, lost all hope of going to the tropics, and now I was threatened with the thought of losing the ambition of my life.

So one day, in a fit of desperation and loneliness, I asked Mabel to be my wife. She accepted me and we were married, to the delight of Mother, who was slowly recovering.

I thought that by this means I would be able to continue my work and gain a certain measure of happiness in the pursuit of ambition. For with Mabel at home to care for Mother, I would be able to go on as before.

OR five years I have been happy in my work. But now, even that happiness is be denied me. Father died not long to be denied me. ago, and Mabel and Mother are now alone at home. As I have advanced to super-vising chemist and bid fair to become consulting engineer, I am away from home a good deal.

Nothing will do for Mother but that I come home and take over Father's affairs. I would have to give up my job. What am I to do? I am tempted to throw up everything and get beyond these

hills that surround me, as I have always longed to do.

But I know I can never do that. I must continue to be the son a mother has loved too well.

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Yes, as yet, aviation is in its infancy, but now is the time to get in. In the automobile industry and in the moving picture business hundreds of men got rich by getting in at the start. They made their success before others

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In Navajo Land

[Continued from page 28]

know.

I made no answer. Finally Shorb craftily changed his tac-Possibly he hoped to placate and outwit me. Maybe he realized he had gone

outwit me. Maybe he realized he had gone too far with his threats of force.

"All right, gal, we won't shay anythin' more 'bout it t'night, but in the mornin' you be ready to travel. T'morrow we gits married fer sure.

He sat down heavily on the doorstep. Inside, too frightened to either plan or

act, I scarce moved.

Whatever liquor Shorb had obtained must have been extremely potent, for his head soon began to nod. With the coming head soon began to nod. With the coming of darkness he could no longer resist. He

arose unsteadily to his feet.

"'Member, gal," he called thickly, "you be ready in the mornin'." And then as a surly afterthought, "Dam' ya!"

HE STAGGERED away in the direc-tion of the dilapidated shack in which Daddy had housed his burros during the infrequent spells of bad weather.

Neither daring to stay nor to run, I lay fully clothed across my bed, waiting—just waiting. I no longer even hoped.

How long I lay there I do not know. I had fallen into a half doze. With a start I was vividly awake, aware that some strange, wild sound had pierced my drowsiness.

Again it came, and this time, the last vestige of sleep fled from my brain, I heard it clearly. It was a sound to chill the blood. Shrill, yet descending to hoarse raspings, agonizing, terrible, it rose and fell on the stillness of the desert air, a cry to make the heart pound and the scalp bristle—the cry of a human being in mor-tal pain, a cry that by its very tone said that the human body was being tortured beyond the limit of human endurance, and from which neither will nor muscle held the power of escape. Again it came. And again. And again

and again.

It was an hour before the terrorizing cries finally ceased. In that time I ran the When whole gamut of human emotions. morning came, after an eternity of waiting, was completely worn out.

The sun was over the horizon when a light tap sounded on the door.
"Who is it?" I asked anxiously.
"Tombega," came the impassive an-

I loosed the door with a rush of relief. The old Indian motioned me to follow. "You come," he said, and led the way to the old burro shack.

He pushed the door open and stood senses, I was on my way out.

at once. How long he stood there, I don't aside for me to enter, not speaking until-"You see," he stated.

On the earthen floor, wrapped in a blanket, lay Dave Shorb. On his face was stamped a look that told how he had suffered—horribly, hellishly.

In spite of myself I experienced a feeling of intense relief, almost of joy. I knew that I should be sorry that a fellow being had gone through such agony, and was now lying in a state of depression and fear, but I found myself unable to gather up any threads of pity. Yesterday was et too vivid. I could only be glad that was safe for a while longer.

Tombega stepped over and drew back Shorb's blanket. Instantly three or four glossy black spiders scuttled for shelter. And then I understood, for they were Black Widows. I knew then how Dave

Shorb had suffered, and I shuddered. Was I to blame for this? I went back to the shack, hoping that the bites would not prove fatal, and yet-

The silence was suddenly broken by the beat of horse's hoofs and a joyous hail from outside. With a glad little cry I was outside, for I knew that voice.

A tall, sunburnt young rider had scarce

wung himself from the saddle before had flung myself into his arms in a whirl-

wind of sobs and joyous cries.
"Oh, Charlie, Charlie, please take me away!" I sobbed. "Please! Please!"
He folded me into his arms and soothed

me in a way that men have known since

"Take you away?" he came back, laughing. "Well, I should say I would. That's what I came for as soon as I heard. And what's more I'm going to keep you-for-

HARLIE FORESTER is a mining en-CHARLIE FORESTER is many trips into the desert each year. It was after the last one a few weeks ago that he brought me news of the passing of old Tombega.

Always the old Indian has inquired about
me and I have always taken a keen interest in his welfare.

I had always felt that he had something to do with helping me get away from Dave Shorb, and after his death my husband told me the truth about that night.

Old Tombega had waited until Shorb lay in a drunken stupor and then he had taken the Black Widows to the burro shack, pulled back Shorb's blanket, placed the spiders on his breast and half crushed them against his body as he replaced the blanket. The Black Widows had done the rest, so far as I was concerned, and by the time Shorb had come back to his

The Man Who Stayed Lost

[Continued from page 49]

the only sort of happiness they could understand?"

"Beautiful?" I laughed.

"Don't appeal to you, eh? I can't get excited over them, myself. Now turn in. Tomorrow is going to be hell for us both. Mirage, you know!"

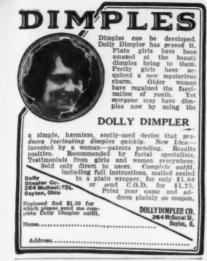
"What?"

"It isn't the law I'm running from!" "I'm not asking a thing!" I muttered, hastily.

But it was pity-and-

"Good-night!" I snapped.

But a glance at him in the morning showed me that he had had very little, if any, sleep. I had slept badly myself. Chan and Li understood; they had seen me when the "desert madness" came on me. They bossed the men about, and we were off again, creaking, swearing. jangling, and the eternal, plod-plod of hoofs. My eyes stayed glued to my pony's ears, drooping and twitching in the heat. But Dick began to rave again, of Vermont, of Massachusetts, of apple orchards, farms, meadows, and honey-moons. I let him rave, taking the single precaution of beckoning to Chan and wirering for him to keep his eye on Dick.



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and I had a real bath-a waste of water, but we could afford it, we felt.

Dick started for a little walk. One of the women, the gray-eyed one, came out of the women's tent, a water jug over her shoulder. She walked in front of him, throwing a slow look over her shoulder at him. Suddenly Dick grew rigid. Then a hoarse cry escaped him, and he began to run, tripping and stumbling to where

"Bill, Bill!" he gasped, and grasped my arm. "It's Mary! Mary!"

I stared at him. Two thoughts jumbled

I stared at him, was crazy, or else—it in my head; he was crazy, or else—it might really be her. Queer things happen. But then he gasped out:
"But it can't be! Bill! It can't be!
She's dead!"

"Dead!" "Pneumonia! One day my wife, her eyes full of promise of the long years to live and love, then the awful coughing and the awful, laboring breaths—then—cold, cold clay!"

I gave him another drink. He needed

it.
"But that girl—Bill! She's the living image of Mary! The gray eyes, the mouth with its quirk at the corners, the sharp little nose, the-the-even the little, swaggering walk. Bill-do you believe in-inreincarnation?"

"I don't know, Dick!" and I fell to wondering. Then I said, "Why not take her for yourself?"

"I—I don't know!" he gasped, and his head sank into his arms, shudders racking in the same of the same o his tired body, shudders of conflicting impulses.

"Give her to me!" he gasped, suddenly.
"Take her!" I said, pityingly.

He sprang up and raced for the women's tent, and I sat down and took a drink myself.

THEN I walked slowly back. But hear-ing my tent, I began a quick striding. For there was crazy, moaning laughter floating in the fiery air. The men were HEN I walked slowly back. But nearhuddled by their own tents, staring. Even Li and Chan had left their tents to stand near the men, also staring towards the tent Dick and I had used.

I swept the flap back and-

Dick was sitting on the floor, drinking raw rum and laughing-oh! That laugh-The awful laughter of those who are too terribly sane; who see too clearly!

"Bill!" he cried. "Bill, what an ass I've "Bill!" he cried. "Bill, what an ass I've been! I thought that dammed slave girl was—was like my wife! Ho! Ha! Ho! Have a drink, Bill? I went to her, and—Ho! What a fool! She held out her arms to me, and I took her in my arms—Ha!—and—she spoke, Bill, she spoke to me! A damned slithering Eastern word, meaning something or other—and all the mirages inside of me—the mirages inside of me, Bill!—they all tumbled down. Bill, Bill! What a fool I've been—"

My hand swept the bottle away. I

slammed my other hand on his back.
"Mirage!" I roared in his ear. "Just mirage, old man! Forget it!"

He caught my other hand. "Just mirage!" he said, very quietly, and then our eyes met. In his eyes was the very great pain of the man who knows life has no happiness for him, whatever else the years may hold. The wisdom that can see all life with stark clearness was his. Then I wrenched away, unable to go on

looking.
"My gun—" he said, drearily. "I dropped it some place." Silently I gave him my own, and, because he wished it, I shook his hand and mumbled, "Best of luck, Dick. I—I hope she's waiting—!"

That night we camped at the well. Let Me Give You 3 Stylish Dresses



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My Little World

[Continued from page 56]

couldn't get enough workmen in from outside to turn out the enormous war orders that came to him. And even Larry couldn't spend the enormous profits that he made.

It was in the summer of 1016, too, that Doris first organized the Granville Players and made Larry build her a little theatre down in the center of town where she directed and staged three amateur shows

during her summer vacation.

Most of Granville had never seen anything but hackneyed moving pictures and cheap minstrel shows conducted from the back of medicine wagons that occasionally came to town. The whole country came to see Doris' shows, and people were saying, "That Mason kid is a right smart little skit!

But when Doris announced that she ex-Heads grown grey since they pected to be an actress, the whole town gasned. gasped. Heads grown grey since they see at me, nodded knowingly. "See! It's the blood of that Byron Chase and Blanche comin' out in her. Larry had better put his foot down firm, or there is no tellin' where she'll end."

The early part of the next year Giles Mason "came down" with a bad case of pneumonia and died within five days. That threw the greater part of the Mason in-terests on Larry's hands and he had to stay at home and grind out harness while his heart and soul were with his old comrades of the Spanish war who responded to the call when America entered "the war."

DORIS couldn't understand at first why a little thing like a world war should interfere with her dramatic career. But after I promised her a year at the Sargent School in New York after the war, she buckled down and worked even harder than I.

During the year Doris spent at the Sargent School, Larry and I lived in Philadelphia where he had established the main office of his harness business. It had grown to such proportions that he had erected a large factory there where he would not be confronted with the transportation and labor troubles that were ever present in Granville.

Somehow or other, Larry and I had seemed to grow out of Granville along with the children. And, like every small town that loses its leading citizen bigger and broader fields, Granville sniffed among themselves because they imagined we thought ourselves above them. But to the outside world they boasted of Larry Mason, "one of the biggest men in the leather business, born and lived all his life right here in Granville."

At the end of her school year Doris came to Philadelphia, and without consulting anyone, went to the manager of a stock company and secured an engagement as ingenue for the summer season.

. How I hated to see her growing up, facing the terrible problems that life would hold for her! And especially trying to fight her way up through a profession that to my way of believing was a heartbreaking and difficult thing.

For the first time in his life, Larry seemed to regard Doris as other than his daughter. And when she finally won his consent to become a professional actress, it was only with the provision that she adopt another name. So, on the billboards in front of the theatre that summer we saw Doris' picture, underneath which was Doris Manzille.

But even Larry couldn't help taking her in his arms and telling her how proud he was of her when he saw her play for the

[Turn to page 134]

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Reducing by this amazing new method requires no more effort than the drinking of a cup of tea

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> men." Newspaper critics commented on her "fat," as did many of her friends. At last this fact was clear to Mme. Arral: she would have to rid herself of excess weight, or sacrifice her stage career. It may have been good fortune-it may have been strategy, but Mme. Arral finally discovered this amazing secret.

Here at Last is a Wonderful New Way for You to Reduce Quickly and Easily-Without Exercise, Drugs or Appliances-And Without a Single Restriction on the Foods You Fat /

HE news you have been waiting for! An amazing new way to reduce at the rate of a pound a day without one moment of inconvenience! A way to attain a slim, youthful figure, in a pleasant, easy and natural manner. That seems almost too good to be true, yet. Mme. Arral herself and thousands ness through this new method. Before discovering the surprising secret. Mme. Arral had tried obesity bath powders, rolling, padding, esercise, diets and purgatives—she answered every obesity cure advertisement she saw, but the weight. She was almost distracted in her efforts.

Mme. Arral Discovers Miracle On Isle of Java

On Isle of Java

Then, when she was about to give up in despair, she made a visit to the picturesque Isle of Java. All also sought was a rest for her nerves, but there she miracles he performed on the beautiful Javanese women. In 30 days he had reduced Mme. Arral 34 lbs. She was reinvigorated with fresh youth, new health and revitalized nerves. But Mme. Arral lingered on the Isle, refuctant to leave without the Javanese priest's secret. How she finally obtained it, and under what curious conditions, make one of the most astonishing true stories of modern times. If you are overweight generally, if you

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EAGLE TIRE & RUBBER CO.,

My Little World

[Continued from page 132]

first time and realized that she possessed remarkable talent.

I can picture her now at her first appear A blue-eyed, pink and white dream of loveliness that might have stepped from an old-fashioned portrait of fifty years ago, filled with the joy of life, credulous and sincere beyond belief.

But I could also see little gestures and mannerisms that were characteristic of Byron, and I prayed that she had not inherited any of his weakness.

During that summer Donald Gates, a boy from Granville who was a student at the University of Pennsylvania, stayed in Philadelphia to be near Doris. They had been sweethearts and playmates together from the time they were babies, and I hoped that nothing would ever come between them or turn aside their resolve to go through life together.

It was pitiful to see Donald follow her about, pleading with her to give up "her He was career and marry him. twenty-two, but Larry had promised him a good position when he and Doris were married.

I think Donald had almost convinced her when a manager offered her an engagement as a leading lady in a road company of a New York success. That pulled the foundation from under all Donald's arguments as completely as a cloud burst washes away a bridge.

And I resolved to let her take her own course, remembering what the interference of others had done to me when I was her age. How Donald worried and worried about her after she had gone! He would talk to me for hours, refusing to become interested in any topic of conversation but Doris.

Every time he would get a letter from Doris he would rush up and read it to me, and I would read mine to him. Such funny, quaint, serious little letters they

OR eight months Doris toured the country in that one show and about the time she was considering her resignation she had the bit of luck that she had been waiting for. A special delivery letter

Oh, Mother, dearest:

At last someone has noticed me! I'm so

excited that I can hardly write!

Last night we played in Richmond, and it just happened that Raymond Harmon, you know who he is, came to see us. And after the performance he sent back his card and came back to see me, and what do you suppose?

He offered me a chance to play the lead in his new show next season! Yes, sir, right plunk when he came back he said, "Miss Manville, I've enjoyed your performance very much, and if you will consider it"—imagine!—"I want you to be my leading lady in the play I will be starred in next fall."

I stuttered and stammered for over a minute before I could thank him and say

He wants me to come out to his home on Long Island and spend the month of July with him and his wife so that we can study and rehearse the parts before the regular rehearsals begin. Oh, please, please. Mama talk to Daddy and don't let him refuse me this chance.

I am going to leave the company this Saturday, as you know, and will come right to Granville to be with you through June.

Isn't it wonderful-too wonderful for any words, Mama dear?

Every bit of my love for you and Daddy and Donald and Junior.

After investigation, Larry found that Raymond Harmon enjoyed a reputation far beyond the average of his profession, and when Doris came home, wide-eyed and simply bubbling over with joy, he con-sented to her going.

HOW she lorded it over the other girls in Granville that summer! Not in a supercilious way, but like a little girl who has the nicest doll in town.

The first of July we packed her off for

month with the Harmons.

It was lonesome in Granville after Doris Larry Junior was in a boys' and Larry had to spend most of his time in Philadelphia. The business was worrying him and not working out as well as he had expected. The tremendous rise in the price of raw materials and labor, and the falling off of his markets had cost him many thousands of dollars. And I had found out that Larry wasn't made for big city business. He was as much a part of Granville as the watering-trough down in the center of the town, and was simply miserable every minute he was away from

It was during that month of July, while was alone so much, that all those terrible days of my early married life with Byron came back to me. I wanted Larry and Doris and Junior to come back and drive away the thoughts.

Then, like a bolt of lightning, a letter came from Doris that set me packing my things to rush to New York to join her.

Mother dear:

I know this is going to make you worry terribly and terribly, but I can't help it. He's too sweet to live, and I know you won't deny me my happiness, because you've had so much in your own life.

When I first came down here I met him Leland Ames, I mean. He's about -Leland Ames, I mean. He's about medium height, with the kindest, saddest eyes in all the world, and brown hair, a little grey at the temples. And he's over forty, but that doesn't make any difference. love him, Mama, and he's the finest man that ever lived-except maybe Daddy.

He's so lonely, Mama, and, well, I might as well tell you-we're going to be married next week so we can have some time before I begin to rehearse. He is a friend of the Harmons, and they say wonderful things about him. And he has lots of money, although that doesn't make any difference.

I know Donald will be heartbroken for a time. But he's such a boy, Mama, and he'll

get over it soon enough. Please come on to New York and see Leland. I know you're going to be very sorry and disappointed but you know I've always known what I wanted all my life and have never been foolish.

There is so much to say and tell you. I won't try to write any more. Please don't tell Daddy until after you come. Wire me and I will meet your train.

All my love, Mama dear,

I was so stunned that I had to read the letter three times before I could gather all she had said. Married in a week, and kept running through my brain over and over, until I stepped off the train at the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York.

But when I saw Doris I couldn't help

laughing. She looked so frightened and



afraid. I gathered her in my arms and held her close to me, and as she clung to me I thought of those little hands clinging to my face and my finger so long ago baby fingers. And now she was going to be married. I had to do something.

We took a cab to the hotel where Larry and I always stayed, and on the way Doris poured the whole story into my ears with-

out taking a breath.

The Harmons had introduced her to him and they approved. What if he was older? That didn't make any difference; it was love that counted, she told me. And could only nod my head at that, for I had

learned that, oh, so many years ago. Other people had interfered with life and nearly wrecked it. "Oh, God, please guide me," I prayed, and then I told Doris that if she really wanted to marry this man and if Larry didn't object too much-but first I must see Leland Ames and know him, and if everything was all right—well, all right.

She cried in my arms for joy, and asked me to phone Larry in Philadelphia and ask him to come over the next day. And he nearly let the telephone crash from his And he

hand when I told him.

Then Doris told me that she had made an engagement for me to meet Leland Ames at three that afternoon for tea. talked like a little magpie through lunch about this man, and how lonely and sad he was, and how wonderful. Then she he was, and how wonderful. almost cried when she couldn't find the picture of him she always carried in her handbag.

What if she had only known him for three weeks? "Three weeks is a hundred years sometimes," she said.

At three o'clock we took a cab to the Waldorf; we sat down in a corner where Doris said she quite often met him. After a minute Doris put her hand over mine and said. "Here he comes, Mama. Isn't he distinguished and wonderful looking?

FOLLOWED her gaze and saw a man coming toward us, his face alight with a smile I knew. Oh, God, those moments! My blood froze in my veins; I could feel myself becoming numb. The room seemed to swing back and forth, like a mighty pendulum. I saw his eyes glance into mine, then away, blinking as though he had suddenly been blinded. He passed a hand before his eyes and when he took it away he greeted Doris quite casually.

took my cue from him and gripped my nails deep into my hands as he looked into my eyes, smiled, and acknowledged the introduction without a muscle of his face betraying his emotions.

Leland Ames! By Byron Chase!

After Doris managed to take her adoring eyes from him, she turned to me; when she saw the pallor on my face, she quickly said, "Why, Mother! What's the matter? You look positively ghastly!"

'Nothing, dear," I managed a smile. "I just felt faint for a moment. My trip and the excitement of the city always upset me a little. I'll be all right in a moment, you'll get me some smelling salts."

She hurried away, and Byron Chase and I sat looking into each others eyes, uncomprehending, afraid.
"It is you, isn't it Byron?" I asked

weakly.
"Yes," he said tensely. "You're her mother?"

Before I could answer he said quickly,

"Here she comes. Not a word. I will meet you here at five o'clock."

That was all. And for an hour I had to sit across the tea table from him, discussing their coming marriage! Then he managed to get away, saying, "I've an important business conference at fourthirty, dear." I saw Doris' adoring eyes





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following him. Then she turned to me eagerly and asked me what I thought.

My very soul was sick. I tried to smile into her anxious eyes and tell her I believed *Leland Ames* to be everything she had said of him. But I could only sit there trembling and white, until she realized that I was ill and took me back to my room

But when we arrived there I told her I would lie quietly down in my room until dinner time, and asked her to leave me alone. She couldn't understand why I wanted to be alone, and when I sharply insisted, she looked at me in hurt surprise. But I had a duty to perform; if everything else in life stopped and went to rack and ruin I had to see Byron Chase and talk to him before I lost my mind.

He was waiting for me, his fingers nervously interlacing and opening. As I approached, he arose and directed me to a

divan in the corner.

NEITHER of us knew what to say or how to begin. After a moment, when I began to cry, Byron put his hand over mine and said, "No wonder I fell in love with her, Blanche. Your daughter. My

God, what irony!"
"And yours!" I told him quietly. His head jerked upward as though he had been struck. His mouth limply open while he stared at me. Then he whispered, "Mine?" and his head dropped down into and his head dropped down into

his hands.

"Yes, Byron."
"Oh-oh-oh," he said softly like a man in mortal agony.

After a few moments he lifted his head and said, "But her name—her name—its

Manville, and you married Larry!"

"It's just a stage name," I explained.
"Oh, my God! Tell me Byron—tell
me—" I burst out. "Didn't she tell you anything about herself?"

"She just said her people were from Pennsylvania. It's big. I never stopped to think why I loved her the minute I saw

her—the first woman since you, Blanche.
"She never mentioned Granville. It has only been three weeks and only an hour or two alone in all that time-enough alone to really talk. We just loved each other and both knew it. She didn't want to be married right away. I urged her because

was afraid I'd lose her."
"But you, you're dead, Byron!"

His old smile flashed across his face. "Not very," he said with a brave attempt at being light hearted. "They misplaced me in the shuffle when I was supposed to be dead, and a Cuban nursed me back to health. No one knew, so I just decided to stay dead. My God! Who would believe all this!

"But no one will be asked to. I'll just die again!"

"Doris must never know Byron."
"I know, I know," he said, like a man weary and tired beyond human endurance. "Oh, if I could only do something as big as the thing you've done all these years,

Byron," I said.
"You did," he smiled. "You gave me a few short months of heaven on earth.'

Then I touched his hand and he said. "You'd better go back to Doris now, Blanche. You're not going to be able to stand much more worry. She'll never know. I'll do something—I don't know what yet, but depend on me."

I thought of that wintry day, twenty-two years before, when he held me close to him and cried like a sleepy child, the last time I had seen him.

In a daze I got to my feet, and he led me to a cab and put me in it. Then he took my hand and raised it to his lips and said, "You'd better wait in your room at your hotel until Doris comes back to you

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tonight." Then he smiled and swing the door shut with a bow and the driver headed into the traffic.

A million thoughts piling, one on top of e other! Twenty-two years! My fault, and he had suffered so terribly-worse than !-- and had to go on suffering, silently.

What a man!

When I dragged myself into my room, Doris was impatiently waiting for me. She gazed at me anxiously, and then said that Leland had phoned her and asked her to have dinner with him and she must hurry unless I needed her with me.

I told her I was all right and urged her I would have dinner in my room to hurry.

and go to bed.

I kissed her goodnight, and that is all I remember until I came to my senses lying on the floor. I must have been only half conscious for the next hour, because I scarcely remember getting into bed.

But I was trying to collect my thoughts and gather enough strength to get up, when the door flew open and Doris came into the room and threw herself on the bed, sobbing as though her heart would break.

After a while she began to talk; I knew that once more Byron Chase was a hero. "Oh, Mama," she sobbed, "he said he never even intended to marry me. He said he was just tricking me-thought I just like all other women-that he didn't love me-that he was just going to-to pretend he was going to marry me.
"Oh, how I hate and loath him! The

When she stopped crying she said she wanted to go back to Granville and stay there and never go away again as long as she lived.

How my heart bled for her! But she was young and I knew that her hurt would while Byron-well, I shuddered to think of the awful hours of torture ahead of him . . . worse than mine . . . worse than anything in life . . . his own daughter!

I hadn't been able to see any solution for myself, either. What could I do? All night long I lay awake, thinking, thinking, thinking, with Doris tossing from side to

side until the early hours of the morning.

I telephoned Larry early the next
morning and told him that Doris and I

were going back to Granville: that she wasn't going to be married, and asked him to hurry back as soon as he could. words or my tone must have kept him from asking any questions, for he merely laughed and said he was glad and that he would be home Friday night.

Doris went out to see the Harmons, and told them she was going to give up the stage, and when they pressed her she told them why. Raymond Harmon protested that there must be some terrible mistake, but Doris told him she had heard; her ears

couldn't lie.

We arrived in Granville the next morning. Back home! I never wanted to leave again as long as I lived. When we got out to the farm I walked from room to room, caressing every little detail with my eyes. And then around the house to the maple grove in the back out and looked down across the fields to the place, now grown over with tall grass. where Byron had run his railroad through. Dear, dear Byron! I wondered if Larry

loved me as much as that. I must do something, but what? What?

When I opened my mail next morning I

found a little typewritten slip of paper. On it was written:

Watch the New York papers this week for the death notice of Leland Ames. It's the only way. Don't try to stop it, for it will be over when you get this. God bless you and Doris. Don't ever, ever tell her. It's my life. I bungled it, so I can take it.

HAT was all. I found the notice on the front pages of a New York paper. said he had lost control of his machine while going at a terrific rate of speed.

But I don't worry about Byron any more. At first I nearly went mad, but something tells me he rests in peace and happiness; far more than he ever knew on earth.

And staid, sleepy little Granville still snuggles down in the valley, shivering at wintry blasts, sweltering beneath summer suns, living the same life that it has known for a hundred years oblivious to what exists out of their little world.

THE END.

I'll Try My Sails Alone

[Continued from page 67]

she reached the bower of flowers friends had made. A hush followed her arrival, and then from the tiny choir loft came that song of songs, "O Promise Me!"

Ola's big weatherbeaten hands were trembling violently as he slipped a gold band ring on Carrie's hand. Her voice was only a whisper as she made the responses.

At last-and they were man and wife! No longer need there be "good-byes," "good-nights!" Through the grace of God I had placed an unbridgeable chasm between them and me. I was but a friend, now forever removed from the intimacy of our past.

"God bless you both," was the only sort of benediction I could give them.

THANK you, Luke," said Olaf, his heavy voice thickening; his hands taking mine. We looked at each other for one long second. I wondered then if he really understood the truth.

Not a word came from Carrie. She simply reached her hands out and touched mine where Olaf's were not. Her eyes, blue with the mystery of deep waters, brimmed with tears. Her lips quivered. Beneath her home-made bridal dress her very heart seemed in commotion.

"I want you to be very, very happy, Carrie girl," I said, managing to renew I said, managing to renew my speech.

Her eyes brimmed with more tears, a half-smile on her trembling lips. These things were the only answers Caroline Sundberg seemed able to give me in that moment before she took Olaf's arm and walked down the aisle.

At twilight I went back into the church. The wedding flowers were still there, spraying the evening air with a holy sort of fragrance. I prayed not for myself on this the wedding night of Olaf and Carrie. I prayed for their happiness; prayed that life would be good to them that their dream of love would come true!

I saw her for the first time at the next Sunday's services. As I preached, my eyes

kept straying to her. As usual, after the services I walked down the aisle to the front of the church. Olaf and Carrie came up to me. riage had not changed their feeling for I could see that in the fineness of Olaf's sharp eyes; in the way Carrie's hand lingered in mine. Marriage had not seemed to change them at all, except that Olaf seemed overwhelmed by happiness. There was a change in Carrie! Something hard to put into words, for the



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By T. A. BALLANTYNE

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I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowl-

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts

What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing-to abstain from them completely.

A bonafide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water sterilized by a marvelous antiseptic tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

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Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste cana of the body. Due to our soft foods,

lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds-and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And a sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

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Taken just before retiring, you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone—but those of 800,000 men and women who faithfully practise this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health!

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change was a subtle sort of thing that had taken place in her eyes. A look had come into them that was not there before.

into them that was not there before.

"We are going away the last of this week, Luke," Olaf said, his eyes lighting at the thought of the sea.

"Olaf's shipped as first mate on the Nancy D. She's a four-master, and under contract for months to take lumber under contract for months to take hilliog-cargo from Florida to Jersey. I am going to live in Jersey until Olaf's made master. Then I'll stay aboard ship," put in Carrie. "Come back to us soon. We'll miss you

Then I'll stay aboard snip, put in Carrie.
"Come back to us soon. We'll miss you—so very much. But it'll be wonderful for you and Carrie, Olaf. How quickly your dreams of your ship will be coming true! I shall be praying for you both and all your dreams," I answered.

When they left she little circle Olaf's.

When they left the little circle Olaf's arm was around Carrie's slim waist, and he swaggered with a pride that only men of the sea can feel.

A LIKELY pair, if ever!" declared Mark Sanders. "What sailing men Olaf's boys will be!"

I winced at these words, and turned away.

Occasionally, I would happen along by Olaf's house, and drop by for a chat; but we were always like people in the presence of the unreal.

Monday of Carrie's sailing week came with a rush of golden sunlight such as only the southern coasts know in September. Long after a light breakfast I sat at a little writing-table I had arranged in my bedroom window overlooking the open sea. For some minutes I had been thinksea. For some influences I had been timble-ing—and my hand traced an idol onto a sheet of paper before me. Over and over I had written her name, "Carrie," and then "Carrie dear," until the sheet was filled.

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A loud knock at the front door below interrupted my reading. I got up, leaving the papers loose on my table . . . Mrs. Sophie Kent was calling. She was the one woman who often made hard feelings and trouble in the church. Unfortunately, Mrs. Kent owned a long tongue, and one that preferred to say unkind things about her neighbors rather than kind. A nasty little reputation for gos-siping had stuck to her for years, and once when I had taken a Bible text concerning scandal-mongering for a sermon,
Mrs. Kent accused me of being personal.
That is how guilty she was in her own heart!

The moment she spoke I suspected that The moment she spoke I suspected the some trouble-making motive had brought her to the parsonage so early Monday morning. But, I waited patiently through our small talk for evidence of this suspicion to be given. It came soon enough:

"You know the strange young Swedish sailor that's been hanging around Rice

Island a month now, with nothing better to do than keep Ellie Smith out all hours of the day—and night?" she demanded.
"Yes, I've seen him about," I answered.

"Yes, I've seen nini about, I answered."

"The men folks don't trust him. It's too bad Ellie's not got a father or brother to look after her. They say—"

When Mrs. Kent told her story and arose

to go, I went to the door with her, promising to speak to Mrs. Smith about Ellie's company. I was surprised to find quite a strong wind blowing from the north.

Returning to my study, I stood for a

moment looking at the pictures of my mother and of me. I was still trying to figure out which photograph Carrie had

A few moments later when I went back to my bedroom window, the question still unsolved, I discovered to my consterna-tion that the wind had blown my papers away. Two or three pieces were about SOLID GOLD SEND ONLY

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the room. Frantically, I picked them up, looking in vain for the one which contained my outburst of emotions. It was not among the sheets I found in my room.

Running to the window, I looked to the round below. The wind was blowing ground below. several pieces of paper through the air. started down to recover them, but stood still with apprehension for many seconds as I caught sight of Mrs. Kent half-running toward the village.
"Could she—?" the question froze on my lips. I turned and ran below into the

yard and grassy lane to find that paper if possible . . . The sheets I found were possible . . . The sheets I found were blank! Their white emptiness seemed to mock me as I picked them up.

All that day I hunted high and low for the fated piece of paper. But Fate had tricked me; it was not to be found. Sleep would not come to me that night as I lay on my bed, tossing and turning in misery at the terrible thought that I, of all people on Rice Island, might be the cause of scandalizing a woman's name.

The dawn still found me tossing. Hours had not been enough to dull the agony of fear and forebodings that thoughts of what Mrs. Kent would say of that paper created in my heart and soul. I got to my feet, red-eyed and lined of face. One glance in my mirror turned my face away.

When Carrie came to the house shortly after breakfast next morning, terror seized me. I was sure that it was about the piece of paper, and what I had written. I was certain Mrs. Kent had found it and spread the news. Carrie's first words increased my surety of this terrible thing:

creased my surety of this terrible thing:
"Olaf went up the coast last night in the smack to join his ship. He's due back Wednesday on the Nancy D. Luke—there's something I want you to do with me before he returns. I—I know I've got no real right asking you to. You won't want to do it. But I thought maybe you'd just do it for me."

just do it for me—"
"Carrie, I'll do anything in the world
for you—or—for Olaf," I added.
"Remember how I've always loved my

sloop, the Carrie, that Dad gave me on my fifteenth birthday?"

I nodded, wondering what was coming

I'm taking the Carrie out for a sail this morning. It'll be the last time I'll have a chance to handle her for months. It's the only thing I've got left of Dad now. I want to take the memory of him away with me—like he used to be when he taught me to handle canvas. I-I thought that maybe you'd come with me, Luke—even if you don't like the water and don't understand boats. It's so beautiful on the sea today, Luke."

"I'll go with you, Carrie, gladly," I

told her.

WE'LL sail down to the south'ard, past Pelican Island, Luke. Maybe, if we have time we can go ashore and eat lunch on that lonely little island. Luke, it's funny the rich people who own it have never done more than build a little cottage on it; they come down only in the fall to hunt, leaving Pelican all to itself the rest of the year-* * * * * * *

A gentle breeze was sifting across the sea out of the north. Carrie, handling her craft with the ability of a sailing man, pointed out of the cove, and then swung to the south'ard. We seemed to skim over the undulations of the ocean. I wondered why I had always feared boats

and water, especially in fair weather.

"Shall we put in to Pelican, Luke?" she asked, when we were abreast of the white and green strip of land. I guess Carrie was anxious over me. I guess she thought I might be uneasy.



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"Let's not, Carrie; I—I'm enjoying the sail so much—honestly!"

The girl gave me a searching look, then turned away, a little smile lighting her blue eyes . . . Soon Pelican Island was blue eyes . . . Soon Pelican Island was astern, and the Carrie was carrying on to the south'ard under full sail.

We ate lunch when the sun was mid-way in the skies, Carrie letting me hold the tiller while she spread the sandwiches before us. A tingling feeling came over me as I felt the little sloop obey the timid turns I made of her helm.

Unwittingly I had been heading farther and farther away from shore, and the wind spilling against our sails had driven us almost out of sight of land! A sensation of anxiety came over me in place of thrill as I realized how far we had sailed offshore. This anxiety doubled when I turned around and saw the black menace shadowing the northeast . . . a storm was on the way!

"Carrie-look-it's going to storm!" I cried, all my instinctive fear of the sea returning a thousandfold.

OH, LUKE! It's all my fault. I should have known when the wind shifted that this northeaster might break. I-I

that this northeaster might oreas, was so deep in my thoughts—"
"It's not your fault, de—" I caught myself in time to call her Carrie; "I should have been watching, myself. You you better take the helm.

I marvelled at the way she managed things. In a jiffy she had swung about and was tacking on the home run, ma-nipulating ropes with the skill of a born sailor. Her dad's blood was working in her veins!

It is one thing to say you will conquer an inbred fear; it is quite another to do the conquering. I sat there in the cockthe conquering. I sat there in the cock-pit of Carrie's sloop, clinging to the sides with fingers that trembled in spite of my efforts to remain cool. God knows I didn't want Carrie to see the revelation of my cowardice. Hadn't I told her only a few moments ago that I'd go anywhere with her?

The storm seemed to come with one stride. The sun was gulped down by an inky cloud. With the deepening darkness came near panic for me.

"What are you going to do, Carrie?" I begged, in a voice that could not be controlled.

"I'm hoping to make the Rice Island cove before it strikes us squarely—"

What bravery there was in her eyes-bravery where there might easily have been condemnation of me and my fear!

"Lash yourself to the mast with that rope, Luke," she said, a tone of command ringing through her voice. "I'm wedged here safely by the tiller—"
"N-never mind! I can hold on—"

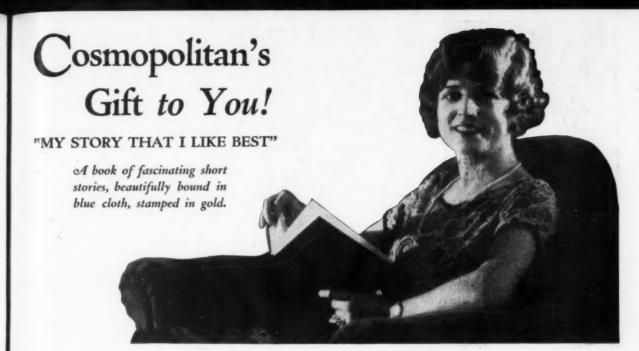
"Lash yourself as I tell you-

I can never live long enough to forget the terrible hate I had for myself as I cowered there in the pit, watching that brave girl stand by the wheel with sea-foam licking at her greedily; eager to suck her down into the turmoil of tons of water. Crazed with fear and self-loathing, I asked myself if, after all, I was not the worst kind of man-a lying hypocrite.

Do I love her really? How can I say I do, and stay here lashed to the mast while she's in danger? Is it fear—or terrible selfishness that chains me like a

"Luke—Luke," she yelled above the ugly wind voice, "we're off Pelican. I'm going to try to beach her. We'll have to take to the water-"God forbid! Not that!" I shouted

back, but the wind and the rush of sea [Turn to page 142]



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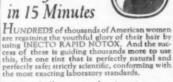
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I'll Try My Sails Alone

[Continued from page 140]

swallowed my voice. Caroline did not body. It was the end! I would go down hear me, for she was turning the sloop and down! Carrie—Carrie! Her name at a right angle toward where the surf in my heart, I knew how hard death was roared against the beach. Suddenly a towering wave bore down on us out of the dark storm. I saw it coming and cringed like a dog about to be struck. Then a ton of water slammed me against the mast. I heard a snapping sound. From the searing pain in my shoulders I thought my back was broken. But, after the shock, I managed to stagger to my feet in the cockpit. Then I saw what had happened. The boom had been smashed loose from its mast ring, and in swinging to starboard had struck her a felling blow.

There she lay, motionless. In the panic of the moment I turned to God. prayer was for but one thing-courage that would send me to Carrie's side before the next great wave struck us and swept her into the merciless maelstrom.

Now the wave, a great mounting mound of water, began to crash down upon us.

SUDDENLY my unused muscles knotted and tautened. The strength that often comes with hysteria blazed through my limbs and shoulders. Forgetful of the binding strands, I strained forward. It was my weight against the holding power of a two-strand hope. My weight broke the bonds, and, with my fear of the sea cast out like an unclean devil, I threw myself across Carrie just in time to save her from being swept overboard.

My fear of the sea-of anything-left I had conquered it in that mad dash to save Carrie from the sea.

"If I only had Olaf's strength! I—I'd best the sea now," I groaned aloud, still struggling to hang on and keep the girl I loved pinned to safety.

A great comber began crashing toward the sloop as if to mock my outcry. I sensed that our moment of doom would come when that huge wave broke over I did not want Carrie to go to her death without the chance of making a last stand for life. She was a good swimmer. She must have her chance to battle for

"Carrie—Carrie!" I was desperate as the wave tumbled downward. She moved, She moved, making a little gasping sound under me. We're going to be swept over-Carrie-

Twice I went under, swallowing great gulps of salt water. The second time I reached surface a great white monster sheered out of the sea. All my days on Rice Island I had heard of the white bellies of man-eating sharks.

"Luke-My name on Carrie's lips made me turn. She was only an arm's length away, clinging to a spar. On account of the darkness I could just barely see her. Somehow, I thrashed a way through the intervening few feet and grasped the wood she

was holding.
"I saw a shark!" I sputtered.
"No—it was the sloop's white bottom.
She capsized—oh!"

At that very second we both went under the waves. Instinctively, I let the spar for even in that desperate moment I realized my weight had been too much for it. The piece of rigging was strong enough only to buoy Carrie. Once more, rising to the surface, panic seized me. I could not swim. I could not hold out alone any more. The spar would keep me afloat!

My hands slipped over the flimsy piece wood. I felt the waters of doom that had long been my enemies sucking at my

going to be.

A terrific force seemed to throttle me, whirl me, then hurl me forward instead of downward. I made no effort to resist this force. It would have been a cat's this force. It would have been a cat's strength pitted against that of a tiger, When its force slackened, and I was certain of sinking beneath the seething foam, my feet struck something hard. A wave knocked me down as if I were a feather. This time my hands and shoulder struck the same hard sort of surface. I struggled to my feet, vomiting salt water. Another wave smashed me. This time it drove me forwards. The next thing I knew I was only knee-deep in rabid waters.

I found Carrie on the wet, surf-lathered beach where the sea had flung her, limp and raw, from its watery embrace. I touched her with hands that shook like leaves in wind; then I fell down beside her, my threatening hysteria crystallizing in a hoarse, mad cry.

The next time I opened my eyes, I felt the sensation of racking pain shooting through my muscles and limbs. It was torture to move. But, water licking at my feet warned me that once more the sea threatened. Driven by the storm, the tide was sweeping inshore like a frothing animal bent upon claiming the prey that had miraculously escaped its wrath. would sweep us out to deep water again if we stayed on the sand. My arms were strengthless until I touched Carrie. Poor Her experience with the sea had left her cold, like marble. At first I feared she was dead. At my second touch she moved and gave a faint moan. A glad cry burst from me at this sound. and magic power came to my arms. I lifted her, staggering away with my pre-cious burden toward the storm-shrouded sand dunes.

I will never know how I found the empty cottage on Pelican Island. For every step I took was only a blind movement. In the driving rain and screaming wind, my discovery of it was purely accidental, nothing more or less. Carrie roused herself in my arms at the glad cry which broke my lips at the cottage

door.
"Luke---" she murmured weakly, stirring against me.
"The empty cottage—Pelican Island—"

shouted. "Oh-Luke-thank God! You're saved

-vou brave-

THANK God you were saved, Carrie.

It was God who brought us to safety—
no one else!" I answered.

Supporting each other, we made our way into the cottage, stumbling from one room to another. At last, in the storm darkness, I found the room with its open fireplace. Carrie was numbed from the cold. So was I. A fire must be made... Carrie found matches in the kitchen. I

broke up two chairs and a box. The first warmth from the flames was like magic. But our wet clothing, which had been torn to tatters, kept the fire from restoring the bodily warmth we both

'Carrie, we'll never get properly warm s way. I'm going to hunt through the this way. I'm going to hunt through the place for blankets or something. You've got to take those wet clothes off if you're ever to get the chill out of your blood— "All right, Luke," she answered.

When I returned, I had two warm

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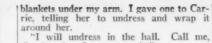
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Carrie, when I may come in."

Northeasters run in cycles of three days before they break. The storm was still raging on the night of our third day of our

being marooned in the empty cottage. And so, on the fourth morning, I went to the north point of Pelican and gathered brush for a signal fire. This done, I lit it and tied the sloop's flag to a tall palm-tree All that morning, while Carrie lay weak and worn in the cottage, I stood by my fire and flag. I had not eaten since the night before. Carrie and I had found a can of beans and a tin of stale crackers in the cottage. Ranging the southern tip of Rice Island, I beheld a motor-boat making for Pelican.

Nearer and nearer came the boat. There were two men in the launch. Suddenly I began waving my arms, shouting at the top of my voice. Then the dizziness that had been coming on burned like a ball of flames in my temples. I fell to the sand, unconscious,

Ben Sundberg, Olaf's half-brother, was shaking me when I came to my senses. A giant, Ben had always been known for his cruel ways. I shifted my eyes imploringly to the other Rice Islander who was bending over me-Jim Keller.

"You'll shake him to death. He's only brittle sapling, you know," warned Keller.

HAT'S what I've got a good mind to THAT'S what I've got a good and do. By God, Olaf's too soft-hearted to

hand him what he'd ought to get—"
"Please—Ben—" I begged.
"Please be damned!" he snapped; "you you—fine kind of a sky pilot you are, Manners! Running off with another man's

"Don't waste breath denying it. Won't do any good. Mrs. Kent came right to me with that writing of yours, being as Olaf was away. I told her I'd break her man's neck if she breathed a word. Jim Keller, here, knows. You know. I know. Olaf'll know the minute he gets how.

And he ought to be there now. The paper's on his bureau!"

"But, Ben, let me explain—please, for Cod!" exten."

God's sake-

"Shut up. There's nothing to explain. ou're here. She's here. I got a—" You're here.

"Ben Sundberg, say what you will about e. But leave Carrie out of this," I said, suddenly finding my tongue and my nerve at the accusation he had made against her. "We went for a sail. A storm drove us ashore here, capsizing the sloop. Carrie's up there in the cottage, all done up-

"Preacher, you talk mighty brave! We'll take a look at Carrie. But when she's safe, if Olaf don't, I'll give you a

"Come on, let's look at the gal, Ben," said Keller.
A few feet from the door and Ben

turned on me-

"What room's she in, preacher?"
"The big room with the fireplace. The

little room is mine—"
The next thing I knew Olaf's brute brother was half-dragging and half-pushing me into the cottage. He forced me to look into the big room. It was empty!

Then I was dragged to the door of my room. A bolt of pain shot through me. There was Carrie fast asleep on my own There was Carrie fast asleep on my own cot, her blanket only half covering the glory of her young body!

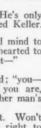
"I knew it," bellowed Ben Sundberg." I

"You're a damned liar, Sundberg," I grated, his insult to Carrie boiling my blood.

[Concluded in November issue]

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